MEDITATIONS

AND

CONTEMPLATIONS.

CONTAINING

MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS;

REFLECTIONS ON A FLOWER-GARDEN;

AND, A DESCANT ON CREATION.

CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE NIGHT;

CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE STARRY HEAVENS;

AND,

A WINTER-PIECE.

BY JAMES HERVEY, A. M.

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THE TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION.

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MDCCLXXXIX.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

THIRD EDITION.

I MUST entreat the Purchasers of the former Editions, to excuse the Freedom I have taken, in making several considerable Additions to this. It has been done at the Persuasion of some judicious Friends, who apprehended, the Piece might be more helpful, and less unworthy of the public Patronage, if it touched upon some very interesting Subjects, it then omitted. As I had no Views, but to render the Performance more pleasing and serviceable, no Reader, I hope, will be offended at my Practice, or complain of it as injurious. Least haply, as I would willingly avoid, whatever might seem to stand in need of an APOLOGY; I desire I may be allowed to declare, That no future Enlargements, or Alterations, shall be suffered to depreciate what, with the deepest Gratitude for their past Encouragement, I now commit to the Candour of the Public.

It is owing to the delicate Deſign, the eloquent Pencil, and the ſtill more amiable Condeſcenſion, of the very ingenious Dr. WALL, *an eminent Phyſician at* Worceſter, *that I am enabled to preſent my Readers with the Two beautiful and inſtructive* Frontiſpieces—*And, that theſe Volumes are thus elegantly adorned, without making any other Advance in the Price, than what unavoidably ariſes from the additional Number of Sheets, is owing to the Generoſity of my honoured Friend,* Sir THOMAS DRURY, Bart. *Who, at his own Expence, furniſhed theſe Copper-plates, engraved by one of the fineſt Hands in the Kingdom. A Favour, which I take a very peculiar Satisfaction in acknowledging, not only as it is a ſignal Honour to the Author, and his Performance; but as it is alſo a pleaſing and authentic Proof, that* Chriſtianity *has its* Patrons *in the ſuperior Stations of Life: that there are Perſons, who think it no Diſgrace to their diſtinguiſhed Rank and ample Fortune, to countenance even the weakeſt Attempt, for promoting the Intereſts of true Religion.*

As for the MONUMENTAL *Plate, having conſidered the moſt material Circumſtances pretty largely (ſee Page* 25.*); I ſhould have added nothing more in this* Advertiſement, *had it not been to point out an important* MORAL, *ſuggeſted in the* ARMS *of the Two Families; not expreſſed in the Monument itſelf, but* purpoſely *inſerted in the enſuing Draught.—It will on the firſt Inſpection be*

obſerved, that the Eſcutcheon is rent in ſunder, *to intimate the Diſſolution of the near Relation once ſo* happily *ſubſiſting. The Fragments fall to the Bottom of the Plate, as Things comparatively of* very ſmall *Conſequence. The Motto,* SUBLIMIORA PETAMUS *, *has not only a* ſignificant *Reference to the Device of the* Family Arms, *to which it is annexed; but may be conſidered, as ſtanding in a* beautiful *Connexion with that* Celeſtial Crown, *placed at the Top:—placed at the Top, as the* GREAT SUBLIME OBJECT, TO THE PURSUIT OF WHICH *All, who may in* future *Generations bear thoſe* ARMS, *and All, who* now *behold them, are by theſe* elevating *Words affectionately invited.*

* LET US PURSUE SUBLIMER OBJECTS.

THE FRONTISPIECE

Preſents the Inſide View of a Church—The Floor, the Pillars, and the Walls, are interſperſed with ſepulchral Stones, and funeral Inſcriptions—On one Side, is the Monument of an Infant, adorned with an Urn, with a weeping Statue, and inſcribed with the following Epitaph—NASCENTES MORIMUR, *No ſooner born, than dead*—On a more elevated Tomb, and under an Aſſemblage of military Weapons, is pourtrayed a Warrior; ſuppoſed to be mortally wounded, expiring in the Attitude of Adoration, and with the Spirit of that noble Line,

"*O! ſave my Country, Heav'n!*"—*ſhall be thy laſt.*

A Youth, beholding the Repreſentation of this gallant Patriot, ſeems to be ſtruck with Admiration, and charmed with Delight. A Miniſter diverts his Attention to an Object of infinitely higher Dignity, and greater Wonder. If the Hero died—PRO PATRIA, *In Defence of his Country:* CHRIST died—PRO INIMICIS, *For the Salvation of his Enemies.* An Inſtance this, of ſuch diſintereſted, diffuſive, and divine Benevolence; as makes all that Heroes have atchieved, and Patriots ſuffered, dwindle into nothing, and ſcarce deſerve our Notice.

VERSES

VERSES TO MR. HERVEY,

ON HIS

MEDITATIONS.

IN theſe lov'd Scenes, what rapt'rous Graces ſhine,
Live in each Leaf, and breathe in ev'ry Line!
What ſacred Beauties beam throughout the Whole,
To charm the Senſe, and ſteal upon the Soul!
In claſſic Elegance, and Thoughts—his own,
We ſee our Faults as in a Mirror, ſhown:
Each Truth, in glaring Characters expreſt,
All own the Twin Reſemblance in their Breaſt:
His eaſy Periods, and perſuaſive Page,
At once amend, and entertain the Age:
Nature's wide Fields all open to his View,
He charms the Mind with ſomething ever New:
On Fancy's Pinions, his advent'rous Soul
Wantons unbounded, and pervades the Whole:
From Death's dark Caverns in the Earth below,
To Spheres, where Planets roll, or Comets glow.
See him explore, with more than human Eyes,
The dreary Sepulchre, where *Granville* lies.

Converſe with Stones, or monumental Braſs,
The rude Inſcriptions,—or the painted Glaſs:
To gloomy Vaults deſcend with awful Tread,
And view the ſilent Manſions of the Dead.
To gayer Scenes he next adapts his Lines,
Where laviſh Nature in Embroid'ry ſhines:
The Jeſſ'mine Groves, the Woodbine's fragrant Bow'rs,
With all the painted Family of Flow'rs:
There, *Sachariſſa!* in each fleeting Grace,
Read all the tranſient Honours of thy Face.
With equal Dignity, now ſee Him riſe
To paint the ſable Horrors of the Skies:
When all the wide Horizon lies in Shade;
And Midnight Phantoms ſweep along the Glade:
All Nature huſh'd—a ſolemn Silence reigns,
And ſcarce a Breeze diſturbs the ſleeping Plains.
Laſt, yet not leſs, in Majeſty of Phraſe,
He draws the full-orb'd Moon's expanſive Blaze;
The waving Meteors, trembling from on high,
With all the mute Artill'ry of the Sky:
Syſtems on Syſtems, which in Order roll,
And dart their lambent Beams from Pole to Pole.
Hail, mighty Genius! whoſe excurſive Soul
No Bounds confine, no Limits can controul:
Whoſe Eye expatiates, and whoſe Mind can rove,
Through Earth, through Æther, and the Realms above:
From Things inanimate can direct * the Rod,
In juſt Gradation, to aſcend to GOD.
Taught by thy Lines, ſee hoary Age grows wiſe,
And all the Rebel in his Boſom dies:

* An Alluſion to the Cuſtom, of ſhewing curious Objects, and particulariſing their reſpective Delicacies, by the pointing of the Rod.

E'en

E'en thoughtleſs Youth, in Luxury of Blood,
Fly the infectious World, and dare—be Good:
Thy ſacred Truths ſhall reach th' impervious Heart;
Diſcord ſhall ceaſe, Diſeaſe forget to ſmart:
E'en Malice love, and Calumny commend;
Pride beg an Alms, and Av'rice turn a Friend.
Centred in CHRIST, who fires the Soul within,
The Fleſh ſhall know no Pain; the Soul, no Sin:
E'en in the Terrors of expiring Breath,
We bleſs the friendly Stroke, and live—in Death.

Oxford, April 28, 1748.

By a PHYSICIAN.

CELESTIAL Meditant! Whoſe Ardors riſe
Deep from the Tombs, and kindle to the Skies;
How ſhall an earthly Bard's profaner String
Reſound the Flights of thy Seraphic Wing?
When great ELIJAH, in the fiery Car,
Flam'd viſible to Heav'n, a living Star,
A Seer remain'd to *thunder* what he knew,
And with his Mantle caught his Spirit too.
Wit, Fancy, Fire, and Elegance, have long
Been loſt in vicious or ignoble Song:
Sunk from the chaſtely Grand, the pure Sublime,
They flatter'd Wealth and Pow'r, or murder'd Time.
'Tis Thine their devious Luſtre to reduce,
To prove their nobleſt Pow'r, their genuine Uſe;
From Earth-born Fumes to clear their tainted Flame,
And point their Flight to Heav'n—from whence they came.

O more

O more than Bard in Proſe! to whom belong
Harmonious Stile and Thought, in rhymeleſs Song;
Oft, by thy friendly Conduct, let me tread
The ſoftly whiſpering Manſions of the Dead:
Where the grim Form, calcining Hinds and Lords,
Grins at each fond Diſtinction Pride records.
Dumb, with immortal Energy they teach;
Lifeleſs, they threaten; mould'ring as they preach
To each ſucceeding Age, thro' ev'ry Clime,
The Span of Life, and endleſs Round of Time:
Hence may propitious Melancholy flow,
And Safety find me in the Vaults of Woe.
While ev'ry Virtue forms thy mental-Feaſt,
I glow with fair Sincerity at leaſt:
I feel *(thy Face unknown)* thy Heart refin'd,
And taſte, with Bliſs, the Beauties of thy Mind;
Collecting clearly, thro' thy ſacred Plan,
What Reverence of GOD! what Love to Man!
—O! when at laſt our deathleſs Forms ſhall riſe,
And Flow'rs and Stars deſiſt to moralize;
Shall then my Soul by thine inform'd, ſurvey,
And bear, the Splendors of eſſential Day?
But while my Thoughts indulge the glorious Scope,
(My utmoſt Worth beneath my humbleſt Hope)
Conſcience, or ſome exhorting Angel, cries,
" No lazy Wiſhes reach above the Skies.
" Would you indeed the perfect Scenes ſurvey,
" And ſhare the Triumphs of unbounded Day;
" His Love-diffuſive Life with Ardor live;
" And die like this divine Contemplative."

London, July 9, 1748.

By a PHYSICIAN.

TO form the Taſte, and raiſe the nobler Part,
To mend the Morals, and to warm the Heart;
To trace the genial Source, we Nature call,
And prove the GOD of Nature Friend of all;
HERVEY for this his mental Landſcape drew,
And ſketch'd the whole Creation out to View.
Th' enamel'd Bloom, and variegated Flow'r,
Whoſe Crimſon changes with the changing Hour;
The humble Shrub, whoſe Fragrance ſcents the Morn,
With Buds diſcloſing to the early Dawn:
The Oaks that grace *Britannia*'s Mountains Side,
And ſpicy *Lebanon*'s ſuperior * Pride;
All loudly SOV'REIGN EXCELLENCE proclaim,
And animated Worlds confeſs the ſame.
The azure Fields that form th' extended Sky,
The planetary Globes that roll on high,
And ſolar Orbs, of proudeſt Blaze, combine,
To act ſubſervient to the great Deſign.
Men, Angels, Seraphs, join the gen'ral Voice:
And in the Lord of Nature, ALL rejoice.
HIS, the grey *Winter*'s venerable Guiſe,
Its ſnowded Glories, and inſtructive Skies †;
HIS, the Snow's Plumes, that brood the Sickning Blade
HIS, the bright Pendant that impearls the Glade;
The waving Foreſt, or the whiſp'ring Brake;
The ſurging Billow, or the ſleeping Lake.
The SAME, who pours the Beauties of the Spring,
Or mounts the Whirlwind's deſolating Wing.

* The Cedar.

† Referring to the *Winter-Piece*.

'Tho

The SAME, who ſmiles in Nature's peaceful Form,
Frowns in the Tempeſt, and directs the Storm.
'Tis thine, bright Teacher, to improve the Age;
'Tis thine, whoſe Life's a Comment on thy Page.
Thy happy Page! whoſe Periods ſweetly flow,
Whoſe Figures charm us, and whoſe Colours glow.
Where *artleſs* Piety pervades the Whole,
Refines the Genius, and exalts the Soul.
For let the Witling argue all he can,
It is Religion ſtil that makes the Man.
'Tis *This*, my Friend, that ſtreaks our Morning bright;
'Tis *This*, that gilds the Horrors of our Night.
When Wealth forſakes us, and when Friends are few;
When Friends are faithleſs, or when Foes purſue;
'Tis *This*, that wards the Blow, or ſtills the Smart;
Diſarms Affliction, or repels its Dart;
Within the Breaſt bids purer Rapture riſe;
Bids ſmiling Conſcience ſpread her cloudleſs Skies.
When the Storm thickens and the Thunder rolls,
When the Earth trembles to th' affrighted Poles;
The virtuous Mind, nor Doubts nor Fears aſſail;
For Storms are Zephyrs, or a gentler Gale.
And when Diſeaſe obſtructs the lab'ring Breath,
When the Heart ſickens, and each Pulſe is Death;
E'en then Religion ſhall ſuſtain the Juſt,
Grace their laſt Moments, nor deſert their Duſt.

Auguſt 5, 1748.

AS ſome *new Star* attracts th' admiring Sight,
His Splendors pouring through the Fields of Light,
Whole Nights, delighted with th' unuſual Rays,
On the fair heav'nly *Viſitant* we gaze:

So

So thy fam'd *Volumes* ſweet Surpriſe impart:
Mark'd by all Eyes, and felt in ev'ry Heart.
Nature inform'd by Thee, new Paths has trod,
And riſes, *here*, a Preacher for her GOD;
By Fancy's Aids myſterious Heights ſhe tries,
And lures us by our Senſes, to the Skies.
To deck thy *Stile* collected Graces throng,
Bold as the Pencil's *Tints*, yet ſoft as *Song*.
In Themes, how rich thy Vein! how pure thy Choice!
Tranſcripts of Truths, own'd clear from Scripture's Voice:
Thy Judgment theſe, and Piety atteſt,
Tranſcripts—read only fairer in thy Breaſt.
There, what thy Works would ſhew, we beſt may ſee,
And all *they* teach in Doctrine, *lives* in Thee.
Oh!—might they live!—Our Prayers their Striſe engage;
But thy fix'd Languors yield us ſad Preſage.
In vain ſkill'd *Med'cine* tries her healing Art:
Diſeaſe, long Foe, entrenches at thy Heart.
Yet on new Labours ſtill thy Mind is prone,
For a World's Good too thoughtleſs of thy own.
Active, like Day's kind Orb, Life's Courſe you run,
It's Sphere ſtill glorious, tho' a *ſetting Sun*.
Redemption opes Thee wide her healing Plan,
Health's *only* Balm; her ſov'reign'ſt Gift to Man.
Themes ſweet like theſe thy Ardors, freſh, excite:
Warm at the Soul, they nerve thy Hand to write;
Make thy try'd Virtues in their Charms appear,
Patience, rais'd *Hope*, firm *Faith*, and *Love* ſincere;
Like a big Conſtellation, bright they glow,
And beam out lovelier by thy *Night* of Woe.
Known were thy Merits to the Public long,
Ere own'd thus feebly in my humble Song.

Damp'd

Damp'd are my Fires; my Heart dark Cares depreſs;
A Heart, too feeling from it's own Diſtreſs.
Proud on thy Friendſhip, yet to build my Fame,
I gain'd my Page * a Sanction from *thy Name.*
Weak theſe Returns (by Gratitude th' led)
Where *mine* ſhall in thy fav'rite Lea . be read.
Yet, o'er my conſcious Meanneſs Hope prevails;
Love gives me Merit, where my Genius fa s.
On *it's* ſtrong Baſe my ſmall Deſert I raiſe,
Averſe to Flatt'ry, as unſkill'd to praiſe.

MOSES BROWNE.

Mile-End Green, Feb. 23, 1749.

WHENCE flow theſe ſolemn Sounds? this rapt-
tur'd Strain?
Cherubic Notes my wond'ring Ear detain!
Yet 'tis a Mortal's Voice: 'Tis HERVEY ſings:
Sublime he ſoars on Contemplation's Wings.
In ev'ry Period breathes celeſtic Thought,
HERVEY, 'twas Heav'n thy ſacred Leſſons taught.
Celeſtial Viſions bleſs thy ſtudious Hours,
Thy lonely Walks, and thy ſequeſtred Bow'rs.
What fav'ring Pow'r, diſpenſing ſecret Aids,
Thy cavern'd Cell, thy curtain'd Couch, pervades?
Still hov'ring near, obſervant of thy Themes,
In Whiſpers prompts thee, or inſpires thy Dreams?
JESUS! Effulgence of eternal Light!
Ineffably divine! ſupremely bright!
Whoſe Energy according Worlds atteſt,
Kindled theſe Ardors in thy glowing Breaſt.

* SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

We catch thy Flame, as we thy Page peruſe;
And Faith in every Object JESUS views.
We in the bloomy breathing Garden trace
Somewhat—like Emanations of his Grace:
Yet muſt all Sweetneſs and all Beauty yield,
Idume's Grove, and *Sharon*'s flow'ry Field,
Compar'd with JESUS: Meanly, meanly ſhows
The brighteſt Lily, faint the loveliеſt Roſe.
Divine Inſtructor! lead thro' midnight Glooms,
To moralizing Stars, and preaching Tombs:
Thro' the ſtill Void a Saviour's Voice ſhall break,
A Ray from *Jacob*'s Star the Darkneſs ſtreak:
To Him the faireſt Scenes their Luſtre owe;
His Cov'nant brightens the celeſtial Bow;
His vaſt Benevolence profuſely ſpreads
The yellow Harveſts, and the verdant Meads.
Thy Pupil, HERVEY, a Redeemer finds
In boundleſs Oceans, and in viewleſs Winds:
He reins at Will the furious Blaſt, and guides
The rending Tempeſts, and the roaring Tides.
O give, my Soul, thy Welfare to his Truſt:
Who rais'd the World, can raiſe thy ſleeping Duſt!
He will, he will, when Nature's Courſe is run,
Midſt falling Stars, and an extinguiſh'd Sun:
He will with Myriads of his Saints appear.
O may I join them, tho' the meaneſt there!
Tho' nearer to the Throne my HERVEY ſings;
Tho' I at humbler Diſtance ſtrike the Strings;
Yet both ſhall mingle in the ſame Employ,
Both drink the Fulneſs of eternal Joy.

JOHN DUICK.

Clerkenwell-Green,
Feb. 24, 1749-50.

WHAT

WHAT Numbers of our Race ſurvey
The Monarch of the golden Day,
Night's ample Canopy unfurl'd,
In gloomy Grandeur round the World,
The Earth in Spring's Embroidery dreſt,
And Ocean's ever-working Breaſt!
And ſtill no grateful Honours riſe
To Him who ſpreads the ſpacious Skies,
Who hung this Air-ſuſpended Ball,
And lives, and reigns, and ſhines, in All!
To chaſe our ſenſual Fogs away,
And bright to pour th' eternal Ray
Of Deity inſcrib'd around
Wide Nature to her utmoſt Bound,
Is HERVEY's Taſk: And well his ſkill
Celeſtial can the Taſk fulfil:
Aſcending from theſe Scenes below,
Ardent the Maker's Praiſe to ſhow,
His ſacred Contemplations ſoar,
And teach our Wonder to adore.
Now he ſurveys the Realms beneath,
The Realms of Horror, and of Death;
Now entertains his vernal Hours
In flow'ry Walks, and blooming Bow'rs;
Now hails the black-brow'd Night, that brings
Æthereal Dews upon her Wings;
Now marks the Planets, as they roll
On burning Axles round the Pole:
While *Tombs*, and *Flow'rs*, and *Shades*, and *Stars*,
Unveil their ſacred Characters
Of Juſtice, Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Love;
And lifts the Soul to Realms above,
Where dwells the God, in Glory crown'd,
Who ſends his boundleſs Influence round.
So *Jacob*, in his bliſsful Dreams,
Array'd in Heav'n's reſulgent Beams,

Saw from the Ground a Scale ariſe,
Whoſe Summit mingled with the Skies:
Angels were pleas'd to paſs the Road,
The Stage to Earth, and Path to God.
HERVEY, proceed: For Nature yields
Freſh Treaſure in her ample Fields;
And in ſeraphic Ecſtaſy
Still bear us to the Throne on high.
Ocean's wild Wonders next explore,
His changing Scenes, and ſecret Store;
Or let dire EARTHQUAKE claim thy Toil,
EARTHQUAKE, that ſhakes a guilty Iſle.
So, if ſmall Things may ſhadow forth,
Dear Man, thy Labours, and thy Worth;
The Bee upon the flow'ry Lawn
Imbibes the lucid Drops of Dawn,
Works them his myſterious Mould,
And turns the common Dew to Gold.

THOMAS GIBBONS.

London, May 26, 1750.

DElightful Author! whom the Saints inſpire!
And whiſp'ring Angels with their Ardors fire!
From *Youth* like mine, wilt thou accept of Praiſe?
Or ſmile with Candor on a Stripling's Lays?
My little Laurel (but a Shoot at moſt)
Has hardly more than one ſmall Wreath to boaſt.
Such as it is—(Ah! might it worthier be!)
Its ſcanty Foliage all is due to THEE.
Oh! if, amongſt the Honours of thy Brow,
This ſlender Circlet may but humbly grow:
If its faint Verdure haply may find Place—
A Foil to others;—Tho' its own Diſgrace;

Accept it, HERVEY, from a Heart ſincere,
And, for the Giver's Sake,—the Tribute wear.
Thy Soul-improving Works perus'd, what Tongue
Can hold from Praiſe, or check th' applauſive Song?
But ah! from whence ſhall Gratitude obtain
Language that may its glowing Zeal explain?
How to ſuch wond'rous Worth adapt a Strain?
Deſcrib'd by Thee, cold Sepulchres can charm;
Storms, calm the Soul; and freezing Winter, warm.
Clear'd from her gloomy Shades, we view pale Night
Surrounded with a Blaze of *mental* Light.
Lo! where ſhe comes! all ſilent! penſive! ſlow!
On her dark Robe unnumber'd Meteors glow!
High on her Head a ſtarry Crown ſhe wears!
Bright in her Hand the Lamp of Reaſon bears!
Smiling,—behold! She points the Soul to Heav'n,
And bids the weeping Sinner be forgiv'n;
But when thy Fancy ſhifts this ſolemn Scene,
And ruddy Morning gilds the chearful Green;
With ſudden Joy we view the Proſpect chang'd,
And bluſhing Sweets in beauteous Order rang'd.
We ſee the Violets; ſmell the dewy Roſe,
And each Perfume that from the Woodbine flows:
A boundleſs Perſpective there greets our Eyes:
Rich Vales deſcend, and verdant Mountains riſe.
The Shepherds Cottages, the rural Folds:
All, that thy Art deſcribes, the Eye beholds?
Amazing Limner! whence this matchleſs Pow'r?
Thy Work's a Garden!—ev'ry Word, a Flow'r!
Thy lovely Tints almoſt the Bloom excel,
And none but Nature's Self can paint ſo well!
Hail, holy Man!—henceforth thy Work ſhall ſtand
(Like ſome fair Column by a Maſter-Hand,
Which, whilſt it props, adorns the tow'ring Pile)
At once to grace, and elevate our *Iſle*.

Tho' ſimple, lofty; tho' majeſtic, plain;
Whoſe bold Deſign the Rules of Art reſtrain.
In which the niceſt Eye ſees nothing wrong.
Tho' poliſh'd, juſt; and elegant, tho' ſtrong.

SI. GEORGE MOLESWORTH.

Jan 24, 1750.

IN Pleaſure's Lap the Muſes long have lain,
And hung, attentive, on her *Siren* Strain.
Still toils the Bard beneath ſome weak Deſign,
And puny Thought but halts along the Line.
Or tuneful *Nothings*, ſtealing on the Mind,
Melt into Air, nor leave a Trace behind,
While to thy rapt'rous Proſe, we feel, belong
The Strength of Wiſdom, and the Voice of Song:
This lifts the Torch of ſacred Truth on high,
And points the Captives to their native Sky.
How falſe the Joys, which Earth or Senſe inſpires,
That clog the Soul, and damp her purer Fires!
Truths, which thy ſolemn Scenes, my Friend, declare,
Whoſe glowing Colours paint us as we are.
Yet not moroſely ſtern, nor idly gay,
Dull Melancholy reigns, or Trifles ſway;
Ill wou'd the Strains of Levity befit,
And ſullen Gloom but ſadden all thy Wit:
Truth, Judgment, Senſe, Imagination join;
And ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Grace is thine.
Religion prompting the true End of Man,
Conſpiring Genius executes the Plan;
Strong to convince, and elegant to charm,
Plaintive to melt, or paſſionate to warm.

Rais'd by Degrees, we elevate our Aim;
And grow immortal as we catch thy Flame;
True Piety informs our languid Hearts,
And all the Vicious, and the Vain, departs.
So, when foul ſpreading Fogs creep ſlowly on,
Blot the fair Morn, and hide the golden Sun;
Ardent he pours the boundleſs Blaze of Day,
Rides thro' the Sky, and ſhines the Miſt away.
O, had it been th' Almighty's gracious Will,
That I had ſhar'd a Portion of thy Skill;
Had this poor Breaſt receiv'd the heav'nly Beam,
Which ſpreads its Luſtre thro' thy various Theme;
That ſpeaks deep Leſſons from the ſilent *Tomb*,
And crowns thy *Garden* with freſh-ſpringing Bloom;
Or, piercing thro' *Creation*'s ample Whole,
Now ſooths the *Night*, or gilds the *ſtarry Pole*;
Or marks how *Winter* calls her howling Train,
Her Snows and Storms, that deſolate the Plain;
With Thee the Muſe ſhould trace the pleaſing Road,
That leads from Nature up to Nature's God;
Humble to learn, and, as ſhe knows the more,
Glad to obey, and happy to adore.

PETER WHALLEY.

Northampton,
25 *Aug.* 1750.

TO

TO

Miſs *R*—— *T*—

MADAM,

THESE Reflections, the One on the *deepeſt*, the Other on the *gayeſt* Scenes of Nature; when they proceeded privately from the *Pen*, were addreſſed to a Lady of the moſt valuable Endowments. Who crowned all her other endearing Qualities, by a fervent Love of CHRIST, and an exemplary Conformity to his Divine Pattern. She, alas! lives no longer on Earth; unleſs it be in the Honours of a diſtinguiſhed Character, and in the bleeding Remembrance of her Acquaintance.

IT is impoſſible, Madam, to wiſh You a richer Bleſſing, or a more ſubſtantial Happineſs, than that the ſame Spirit of unfeigned *Faith*, the ſame Courſe of undefiled *Religion*, which have enabled Her to triumph over Death, may both animate and adorn your Life. And you will permit me to declare, that my chief Inducement

in requeſting your Acceptance of the following Meditations, now they make a public Appearance from the *Preſs*, is, that they are deſigned to cultivate the ſame ſacred *Principle*, and to promote the ſame excellent *Practice*.

Long, Madam, may you *bloom* in all the Vivacity and Amiableneſs of Youth, like the charming Subject of one of theſe Contemplations. But at the ſame Time remember, that, with regard to ſuch inferior Accompliſhments, You muſt one Day *fade*, (may it prove ſome very remote Period!) like the mournful Objects of the other. This Conſideration will prompt You to go on, as you have begun, in adding the *Meekneſs* of *Wiſdom*, and all the *Beauties* of *Holineſs*, to the Graces of an engaging Perſon, and the Refinements of a polite Education.

And might—O! might the enſuing Hints furniſh You with the leaſt Aſſiſtance, in proſecuting ſo deſirable an End; might they contribute, in any Degree, to eſtabliſh your Faith, or elevate your Devotion; they would, then, adminiſter to the Author ſuch a Satisfaction, as Applauſe cannot give, nor Cenſure take away: A Satisfaction, which I ſhall be able to enjoy, even in thoſe awful Moments, when all that captivates the Eye is ſinking in Darkneſs, and every Glory of this lower World diſappearing for ever.

THESE Wiſhes, Madam, as they are a moſt agreeable Employ of my Thoughts, ſo they come attended with this additional Circumſtance of Pleaſure, that are alſo the ſincereſt Expreſſion of that very great Eſteem, with which I am,

MADAM,

Your moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble Servant,

Weſton-Favell, *near* Northampton, May 20, 1746.

JAMES HERVEY

PREFACE.

THE firſt of theſe occaſional Meditations, begs leave to remind my Readers of their latter End; *and would invite them to ſet, not their Houſes only, but, which is inexpreſſibly more needful, their Souls, in Order: That they may be able, through all the intermediate Stages, to look forward upon their approaching Exit, without any* anxious Apprehenſions: *And, when the great Change commences, may bid Adieu to terreſtrial Things, with all the* Calmneſs *of a chearful Reſignation, with all the* Comforts *of a well grounded Faith.*

The other attempts to ſketch out ſome little Traces of the All-ſufficiency *of our* Redeemer, *for the grand and gracious Purpoſes of everlaſting Salvation. That a Senſe of his unutterable Dignity, and infinite Perfections, may incite us to regard Him, with Sentiments of the moſt profound* Veneration; *to long for an aſſured Intereſt in his Merits, with all the Ardency of* Deſire; *and to truſt in his powerful Mediation,*

diation, with an Affiance *not to be ſhaken by any Temptations, not to be ſhared with any Performances of our own.*

I flatter myſelf, that the Thoughts conceived among the Tombs, *may be welcome to the* ſerious *and* humane *Mind. Becauſe, as there are few, who have not conſigned the Remains of ſome dear* Relations, *or honoured* Friends, *to thoſe ſilent Repoſitories; ſo there are none, but muſt be ſenſible, that this is the* Houſe appointed for all Living; *and that they themſelves, are ſhortly to remove into the ſame ſolemn Manſions.—And who would not turn aſide, for a while, from the moſt favourite Amuſements, to view the* Place, *where his once-loved* Companions *lie? Who would not ſometimes ſurvey thoſe* Apartments, *where he* himſelf *is to take up an* Abode, *till Time ſhall be no more?*

As to the other little Eſſay, may I not humbly preſume, that the very Subject itſelf will recommend the Remarks? For, who is not delighted with the Proſpect of the blooming Creation, and even charmed with the delicate Attractions *of Flowers? Who does not covet to aſſemble them in the Garden, or wear them in a Noſegay? Since this is a Paſſion ſo univerſal, who would not be willing to render it pro-*

ductive

ductive of the ſublimeſt Improvement?—This Piece of holy Frugality, *I have ventured to ſuggeſt, and endeavoured to exemplify, in the ſecond Letter; that, while the Hand is cropping the tranſient Beauties of a Flower, the attentive Mind may be enriching itſelf with ſolid and laſting Good.—And I cannot but entertain ſome pleaſing Hopes, that the niceſt Taſte may receive and relish* religious Impreſſions, *when they are conveyed by ſuch* lovely Monitors; *when the inſtructive Leſſons are found, not on the Leaves of ſome formidable* Folio, *but ſtand legible on the fine* Sarcenet *of a* Narciſſus; *when they ſavour not of the* Lamp *and* Recluſe, *but come breathing from the fragrant Boſom of a* Jonquil.

CON-

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N. B. **It may ſeem unaccountable to an *unlearned* Reader, that Aſtronomers ſhould ſpeak ſuch amazing Things;**

Things; and ſpeak them with ſuch an Air of *Aſſurance*; concerning the Diſtances and Magnitudes; the Motions and Relations, of the heavenly Bodies. I would deſire ſuch a Perſon to conſider the Caſe of ECLIPSES, and with what *Exactneſs* they are calculated. They are not only foretold, but the very Inſtant of their *Beginning* is determined. The preciſe Time of their *Continuance* is aſſigned; aſſigned, almoſt to the *Nicety* of a Moment; and what is ſtill more ſurpriſing, for the Space of *Hundreds* or *Thouſands* of Years to come. —As this is a Matter of Fact, abſolutely indiſputable; it is alſo a very obvious, yet ſolid Demonſtration, that the Principles of Science, on which thoſe Calculations proceed, are not mere Conjecture, or precarious Suppoſition; but have a *real*, a *certain* Foundation, in the Nature and Conſtitution of Things.

A WINTER-PIECE.

INtroduction—Shortneſs of the Winter's Day—Inceſſant Rain, producing a Flood—Tempeſt; its Effects; at Land, by Sea—Pitchy Darkneſs; riding in it—Thick Rime—Keen Froſt, and Serenity of Weather—Severe Cold, and piercing Winds—Deep Snow—General Thaw—Evergreens—Storm of Hail—Rainbow, 407—431.

He gave Himself a Ransom for all.

Bound sir John Rivington and Partners.

MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

TOMBS.

In a LETTER to a LADY.

MADAM,

TRAVELLING lately into *Cornwall*, I happened to alight at a conſiderable Village, in that County. Where, finding myſelf under an unexpected Neceſſity of ſtaying a little, I took a Walk to the *Church* *. The Doors, like the Heaven to

* I had named, in ſome former Editions, a particular Church, viz. KILKHAMPTON; where ſeveral of the Monuments, deſcribed in the following Pages, really exiſt. But as I thought it convenient, to mention ſome Caſes *here*, which are not, according to the beſt of my Remembrance, referred to in any Inſcriptions *there*; I have now omitted the Name. That Imagination might operate more freely, and the Improvement of the Reader be conſulted, without any thing that ſhould look like a Variation from Truth and Fact.

which they lead, were wide open; and readily admitted an unworthy Stranger. Pleaſed with the Opportunity, I reſolved to ſpend a few Minutes under the ſacred Roof.

In a Situation ſo retired and awful, I could not avoid falling into a Train of Meditations, *ſerious* and *mournfully pleaſing*. Which, I truſt, were in ſome Degree profitable to *me*, while they poſſeſſed and warmed my Thoughts; and, if they may adminiſter any Satisfaction to *you*, Madam, now they are recollected, and committed to Writing, I ſhall receive a freſh Pleaſure from them.

It was an ancient Pile; reared by Hands, that, Ages ago, were mouldered into Duſt.—Situate in the Centre of a large *Burial-Ground*; remote from all the Noiſe and Hurry of tumultuous Life.—The Body ſpacious; the Structure lofty; the Whole magnificently plain. A Row of regular Pillars extended themſelves through the Midſt; ſupporting the Roof with Simplicity, and with Dignity.—The Light, that paſſed through the Windows, ſeemed to ſhed a Kind of *luminous Obſcurity*; which gave every Object a grave and venerable Air.—The deep *Silence*, added to the gloomy Aſpect, and both heightened by the Lonelineſs of the Place, greatly increaſed the Solemnity of the Scene.—A Sort of *religious Dread* ſtole inſenſibly on my Mind, while I advanced, all penſive and thoughtful, along the inmoſt Aiſle. Such a Dread, as huſhed every ruder Paſſion, and diſſipated all the gay Images of an alluring World.

Having adored that Eternal Majeſty, who, far from being confined to Temples made with Hands, has Heaven for his Throne, and the Earth for his Footſtool —I took

—I took particular Notice of a handſome *Altar-piece*; preſented, as I was afterwards informed, by the Maſter-Builders of *Stow* *; out of Gratitude, I preſume, to that gracious GOD, who carried them through their Work, and enabled them to "bring forth their Top-"ſtone, with Joy."

O! HOW amiable is *Gratitude!* eſpecially when it has the ſupreme Benefactor for its Object. I have always looked upon Gratitude, as the moſt exalted Principle that can actuate the Heart of Man. It has ſomething noble, diſintereſted, and (if I may be allowed the Term) generouſly devout. *Repentance* indicates our Nature fallen, and *Prayer* turns chiefly upon a Regard to one's ſelf. But the Exerciſes of Gratitude ſubſiſted in Paradiſe, when there was no Fault to deplore; and will be perpetuated in Heaven, when "GOD ſhall be 'All in all."

THE Language of this ſweet Temper is, "I am unſpeakably obliged: What Return ſhall I make?"—And, ſurely, it is no improper Expreſſion of an unfeigned Thankfulneſs, to decorate our Creator's Courts, and *beautify* "the *Place* where his Honour dwelleth." Of old, the Habitation of his Feet was glorious: Let it not, now, be ſordid or contemptible. It muſt grieve an ingenuous Mind, and be a Reproach to any People, to have their own Houſes wainſcoted with Cedar, and painted with Vermillion; while the

* The Name of a grand Seat, belonging to the late Earl of *Bath:* remarkable formerly for its excellent Workmanſhip, and elegant Furniture; once the principal Reſort of the Quality and Gentry of the Weſt; but now demoliſhed, laid even with the Ground, and ſcarce one Stone left upon another.—So that Corn may grow, or Nettles ſpring, where *Stow* lately ſtood.

Temple of the Lord of Hoſts is deſtitute of every decent Ornament.

HERE I recollected, and was charmed with, *Solomon*'s fine Addreſs to the Almighty, at the *Dedication* of his famous Temple. With immenſe Charge, and exquiſite Skill, he had erected the moſt rich and finiſhed Structure, that the Sun ever ſaw. Yet, upon a Review of his Work, and a Reflection on the tranſcendent Perfections of the Godhead, how he exalts the one, and abaſes the other!—The Building was too *glorious*, for the mightieſt Monarch to inhabit; too *ſacred*, for unhallowed Feet even to enter; yet infinitely too *mean*, for the Deity to reſide in. It was, and the Royal Worſhipper acknowledged it to be, a moſt marvellous Vouchſafement in uncreated Excellency, to "put his "Name there."—The whole Paſſage breathes ſuch a Delicacy, and is animated with ſuch a Sublimity of Sentiment, that I cannot perſuade myſelf to paſs on, without repeating it. * *But will GOD indeed dwell on Earth?*

* 1 *Kings* viii. 27. *But will*—A fine abrupt Beginning, moſt ſignificantly deſcribing the Amazement and Rapture of the Royal Prophet's Mind!—*GOD:* He uſes no Epithet, where Writers of inferior Diſcernment would have been fond to multiply them: But ſpeaks of the Deity, as an incomprehenſible Being, whoſe Perfections and Glories are exalted above all Praiſe.—*Dwell:* To beſtow on ſinful Creatures a propitious Look; to favour them with a tranſient Viſit of Kindneſs; even this were an unutterable Obligation. Will he then vouchſafe to fix his Abode among them, and take up his ſtated Reſidence with them?—*Indeed:* A Word in this Connexion, peculiarly emphatical; expreſſive of a Condeſcenſion, wonderful and extraordinary almoſt beyond all Credibility. *Behold:* Intimating the continued, or rather the increaſing Surpriſe of the Speaker, and awakening the Attention of the Hearer.—*Behold! the Heaven:* the ſpacious Concave of the Firmament; that wide extended Azure Circumference, in which Worlds unnumbered perform their Revolutions, is too ſcanty an Apartment for the Godhead.—Nay, *The Heaven of Heavens:* Thoſe vaſtly

Earth? Behold! The Heaven, and Heaven of Heavens, cannot contain thee; how much leſs this Houſe, that I have builded!—Incomparable Saying! Worthy the wiſeſt of Men. Who would not chooſe to poſſeſs ſuch an elevated Devotion, rather than to own all the glittering Materials of that ſumptuous Edifice?

We are apt to be ſtruck with Admiration, at the Statelineſs and Grandeur of a maſterly Performance in Architecture. And, perhaps, on a Sight of the ancient Sanctuary, ſhould have made the *ſuperficial* Obſervation of the Diſciples; "What Manner of Stones, "and what Buildings are here!"—But what a *nobler* Turn of Thought, and *juſter* Taſte of Things, does it diſcover; to join with *Iſrael*'s King, in celebrating the Condeſcenſion of the divine Inhabitant! That the High and Lofty One, who fills Immenſity with his Glory, ſhould, in a peculiar Manner, fix his Abode there! Should *there* manifeſt an extraordinary Degree of his benedictive Preſence; permit ſinful Mortals to approach his Majeſty; and promiſe "to make them joyful in his Houſe of Prayer!"—*This* ſhould more ſenſibly affect our Hearts, than the moſt curious Arrangement of Stones can delight our Eyes.

Nay, the everlaſting God does not diſdain to dwell in our *Souls* by his Holy Spirit;' and to make even our *Bodies* his Temple.—Tell me, ye that frame critical

vaſtly higher Tracts, which lie far beyond the Limits of human Survey; to which our very Thoughts can hardly ſoar; even Theſe (unbounded as they are) cannot afford an adequate Habitation for Jehovah: Even theſe dwindle into a Point, when compared with the Infinitude of his Eſſence; even Theſe "are as nothing "before him."—*How much leſs* proportionate is this poor diminutive Speck (which I have been erecting and embelliſhing) to ſo auguſt a Preſence, ſo immenſe a Majeſty!

Judgments, and balance nicely the Diſtinction of Things; "Is this moſt aſtoniſhing, or moſt rejoicing?" —He humbleth himſelf, the Scripture aſſures us, even to behold the Things that are in Heaven *. 'Tis a moſt condeſcending Favour, if HE pleaſes to take the leaſt approving Notice of Angels and Arch-angels, when they bow down in Homage from their celeſtial Thrones. Will he then graciouſly regard, will he be united, moſt *intimately united* to poor, polluted, breathing Duſt?—Unparallel'd Honour! Invaluable Privilege! Be this my Portion, and I ſhall not covet Crowns, nor envy Conquerors.

BUT let me remember, what a *Sanctity* of Diſpoſition, and *Uprightneſs* of Converſation, ſo exalted a Relation demands: Remember this, "and rejoice with trembling."—Durſt I commit any Iniquity, while I tread theſe hallowed Courts? Could the *Jewiſh* High-Prieſt allow Himſelf in any known Tranſgreſſion, while he made that ſolemn yearly entrance † into the Holy of Holies, and ſtood before the immediate Preſence of *JEHOVAH?* No, truly. In *ſuch* Circumſtances, a thinking Perſon muſt ſhudder at the moſt remote Solicitation, to any wilful Offence. I ſhould *now* be ſhocked at the leaſt Indecency of Behaviour, and am apprehenſive of every Appearance of Evil.—And why do we not carry this holy Jealouſy, into all our *ordinary* Life? Why do we not, in every Place ‡, reverence

* Pſal. cxiii. 6. † Heb. ix. 7.

‡ —— —— —— αιδεῖσθαι δὲ μαλιστ' αἰσχυνεσθαι σ' αὐτον, was the favourite Maxim of *Pythagoras*, and ſuppoſed to be one of the beſt moral Precepts, ever given to the heathen World. With what ſuperior Force, and very ſingular Advantage, does the Argument take Place in the Chriſtian Scheme? Where we are taught to regard ourſelves, not merely as *intellectual Beings*, who have *Reaſon* for our Monitor; but as *conſecrated Creatures*, who have a GOD of the moſt conſummate Perfection, ever *with* us, ever *in* us.

our-

ourſelves; as Perſons dedicated to the Divinity, as *living Temples* of the Godhead? For, if we are real, and not merely nominal Chriſtians, the GOD of Glory, according to his own Promiſe, * *dwells in us, and walks in us.*—O! that this *one* Doctrine of our Religion might operate, with an abiding Efficacy, upon our Conſciences!. It would be inſtead of a *thouſand* Laws, to regulate our Conduct; inſtead of a *thouſand* Motives to quicken us in Holineſs. Under the Influence of *ſuch* a Conviction, we ſhould ſtudy to maintain a Purity of Intention; a Dignity of Action; and to walk worthy of that tranſcendently majeſtic Being, who admits us to a Fellowſhip with Himſelf, and with his Son JESUS CHRIST.

THE next Thing, which engaged my Attention, was the *Lettered Floor*. The Pavement, ſomewhat like *Ezekiel*'s Roll, was written over from one End to the other. I ſoon perceived the Compariſon to hold good, in another Reſpect; and the Inſcriptions to be Matter of *Mourning, Lamentation, and Woe* †." They ſeemed to court my Obſervation; ſilently inviting me to read them. And what would theſe dumb Monitors inform me of?—" That beneath their little Circum-
" ferences, were depoſited ſuch and ſuch Pieces of
" Clay, which once *lived*, and *moved*, and *talked*: That
" they had received a Charge to preſerve their Names,
" and were the remaining Truſtees of their Memory."

AH! ſaid I, is ſuch my Situation! The adorable Creator around me, and the Bones of my Fellow-Creatures under me! Surely, then, I have great Reaſon to cry out, with the revering Patriarch, *How dreadful is this Place* ‡! Serioufneſs and Devotion become this Houſe for ever. May I never enter it lightly or irreverently; but with a profound Awe, and godly Fear!

* 2 Cor. vi. 16. † Ezek. ii. 10. ‡ Gen. xxviii. 17.

O! that they were wiſe !* ſaid the inſpired Penman. It was his laſt Wiſh for his dear People. He breathed it out, and gave up the Ghoſt.—But what is Wiſdom? It conſiſts not in refined Speculations; accurate Reſearches into Nature; or an univerſal Acquaintance with Hiſtory. The divine Lawgiver ſettles this important Point in his next Aſpiration: *O! that they underſtood this!* That they had right Apprehenſions of their ſpiritual Intereſts, and eternal Concerns! That they had Eyes to diſcern, and Inclinations to purſue, the Things which belong to their Peace!—But how ſhall they attain this valuable Knowledge? I ſend them not, adds the illuſtrious Teacher, to turn over all the Volumes of Literature: They may acquire, and much more expeditiouſly, this Science of Late, *by conſidering their latter End.* This Spark of Heaven is often loſt under the Glitter of pompous Erudition; but ſhines clearly, in the gloomy Manſions of the Tomb. Drowned is this gentle Whiſper, amidſt the *Noiſe* of ſecular Affairs; but ſpeaks diſtinctly, in the *Retirements* of ſerious Contemplation.—Behold! how providentially I am brought to the School of Wiſdom! † The Grave, is the moſt faithful ‡ Maſter; and theſe Inſtances of Mortality, the moſt inſtructive Leſſons.—Come then, *calm Attention*, and compoſe my Thoughts; Come, thou *celeſtial Spirit*, and enlighten my Mind; that I may ſo peruſe theſe awful Pages, as to become "wiſe unto "Salvation."

* Deut. xxxii. 29.

† The Man how wiſe, who ſick of gaudy Scenes,
Is led by Choice to take his fav'rite Walk
Beneath Death's gloomy, ſilent, Cypreſs Shades,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantaſtic Ray?
To read his Monuments, to weigh his Duſt,
Viſit his Vaults, and dwell among the Tombs!

Night Thoughts.

‡ Wait the great Teacher Death. POPE.

EXAMINING

EXAMINING the Records of Mortality, I found the Memorials of a * *promiſcuous* Multitude. They were huddled, at leaſt they reſted together, without any Regard to Rank or Seniority. None were ambitious of the uppermoſt Rooms, or chief Seats, in this Houſe of Mourning; none entertained fond and eager Expectations of being honourably greeted, in their darkſome Cells. The Man of Years and Experience, reputed as an Oracle in his Generation, was content to lie down at the Feet of a Babe. In this Houſe, appointed for all Living, the Servant was equally accommodated, and lodged in the ſame Story, with his Maſter. The *poor Indigent* lay as ſoftly, and ſlept as ſoundly, as the moſt *opulent Poſſeſſor*. All the Diſtinction that ſubſiſted, was a graſſy Hillock, bound with Oſiers; or a ſepulchral Stone, ornamented with Imagery.

WHY then, ſaid my working Thoughts, O! why ſhould we raiſe ſuch a mighty Stir, about *Superiority* and *Precedence*; when the next Remove, will reduce us all to a State of equal Meanneſs? Why ſhould we exalt ourſelves, or debaſe others? ſince we muſt all, one Day, be upon a common Level, and blended together in the ſame undiſtinguiſhed Duſt? O! that this Conſideration might humble my own, and others Pride; and ſink our Imaginations as low, as our Habitation will ſhortly be!

AMONG theſe confuſed Relics of Humanity, there are, without Doubt, Perſons of *contrary* Intereſts, and *contradicting* Sentiments. But Death, like ſome able Days-man, has laid his Hand on the contending Parties; and brought all their Differences to an † amicable Con-

* *Maſſa Senum ac Juvenum denſantur Funera.* HOR.

† *Hi Motus Animorum, atque hæc Certamina tanta,*
Pulveris exigui Jactu compreſſa quieſcent. VIRG.

cluſion.

cluſion. Here Enemies, ſworn Enemies, dwell together in Unity. They drop every imbittered Thought, and forget that they once were Foes. Perhaps, their crumbling Bones *mix*, as they *moulder*: And thoſe who, while they lived, ſtood aloof in irreconcileable Variance; here fall into mutual Embraces, and even incorporate with each other in the Grave.—O! that we might learn from theſe friendly Aſhes, not to perpetuate the Memory of *Injuries*; not to foment the Fever of *Reſentment*; nor cheriſh the Turbulence of *Paſſion*. That there may be as little Animoſity and Diſagreement in the Land of the Living, as there is in the Congregation of the Dead!—But I ſuſpend for a while ſuch *general* Obſervations, and addreſs myſelf to a more *particular* Inquiry.

YONDER *white Stone*, Emblem of the Innocence it covers, informs the Beholder of One, who breathed out its tender Soul, almoſt in the Inſtant of receiving it.—There, the peaceful *Infant*, without ſo much as knowing what Labour and Vexation mean, "* lies ſtill and "is quiet; it ſleeps and is at Reſt." Staying only to waſh away its native Impurity in the Laver of Regeneration, it bid a ſpeedy Adieu to Time, and terreſtrial Things.—What did the little haſty Sojourner find, ſo forbidding and diſguſtful in our upper World, to occaſion its precipitate Exit? 'Tis written, indeed, of its ſuffering Saviour, that when he had taſted the Vinegar mingled with Gall, He would not drink †. And did our new-come Stranger, begin to *ſip* the Cup of Life: but, perceiving the Bitterneſs, turn away its Head, and refuſe the *Draught*? Was this the Cauſe why the wary Babe only opened its Eyes; juſt looked on the Light, and then withdrew, into the more inviting Regions of undiſturbed Repoſe?

* Job iii. 13. † Matt. xxvii. 34.

HAPPY

HAPPY Voyager! No ſooner launched, than *arrived* at the Haven * !—But more eminently happy *they*, who have paſſed the Waves, and weathered all the Storms, of a troubleſome and dangerous World! Who, "through "many Tribulations, have entered into the Kingdom "of Heaven;" and thereby brought *Honour* to their divine Convoy, adminiſtered *Comfort* to the Companions of their Toil, and left an inſtructive *Example* to ſucceeding Pilgrims.

HIGHLY favoured Probationer! accepted, without being exerciſed!—It was thy peculiar Privilege, not to *feel* the ſlighteſt of thoſe Evils, which *oppreſs* thy ſurviving Kindred; which frequently fetch Groans, from the moſt manly Fortitude, or moſt elevated Faith. The Arrows of Calamity, barbed with Anguiſh, are *often* fixed deep in our choiceſt Comforts. The fiery Darts of Temptation, ſhot from the Hand of Hell, are *always* flying in Showers around our Integrity. To thee, ſweet Babe, both theſe Diſtreſſes and Dangers were alike unknown.

CONSIDER this, ye *mourning Parents*, and dry up your Tears. Why ſhould you lament, that your little ones are crowned with Victory, before the Sword was drawn, or the Conflict begun?—Perhaps, the ſupreme Diſpoſer of Events, foreſaw ſome inevitable Snare of Temptation forming, or ſome dreadful Storm of Adverſity impending. And why ſhould you be ſo diſſatisfied, with that *kind Precaution*; which houſed your pleaſant Plant,

* Happy the Babe, who privileg'd by Fate
To ſhorter Labour, and a lighter Weight,
Receiv'd but Yeſterday the Gift of Breath,
Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.

PRIOR's *Sol.*

and

and removed into Shelter a tender Flower, before the Thunders roared: before the Lightnings flew: before the Tempeſt poured its Rage?—O remember! they are not loſt, but *taken away from the Evil to come**.

At the ſame Time, let *Survivors*, doomed to *bear the Heat and Burden of the Day*, for their Encouragement reflect—That it is more honourable to have entered the Liſts, and to have fought the good Fight, before they come off Conquerors. They who have bore the Croſs, and ſubmitted to afflictive Providences, with a chearful Reſignation; have girded up the Loins of their Mind, and performed their Maſter's Will, with an honeſt and perſevering Fidelity:—Theſe, having glorified their Redeemer on Earth, will, probably, be as Stars of the *firſt Magnitude* in Heaven. They will ſhine with brighter Beams, be replenniſhed with ſtronger Joys, in their Lord's everlaſting Kingdom.

Here lies the Grief of a fond Mother, and the blaſted Expectation of an indulgent Father.—The *Youth* grew up, like a well-watered Plant; he ſhot deep, roſe high, and bid fair for Manhood. But juſt as the *Cedar* began to tower; and promiſed, ere long, to be the Pride of the Wood, and Prince among the neighbouring Trees—Behold! the *Ax* is laid unto the Root; the fatal Blow ſtruck; and all its branching Honours tumbled to the Duſt.—And did he fall alone? No: The Hopes of his Father that begat him, and the pleaſing Proſpects of her that bare him, fell, and were cruſhed together with him.

Doubtless, it would have pierced one's Heart, to have beheld the tender Parents, following the breath-

* Iſai. lvii. 1.

leſs

loſs Youth, to his long Home. Perhaps, drowned in Tears, and all over-whelmed with Sorrows, they ſtood, like weeping Statues, on this very Spot.—Methinks, I ſee the deeply-diſtreſſed Mourners attending the ſad Solemnity. How they wring their Hands, and pour Floods from their Eyes!—Is it Fancy? or do I really hear the paſſionate *Mother*, in an Agony of Affliction, taking her final Leave of the Darling of her Soul? Dumb ſhe remained; while the awful Obſequies were performing; dumb with Grief, and leaning upon the Partner of her Woes. But now the inward Anguiſh ſtruggles for Vent; it grows too big to be repreſſed. She advances to the Brink of the Grave. All her Soul is in her Eyes. She faſtens one more Look upon the *dear doleful* Object, before the Pit ſhuts its Mouth upon him. And as ſhe looks, ſhe cries;—in broken Accents, interrupted by many a riſing Sob, ſhe cries—
"Farewel, my Son! my Son! my only Beloved!
"Would to God I had died for thee!—Farewel, my
"Child; and farewel all my earthly Happineſs;—I
"ſhall never more ſee Good, in the Land of the Liv-
"ing.—Attempt not to comfort me.—I will go mourn-
"ing, all my Days, till my grey Hairs come down,
"with Sorrow, to the Grave."

FROM this affecting Repreſentation, let Parents be convinced, how highly it concerns them to cultivate the *Morals*, and ſecure the *immortal* Intereſts of their Children.—If you really love the Offspring of your own Bodies; if your Bowels yearn over thoſe amiable Pledges of conjugal Endearment; ſpare no Pains; give all Diligence, I intreat you, to "bring them up in the Nur-
"ture and Admonition of the LORD." Then, may you have Joy in their Life, or Conſolation in their Death. If their Span is *prolonged*; their unblameable and uſeful Conduct, will be the Staff of your Age, and

a Balm

a Balm for declining Nature. Or, if the Number of their Years be cut off in the *midſt*; you may commit their Remains to the Duſt, with much the ſame comfortable Expectations, as you ſend the Survivors to Places of genteel Education. You may commit them to the Duſt, with chearing Hopes of receiving them again to your Arms, *inexpreſſibly improved* in every noble and endearing Accompliſhment.

'Tis certainly a *ſevere Trial*; and much more afflictive, than I am able to imagine; to reſign a lovely blooming Creature, ſprung from your own Loins, to the gloomy Receſſes of Corruption. *Thus* to reſign Him, after having been long dandled upon your Knees; united to your Affections by a thouſand Ties of Tenderneſs; and now become both the Delight of your Eyes, and the Support of your Family!—To have ſuch a one torn from your Boſom, and thrown into Darkneſs; doubtleſs, it muſt be like a Dagger in your Hearts.—But O! how much more cutting to you, and confounding to the Child, to have the Soul ſeparated from God; and, for *ſhameful Ignorance*, or *early Impiety*, tranſmitted to Places of eternal Torment! How would it aggravate your Diſtreſs, and add a diſtracting *Emphaſis* to all your Sighs, if you ſhould follow the pale Corpſe with theſe bitter Reflections!—"This "Dear Creature, though long ago capable of knowing "Good from Evil, is gone *out* of the World, before it "had learned the great Deſign of coming *into* it. A "ſhort-lived momentary Exiſtence, it received from "me; but no good Inſtructions, no holy Admonitions, "nothing to further its Well-being in that everlaſting "State, upon which it is now entered. The *poor Body* "is conſigned to the Coffin, and carried out to con-"ſume away, in the cold and ſilent Grave. And what "Reaſon have I to ſuppoſe, that the *precious Soul* is in "a better

" a better Condition? May I not juſtly fear, that, ſen-
" tenced by the righteous Judge, it is going, or gone
" away, into the Pains of endleſs Puniſhment?—Per-
" haps, while I am *bewailing* its untimely Departure;
" it may be *curſing*, in outer Darkneſs, that ever to be
" deplored, that moſt calamitous Day, when it was
" born of ſuch a careleſs, ungodly Parent, as I have
" been."

NOTHING, I think, but the Gnawings of that Worm which never dies, can equal the Anguiſh of theſe ſelf-condemning Thoughts. The Tortures of a Rack muſt be an eaſy Suffering, compared with the Stings and Horror of ſuch a Remorſe.—How earneſtly do I wiſh, that as many as are entruſted with the Management of Children, would take timely Care to prevent theſe Scourges of Conſcience; by endeavouring to conduct their Minds into an early *Knowledge* of Chriſt, and a cordial *Love* of his Truth!

ON this Hand is lodged One, whoſe Sepulchral Stone tells a moſt pitiable Tale indeed! Well may the *little Images*, reclined over the ſleeping Aſhes, hang down their Heads with that penſive Air! None can conſider ſo mournful a Story, without feeling ſome Touches of ſympathizing Concern.—His *Age* Twenty-eight; his Death *ſudden*; himſelf cut down in the Prime of Life, amidſt all the Vivacity and Vigour of Manhood; while " his Breaſts were full of Milk, and his Bones " moiſtened with Marrow."—Probably, he entertained no Apprehenſions of the evil Hour. And indeed, who could have ſuſpected, that ſo bright a Sun ſhould go down at Noon? To human Appearance, his Hill ſtood ſtrong. Length of Days ſeemed written in his ſanguine Countenance. He ſolaced himſelf with the Proſpect of a long, long Series of earthly Satisfactions.—

When, lo! an unexpected Stroke deſcends! deſcends from that mighty Arm, which "overturneth the Moun-"tains by their Roots; and cruſhes the imaginary "Hero, * *before the Moth*;" as quickly, and more eaſily, than our Fingers preſs ſuch a feeble fluttering Inſect to Death.

PERHAPS, the *nuptial Joys* were all he thought on.—Were not ſuch the Breathings of his enamoured Soul? "Yet a very little while, and I ſhall poſſeſs the "utmoſt of my Wiſhes. I ſhall call my Charmer "mine; and, in *her*, enjoy whatever my Heart can "crave."—In the Midſt of ſuch enchanting Views, had ſome faithful Friend but ſoftly reminded him of an opening Grave, and the End of all Things; how *unſeaſonable* would he have reckoned the Admonition! Yet, though all warm with Life, and rich in viſionary Bliſs, he was even then tottering upon the Brink of both.—Dreadful Viciſſitude! to have the *bridal* † Feſtivity turned

* *Job* iv. 19. עש־יפני—*Ad inſtar, ad modum, Tineæ*—I retain this Interpretation, both as it is moſt ſuitable to my Purpoſe, and as it is patronized by ſome eminent Commentators; eſpecially the celebrated *Schultens*. Though I cannot but give the Preference to the Opinion of a judicious Friend, who would render the Paſſage more literally, *Before the Face of a Moth:* Making it to repreſent a Creature ſo exceedingly frail, that even a Moth, flying againſt it, may daſh it to Pieces.—Which, beſides its cloſer Correſpondence with the exact Import of the *Hebrew*, preſents us with a much finer Image of the moſt extreme Imbecility. For it certainly implies a far greater Degree of Weakneſs, to be cruſhed by the feeble Flutter of the feebleſt Creature, than only to be cruſhed as eaſily as that Creature, by the Hand of Man.—The *French* Verſion is very expreſſive and beautiful; *à la Rencontre d'un Vermiſſeau.*

† A Diſtreſs of this Kind is painted in very affecting Colours by *Pliny*, in an Epiſtle to *Marcellinus*; *O triſte plane acerbumque Funus! O Morte ipſa Mortis Tempus indignius! Jam deſtinata erat*

turned into the *funeral* Solemnity! Deplorable Misfortune! to be ſhipwrecked in the very Haven! and to periſh even in Sight of Happineſs!—What a memorable Proof is here of the Frailty of Man, in his beſt Eſtate! Look, O! look on this Monument, ye *Gay* and *Careleſs!* Attend to this Date; and boaſt no more of To-morrow!"

WHO can tell, but the *Bride-maids*, girded with Gladneſs, had prepared the Marriage-Bed? Had decked it with the richeſt Covers, and dreſſed it in Pillows of Down? When—Oh! truſt not in Youth, or Strength, or in any thing Mortal; for there is nothing certain, nothing to be depended on, beneath the unchangeable GOD—Death, relentleſs Death, is making him another Kind of Bed in the Duſt of the Earth. Unto this he muſt be conveyed, not with a ſplendid Proceſſion of *joyous Attendants*; but ſtretched in the *gloomy Hearſe*, and followed by a Train of Mourners. On this he muſt take up a lonely Lodging, nor ever be releaſed, "till the Heavens are no more."—In vain does the conſenting *Fair-one* put on her Ornaments, and expect her Spouſe. Did ſhe not, like *Siſera*'s Mother, look out of the Lattice; chide the Delays of her Beloved; and wonder "why his Chariot was ſo long in coming?" Little thinking, that the *intended* Bridegroom had for ever done with tranſitory Things! That now everlaſting Cares employ his Mind, without one ſingle Remembrance of his lovely *Lucinda!*—Go, diſap-

egregio Juveni; jam electus Nuptiarum Dies; jam nos advocati. Quod Gaudium quo Merore mutatum eſt! Non poſſum exprimere Verbis, quantum Animo vulnus acceperim, quum audivi Fundanum ipſum (ut multo luctuoſa Dolor invenit) præcipientem, quod in Veſtes, Margaritas Gemmas, fuerat erogaturus, hoc in Thura, & Unguenta, & Odores, impenderetur. PLIN. Lib. V. Epiſt. 16.

pointed Virgin! Go, mourn the Uncertainty of all created Bliſs! Teach thy Soul to aſpire after a ſure and *immutable Felicity!* For the once gay and gallant *Fidelio* ſleeps in other Embraces; even in the icy Arms of Death! Forgetful, eternally forgetful, of the World—and *thee.*

HITHERTO, one is tempted to exclaim againſt the King of Terrors, and call him *capriciouſly cruel.* He ſeems, by beginning at the wrong End of the Regiſter, to have inverted the Laws of Nature. Paſſing over the Couch of decrepid Age, he has nipped Infancy in its *Bud*; blaſted Youth in its *Bloom*; and torn up Manhood in its full *Maturity.*—Terrible indeed are theſe Providences, yet not unſearchable the Counſels:

For us they ſicken, and for us they die *.

SUCH Strokes, muſt not only grieve the Relatives, but *ſurpriſe* the whole Neighbourhood. They ſound a powerful Alarm to heedleſs dreaming Mortals, and are intended as a Remedy for our carnal Security. Such Paſſing-Bells, inculcate loudly our LORD'S Admonition; "Take ye Heed, Watch, and Pray: for ye "know not when the Time is."—We nod, like intoxicated Creatures, upon the very Verge of a tremendous Precipice. Theſe aſtoniſhing Diſpenſations, are the kind Meſſengers of Heaven; to *rouſe* us from our *Supineneſs*, and quicken us into timely Circumſpection. I need not, ſurely, accommodate them with Language, nor act as their Interpreter. Let every one's Conſcience be awake, and this will appear their awful Meaning—"O! ye Sons of Men, in the Midſt of "Life you are in Death. No State, no Circum-

* Night Thoughts.

" ſtances, can aſcertain your Preſervation a ſingle Mo-
" ment. So *ſtrong* is the Tyrant's Arm, that nothing
" can reſiſt its Force; ſo *true* his Aim, that nothing
" can elude the Blow. *Sudden* as Lightning, ſome-
" times, is his Arrow launched; and wounds, and
" kills, in the Twinkling of an Eye. Never promiſe
" yourſelves Safety in any Expedient, but conſtant Pre-
" paration. The fatal Shafts fly ſo promiſcuouſly, that
" none can gueſs the next Victim. Therefore, *be ye*
" *always ready: for in ſuch an Hour as ye think not*, the
" final Summons cometh."

Be ye always ready: for in ſuch an Hour as Ye think not—Important Admonition! Methinks, it reverberates from Sepulchre to Sepulchre; and addreſſes me with Line upon Line, Precept upon Precept.—The reiterated Warning, I acknowledge, is too needful; may co-operating Grace, render it effectual! The momentous Truth, though worthy to be *engraved*, on the Tables of a moſt tenacious Memory; is but ſlightly *ſketched*, on the tranſient Flow of Paſſion. We ſee our Neighbours fall; we turn pale at the Shock; and feel, perhaps, a trembling Dread. No ſooner are they removed from our Sight; but, driven in the Whirl of Buſineſs, or lulled in the Languors of Pleaſure, we forget the Providence, and neglect its Errand. The Impreſſion made on our unſtable Minds, is like the Trace of an Arrow, through the penetrated Air; or the Path of a Keel, in the furrowed Wave.—Strange Stupidity! To cure it, another Monitor beſpeaks me, from a neighbouring Stone. It contains the Narrative of an unhappy Mortal, ſnatched from his Friends, and hurried to the awful Bar; without Leiſure, either to take a *laſt Farewel* of the One, or to put up ſo much as a *ſingle Prayer* preparatory for the other: killed, ac-

cording to the uſual Expreſſion, by a ſudden Stroke of Caſualty.

WAS it then a random Stroke? Doubtleſs, the Blow came from an *aiming*, though inviſible Hand. GOD preſideth over the Armies of Heaven; GOD ruleth among the Inhabitants of the Earth; and GOD conducteth, what Men call *Chance*. Nothing, nothing comes to paſs through a blind and undiſcerning Fatality. If Accidents happen; they happen according to the exact Foreknowledge, and conformably to the determinate Counſels, of eternal Wiſdom. The LORD, with whom are the Iſſues of Death, ſigns the *Warrant*, and gives the high Commiſſion. The ſeemingly fortuitous Diſaſter is only the *Agent*, or the *Inſtrument*, appointed to execute the ſupreme Decree. When the King of *Iſrael* was mortally wounded, it ſeemed to be a caſual Shot. *A certain Man drew a Bow at a Venture* *.—*At a Venture*, as he thought. But his Hand was ſtrengthened by an omnipotent Aid; and the Shaft levelled, by an unerring Eye. So that, what we term *Caſualty*, is really *Providence*; accompliſhing deliberate Deſigns, but concealing its own Interpoſition.—How comforting this Reflection! Admirably adapted, to ſooth the throbbing Anguiſh of the Mourners, and compoſe their Spirits into a quiet Submiſſion! Excellently ſuited, to diſſipate the Fears of godly Survivors, and create a calm Intrepidity even amidſt innumerable Perils!

How *thin* is the Partition, between this World and another! How *ſhort* the Tranſition, from Time to Eternity! The Partition, nothing more than the Breath in our Noſtrils; and the Tranſition may be

* 1 Kings xxii. 34.

made

made, in the Twinkling of an Eye.—Poor *Chremylus*, I remember, aroſe from the Diverſion of a Card-Table, and dropt into the Dwellings of Darkneſs.—One Night, *Corinna* was all Gaiety in her Spirits, all Finery in her Apparel, at a magnificent Ball. The next Night, ſhe lay pale and ſtiff, an extended Corpſe, and ready to be mingled with the mouldering Dead.—Young *Atticus* lived to ſee his ample and commodious Seat compleated: but not to ſpend one joyous Hour, under the ſtately Roof. The Saſhes were hung, to admit the Day; but the Maſter's Eyes were cloſed in endleſs Night. The Apartments were furniſhed, to invite Society, or adminiſter Repoſe; but their Lord reſts in the lower Parts of the Earth, in the ſolitary, ſilent Chambers of the Tomb. The Gardens were planned, and a thouſand elegant Decorations deſigned; but alas! their intended Poſſeſſor, is gone down to "the Place of Skulls;" is gone down to the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

WHILE I am recollecting, many, I queſtion not, are experiencing the ſame tragical Viciſſitude. The Eyes of that ſublime Being—who ſits upon the Circle of the Earth, and views all its Inhabitants with one comprehenſive Glance—even now behold many Tents in Affliction. Such Affliction, as overwhelmed the *Egyptians* in that fatal Night, when the deſtroying Angel ſheathed his Arrows in all the Pride of their Strength.—Some, ſinking to the Floor from their *eaſy Chair*; and deaf even amidſt the piercing Shrieks of their diſtracted Relations.—Some, giving up the Ghoſt, as they ſit retired, or lie reclined, under the *ſhady Arbour*, to taſte the Sweets of the flowery Scene.—Some, as they ſail, aſſociated with a *Party* of *Pleaſure*, along the dancing Stream, and through the laughing Meads. Nor is the grim Intruder mollified, though Wine and

Muſic flow around.—Some *intercepted*, as they are returning Home; and ſome *interrupted*, as they enter upon an important Negotiation.—Some arreſted, with the Gain of *Injuſtice* in their Hands; and ſome ſurprized, in the very Act of *Lewdneſs*, or the Attempt of *Cruelty*.

LEGIONS, Legions of Diſaſters, ſuch as no Prudence can foreſee, and no Care prevent, lie in wait to accompliſh our Doom. A *ſtarting Horſe* may throw his Rider; may at once daſh his Body againſt the Stones, and fling his Soul into the inviſible World. A *Stack* of *Chimnies* may tumble into the Street, and cruſh the unwary Paſſenger under the Ruins. Even a ſingle *Tile*, dropping from the Roof, may be as fatal as the Fall of the whole Structure.—So frail, ſo very attenuated is the Thread of Life, that it not only burſts before the *Storm*, but breaks even at a *Breeze*. The moſt common Occurrences, thoſe, from which we ſuſpect not the leaſt Harm, may prove the Weapons of our Deſtruction. A Grape-ſtone, a deſpicable Fly, may be more mortal than *Goliath*, with all his formidable Armour.—Nay, if GOD give Command, our very *Comforts* become *killing*. The Air we breathe, is our Bane; and the Food we eat, the Vehicle of Death.—That laſt Enemy has unnumbered Avenues for his Approach. Yea; lies intrenched in our very Boſom, and holds his Fortreſs in the Seat of our Life. The crimſon Fluid, which *diſtributes Health*, is impregnated with the Seeds of Death. Heat may inflame it, or Toil oppreſs it; and make it deſtroy the Parts, it was deſigned to cheriſh. Some unſeen Impediment may obſtruct its Paſſage, or ſome unknown Violence may divert its Courſe; in either of which Caſes, it acts the Part of a poiſonous Draught or a deadly Stab.

Ah!

Ah! in what Perils is vain Life engaged!
What ſlight Neglects, what trivial Faults deſtroy
The hardieſt Frame! Of Indolence, of Toil
We die; of Want, of Superfluity.
The all-ſurrounding Heav'n, the vital Air,
Is big with Death.

SINCE then we are ſo liable to be diſpoſſeſſed of this earthly Tabernacle, let Us look upon Ourſelves only as *Tenants at Will*; and hold Ourſelves in perpetual Readineſs, to depart at a Moment's Warning. Without ſuch an *habitual* Readineſs, we are like Wretches, that ſleep on the Top of a Maſt, while a horrid Gulph yawns, or furious Waves rage, below. And where can be the Peace, what the Satisfaction, of ſuch a State?—Whereas, a prepared Condition will inſpire a Chearfulneſs of Temper, not to be diſmayed by any alarming Accident; and create a Firmneſs of Mind, not to be overthrown by the moſt threatening Dangers. When the City is fortified with Walls, furniſhed with Proviſion, guarded by able and reſolute Troops; what have the Inhabitants to fear? what may they not enjoy? So, juſt ſo, or rather by a much ſurer Band, are connected the *real* Taſte of Life, and the *conſtant* Thought of Death.

I SAID, *Our very Comforts may become killing.*—And ſee the Truth inſcribed by the Hand, ſealed with the Signet, of Fate. The Marble, which graces yonder Pillar, informs me, that, near it, are depoſited the Remains of *Sophronia*; the much lamented *Sophronia*, who died in *Child-bed.*—How often does this Calamity happen! The Branch ſhoots; but the Stem withers. The Babe ſprings to Light; but She that bare Him, breathes her laſt. She gives Life, but gives it (O pitiable Conſideration!) at the Expence of her own;

and becomes, at once, a *Mother*, and a *Corpſe*.—Or elſe, perhaps, She expires in ſevere Pangs, and is Herſelf a Tomb for her Infant; while the melancholy Complaint of a Monarch's Woe, is the Epitaph for them both; *The Children are come to the Birth, and there is not Strength to bring forth* *.—Leſs to be lamented, in my Opinion, *this* Misfortune than the *other*. Better, for the tender Stranger, to be ſtopped in the Porch; than to enter, only to converſe with Affliction. Better, to find a Grave in the Womb; than to be expoſed on a hazardous World, without the Guardian of its infantile Years, without the faithful Guide of its Youth.

THIS Monument is diſtinguiſhed by its finer Materials, and more delicate Appendages. It ſeems to have taken its Model from an affluent Hand; directed by a generous Heart; which thought it could never do enough for the Deceaſed.—It ſeems, alſo, to exhibit an *emblematical* Picture of *Sophronia*'s Perſon and Accompliſhments. Is her Beauty, or, what is more than Beauty, her white-rob'd Innocence, repreſented by the ſnowy *Colour*? The *Surface*, ſmoothly poliſhed, like her amiable Temper, and engaging Manners. The *Whole* adorned, in a well-judged Medium, between extravagant Pomp, and ſordid Negligence; like her undiſſembled Goodneſs, remote from the leaſt Oſtentation, yet in all Points exemplary.—But ah! how vain, were all theſe endearing Charms! How vain, the Luſtre of thy ſprightly Eye! How vain, the Bloom of thy bridal Youth! How vain, the Honours of thy ſuperior Birth! How unable to ſecure the lovely Poſſeſſor, from the *ſavage Violence* of Death!—How ineffectual, the univerſal Eſteem of thy Acquaintance;

* Iſa. xxxvii. 3.

the

the Fondneſs of thy tranſported Huſband; or even the ſpotleſs Integrity of thy Character; to prolong thy Span, or procure Thee a ſhort Reprieve!—The Concurrence of all theſe Circumſtances, reminds me of thoſe beautiful and tender Lines;

How lov'd, how valu'd *once, avails Thee not;*
To whom related, or by whom begot.
A Heap of Duſt alone remains of Thee:
'Tis all THOU *art!—and all the* PROUD *ſhall be*!*

POPE's *Miſcell.*

YET,

* Theſe Verſes are inſcribed on a ſmall, but elegant Monument, lately erected in the great Church at *Northampton*. Which, in the *Hieroglyphical* Decorations, correſponds with the Deſcription introduced above. In this Circumſtance particularly, that it is dedicated to the Memory of an amiable Woman, Mrs. ANNE STONHOUSE; the excellent Wife of my worthy Friend Dr. STONHOUSE. Who has ſeen all the Powers of that Healing Art, to which I, and ſo many others, have been *greatly* indebted, failing in their Attempts to preſerve a Life *dearer* to Him than his own.

Nec proſunt Domino, quæ proſunt omnibus, Artes.

No longer his all-healing Art avails;
But ev'ry Remedy its Maſter fails.

In the Midſt of this tender Diſtreſs, He has ſought ſome Kind of Conſolation, even from the ſepulchral Marble. By teaching it to ſpeak, at once, his Eſteem for *her Memory*; and his Veneration for *that Religion*, which She ſo eminently adorned. Nor could this be more ſignificantly done, than by ſumming up her Character, in that conciſe, but comprehenſive Sentence, A SINCERE CHRISTIAN. *Conciſe* enough, to be the Motto for a mourning Ring; yet as *comprehenſive*, as the moſt enlarged Sphere of perſonal, ſocial, and religious Worth. For, whatſoever Things are pure; whatſoever Things are lovely; whatſoever Things are of good Report; are they not all included in that grand and noble Aggregate, *A ſincere Chriſtian?*

The

YET, though unable to divert the Stroke, Chriſtianity is ſovereign to pluck out the Sting of Death. Is not this the ſilent Language of thoſe *Lamps*, which burn, and of that *Heart*, which flames; of thoſe *Palms*, which

The firſt Lines, conſidered in ſuch a Connection, are wonderfully plaintive and pathetic;

How lov'd, how valu'd once, avails Thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot.

They ſound, at leaſt in *my* Ears, like the Voice of Sorrow mingled with Admiration. The Speaker ſeems to have been loſt, for a while, in melancholy Contemplation; ſuddenly breaks out into this abrupt Encomium; then melts into Tears, and can proceed no farther. Yet, in this Caſe, how eloquent is Silence! While it hints the univerſal Eſteem which attended, and the Superiority of Birth which diſtinguiſhed, the deceaſed *Wife*; it expreſſes, beyond all the Pomp of Words, the yearning Affection, and Heart-felt Affliction, of the ſurviving *Huſband*.—Amidſt the Group of monumental Marbles, which are laviſh of their Panegyric; *this*, I think, reſembles the incomparable Addreſs of the Painter. Who, having placed, round a beautiful expiring Virgin, her Friends in all the Agonies of Grief; repreſented the *unequalled* Anguiſh of the *Father*, with far greater Liveline's and Strength, or rather with an inexpreſſible Emphaſis, by drawing a Veil over *his* Face.

If the laſt Lines, are a wide Departure from the beaten Track of our Modern Epitaphs, and the very Reverſe of their high-flown Compliments,

A Heap of Duſt alone remains of Thee!
'Tis all THOU *art!—and all the* PROUD *ſhall be!*

they are not without a Precedent, and one of the moſt conſummate Kind. Since they breathe the very Spirit of that ſacred Elegy, in which all the Heart of the Hero and the Friend, ſeems to be diſſolved; *How are the Mighty fallen, and the Weapons of War periſhed!* 2 Sam. i. 27.—They remind the Reader, of that awful Leſſon, which was originally dictated by the ſupreme Wiſdom; *Duſt thou art, and unto Duſt thou ſhalt return*, Gen. iii. 19.—They inculcate, with all the Force of the moſt convincing Evidence,

that

which flouriſh, and of that *Crown*, which glitters, in the well-imitated and gilded Marble? Do they not, to the diſcerning Eye, deſcribe the Vigilance of her Faith; the Fervency of her Devotion; her Victory over the World; and the celeſtial Diadem, which the LORD, the righteous Judge, ſhall give her at that Day *?

How happy the Huſband, in ſuch a Sharer of his Bed, and Partner of his Fortunes! Their Inclinations were nicely-turned *Uniſons*, and all their Converſation was *Harmony*. How ſilken the Yoke to ſuch a Pair, and what Bleſſings were twiſted with ſuch Bands! Every Joy was heightened, and every Care alleviated. Nothing ſeemed wanting to conſummate their Bliſs,

that ſolemn Admonition, delivered by the Prophet; *Ceaſe Ye from Man, whoſe Breath is in his Noſtrils; for wherein is HE to be accounted of?* Iſa. ii. 22.

That no Reader, however inattentive, might miſtake the Senſe and Deſign of *this* Part of the *fourth* Line,

'Tis ALL *Thou art!*—

it is guarded above and beneath.—*Above*, is an expanded Book, that ſeems to be waved, with an Air of Triumph, over the Emblem of Death. Which we cannot but ſuppoſe to be the Volume of Inſpiration, as it exhibits a Sort of *Abridgment* of its whole Contents, in thoſe animated words; BE YE NOT SLOTHFUL, BUT FOLLOWERS OF THEM, WHO THROUGH FAITH AND PATIENCE INHERIT THE PROMISES, *Heb.* vi. 12.—*Beneath*, that every Part might be pregnant with Inſtruction, are thoſe ſtriking Reflections; worthy the Conſideration of the *higheſt* Proficient in Knowledge and Piety, yet obvious to the Underſtanding of the moſt *untaught* Reader; LIFE, HOW SHORT! ETERNITY, HOW LONG!—May my Soul learn the forcible Purport of this ſhort Leſſon, in her contracted Span of Time! and all Eternity will not be too long, to rejoice in having learned it.

As the Doctor has ordered a little Copper Plate of the Monument to be engraven, for a few of his particular Acquaintance; He has indulged me in the Liberty of preſenting my Readers with the Draught, at the End of this Part of my Work; to which therefore I refer them, for a farther Illuſtration of the Deſcription.

* Tim. iv. 8.

but

but a hopeful Progeny, rising around them.—That they might see Themselves, multiplied in their Little ones; see their mingled Graces, transfused into their Offspring; and feel the Glow of their Affection *augmented*, by being *reflected* from their Children. "Grant "Us this Gift, said their united Prayers, and our Sa- "tisfactions are crowned: We request no more."

ALAS! how blind are Mortals to future Events! How unable to discern, what is really Good*! *Give me Children*, said *Rachael, or else I die* †. An Ardor of Impatience, altogether unbecoming; and as mistaken, as it was unbecoming. She dies, not by the *Disappointment*, but by the *Accomplishment*, of her Desire.—If Children are, to Parents, like a flowery Chaplet, whose Beauties blossom with Ornament, and whose Odours breathe Delight; Death, or some fell Misfortune, may find Means to entwine themselves with the lovely Wreath. Whenever our Souls are poured out, with passionate Importunity, after any inferior Acquisition: it may be truly said, in the Words of our Divine Master, *Ye know not what Ye ask*.—Does Providence with-hold the Thing that we long for? It denies in Mercy; and only with-holds the Occasion of our Misery, perhaps the Instrument of our Ruin. With a sickly Appetite, We often lothe what is wholesome, and hanker after our Bane. Where, *Imagination* dreams of unmingled Sweets; There, *Experience* frequently finds the Bitterness of Woe.

THEREFORE, may We covet immoderately, neither this nor that Form of earthly Felicity; but refer the Whole of our Condition, to the Choice of unerring

* *Nescia Mens Hominum Fati, Sortisque futuræ!*
Turno Tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum,
Intactum Pallanta; & cum Spolia ista Diemque
Oderit.— VIRG.

† Gen. xxx. 1.

Wisdom.

Wiſdom. May we learn to renounce our own Will; and be ready to make a Sacrifice of our warmeſt Wiſhes, whenever they run counter to the good Pleaſure of GOD. For, indeed, as to obey his Laws, is to be perfectly free; ſo, to *reſign* Ourſelves to his Diſpoſal, is to *eſtabliſh* our own Happineſs, and to be ſecure from Fear of Evil.'

HERE, a ſmall and plain Stone is placed upon the Ground. Purchaſed, one would imagine, from the little Fund, and formed by the Hand, of Frugality itſelf. Nothing coſtly: not one Decoration added: only a very ſhort Inſcription; and that ſo effaced, as to be ſcarcely intelligible.—Was the Depoſitary unfaithful to its Truſt? Or were the Letters worn, by the frequent Reſort of the ſurviving Family; to mourn over the Grave, of a moſt valuable and beloved Relative?—For I perceive, upon a cloſer Inſpection, that it covers the Remains of a Father. A *religious Father*; ſnatched from his growing Offſpring, before they were ſettled in the World, or ſo much as their Principles fixed by a thorough Education.

THIS, ſure, is the moſt complicated Diſtreſs, that has hitherto come under our Conſideration. The *Solemnities* of ſuch a *dying Chamber*, are ſome of the moſt melting and melancholy Scenes imaginable.—There lies the affectionate Huſband; the indulgent Parent; the faithful Friend; and the generous Maſter. He lies in the laſt Extremities, and on the very Point of Diſſolution. Art has done its All. The raging Diſeaſe mocks the Power of Medicine. It haſtens, with reſiſtleſs Impetuoſity, to execute its dreadful Errand; to rend aſunder the ſilver Cord of Life, and the more delicate Tie of ſocial Attachment, and conjugal Affection.

A *Servant* or two, from a revering Diſtance, caſt many a wiſhful Look, and condole their honoured Maſter in the Language of Sighs. The condeſcending Mildneſs of his Commands, was wont to produce an Alacrity of Obedience, and render their Service a Pleaſure. The Remembrance of both imbitters their Grief, and makes it trickle plentifully down their honeſt Cheeks.—His *Friends*, who have ſo often ſhared his Joys, and gladdened his Mind with their enlivening Converſe, now are miſerable Comforters. A ſympathizing and mournful Pity, is all the Relief, they are able to contribute: unleſs it be augmented by their ſilent Prayers for the Divine Succour, and a Word of Conſolation ſuggeſted from the Scriptures*.—Thoſe poor Innocents, the *Children*, croud around the Bed; drowned in Tears, and almoſt frantic with Grief, they ſob out their little Souls, and paſſionately cry; "Will "He leave us? Leave Us, in a helpleſs Condition! "Leave Us, to an injurious World!"

THESE ſeparate Streams are all united in the diſtreſſed *Spouſe*, and overwhelm her Breaſt with an impetuous Tide of Sorrow. In her, the Lover weeps; the Wife mourns; and all the Mother yearns. To Her, the Loſs is beyond Meaſure aggravated, by Months and Years of delightful Society, and exalted Friendſhip.—Where, alas! can She meet with ſuch unſuſpected Fidelity, or repoſe ſuch unreſerved Confidence? Where find ſo diſcreet a Counſellor; ſo improving an

* Texts of Scripture, proper for ſuch an Occaſion; containing Promiſes—of Support under Affliction, *Lam.* iii. 32. *Heb.* xii. 6. 2 *Cor.* iv. 17.—of Pardon, *Iſai.* liii. 5. *Iſai.* i. 18. 1 *John* ii. 1, 2. *Acts* x. 43.—of Juſtification, *Rom.* v. 9. *Rom.* viii. 33, 34. 2 *Cor.* v. 21.—of Victory over Death, *Pſal.* xxiii. 4. *Pſal.* lxxiii. 26. 1 *Cor.* xv. 56, 57.—of a happy Reſurrection, *John* vi. 40. 2 *Cor.* v. 1. *Rev.* vii. 16, 17.

Example;

Example; and a Guardian ſo ſeduloufly attentive, to the Intereſts of herſelf, and her children?—See! how ſhe hangs over the languiſhing Bed; moſt tenderly ſolicitous to prolong a Life, important and deſirable far beyond her own. Or, if that be impracticable, no leſs tenderly officious to ſooth the laſt Agonies of her *dearer Self!*—Her Hands, trembling under direful Apprehenſions, wipe the cold Dews from the livid Cheeks; and ſometimes ſtay the ſinking Head on her gentle Arms, ſometimes reſt it on her compaſſionate Boſom. —See! how ſhe gazes, with a ſpeechleſs Ardor, on the pale Countenance, and meagre Features. Speechleſs her Tongue; but She looks unutterable Things. While all her ſoft Paſſions throb with unavailing Fondneſs, and her very Soul bleeds with exquiſite Anguiſh.

THE *Sufferer*, all patient and adoring, ſubmits to the divine Will; and, by Submiſſion, becomes ſuperior to his Affliction. He is ſenſibly touched with the diſconſolate State of his Attendants; and pierced with an anxious Concern, for his Wife and his Children. His Wife, who will ſoon be a *deſtitute Widow*; his Children, who will ſoon be *helpleſs Orphans*. "Yet though "caſt down, not in deſpair." He is greatly refreſhed, by his Truſt in the everlaſting Covenant, and his Hope of approaching Glory. Religion gives a Dignity to Diſtreſs. At each Interval of Eaſe, he comforts his very Comforters; and ſuffers with all the Majeſty of Woe.

THE Soul, juſt going to abandon the tottering Clay, collects all her Force, and exerts her *laſt* Efforts. The good Man raiſes himſelf on his Pillow; extends a kind Hand to his Servants, which is bathed in Tears; takes an affecting Farewel of his Friends; claſps his Wife in a feeble Embrace; kiſſes the dear Pledges of their mutual

tual Love; and then pours all that remains of Life and of Strength, in the following Words;—" I die, *my* " dear *Children:* but GOD, the everlasting GOD, will " be with You.—Though You lose an earthly Parent; " You have a Father in Heaven, who lives for ever- " more.—Nothing, nothing but an unbelieving Heart, " and irreligious Life, can ever separate You, from the " Regards of his Providence—from the Endearments " of his Love."

HE could proceed no farther. His Heart was full; but Utterance failed.—After a short Pause, with Difficulty, great Difficulty, he added;—" You, the dear " *Partner* of my Soul, You are now the only Protector " of our Orphans.—I leave you under a Weight of " Cares.—But GOD, who defendeth the Cause of the " Widow—GOD, whose Promise is Faithfulness and " Truth—GOD hath said, *I will never leave Thee, nor* " *forsake Thee* *.—This revives my drooping Spirits— " Let this support the Wife of my Bosom—And now, " O Father of Compassion, into thy Hands I com- " mend my Spirit—encouraged by thy promised Good- " ness, *I leave my fatherless*"—

HERE, He fainted; fell back upon the Bed; and lay, for some Minutes, bereft of his Senses. As a *Taper*, upon the very Point of Extinction, is sometimes suddenly rekindled, and Leaps into a quivering Flame: So *Life*, before it totally expired, gave a parting Struggle, and once more looked Abroad from the opening Eye-lids.—He would fain have spoke; fain have uttered the Sentence, he began. More than once he assayed: but the Organs of Speech, were become like a broken Vessel; and nothing but the obstructing Phlegm, rattled

* Heb. xiii. 5.

in

in his Throat. His *Aſpect*, however, *ſpoke* Affection inexpreſſible. With all the Father, all the Huſband ſtill living in his Looks; he takes one more View of thoſe *dear Children*, whom he had often beheld with a parental Triumph. He turns his dying Eyes on that *beloved Woman*, whom he never beheld but with a Glow of Delight. Fixed in this Poſture, amidſt Smiles of Love, and under a Gleam of Heaven, they ſhine out their laſt.

Upon this, the ſilent Sorrow burſts into loud Laments. They weep, and refuſe to be comforted. Till ſome Length of Time, had given Vent to the Exceſs of Paſſion; and the Conſolations of Religion, had ſtanched their bleeding Woes. Then, the afflicted Family ſearch for the Sentence, which fell *unfiniſhed* from thoſe loved, thoſe venerable, and pious Lips. They find it recorded by the Prophet *Jeremiah*, containing the Direction of infinite Wiſdom, and the Promiſe of unbounded Goodneſs; *Leave thy fatherleſs Children; I will preſerve them alive; and let thy Widows truſt in me* *. This, now, is the Comfort of their Life, and the Joy of their Heart. They treaſure it up, in their Memories. It is the beſt of *Legacies*, and an *inexhauſtible* Fund. A Fund, which will ſupply all their Wants, by entailing the Bleſſing of Heaven, on all their honeſt Labours.—They are Rich; they are Happy; in this ſacred Pledge of the Divine Favour. They fear no Evil; they want no Good; becauſe God is their Portion, and their Guardian God.

No ſooner turned from one *Memento* of my own, and Memorial of another's Deceaſe, but a ſecond, a third, a long Succeſſion of theſe melancholy Monitors,

* Jerem. xlix. 11.

croud upon my Sight *.—That which has fixed my Obſervation, is one of a more *grave* and ſable *Aſpect* than the former. I ſuppoſe, it preſerves the Relics of a more aged Perſon. One would conjecture, that he made ſomewhat of a Figure, in his Station among the Living; as his Monument does, among the Funeral Marbles. Let me draw near, and inquire of the Stone; "*Who*, or *what*, is beneath its Surface?"—I am informed, He was once the Owner of a conſiderable Eſtate; which was much improved, by his own Application and Management: That, he left the World in the buſy Period of Life; advanced a little beyond the Meridian.

PROBABLY, replied my muſing Mind, one of thoſe *indefatigable Drudges*, who riſe early; late take Reſt; and eat the Bread of Carefulneſs; not to ſecure the Loving-kindneſs of the LORD: not to make Proviſion for any reaſonable Neceſſity: but only to *amaſs* together ten Thouſand Times more, than they can poſſibly *uſe*. —Did he not lay Schemes for enlarging his Fortune, and aggrandizing his Family? Did he not purpoſe to join Field to Field, and add Houſe to Houſe; till his Poſſeſſions were almoſt as vaſt, as his Deſires? That, then, he would † ſit down, and enjoy what he had acquired; breathe a while from his toilſome Purſuit of Things temporal, and, perhaps, think a little of Things eternal.

BUT ſee the Folly of *worldly Wiſdom!* How ſilly, how childiſh, is the Sagacity of (what is called) manly

* —— *Plurima Mortis Imago.* VIRG.

† ———— *Hac mente laborem*
Seſe ferre, ſenes ut in otia tuta recedant,
Aiunt, cum ſibi ſint congeſta cibaria.—— HOR.

and

and maſterly Prudence; when it contrives more ſolicitouſly for TIME, than it provides for ETERNITY! How ſtrangely infatuated are thoſe ſubtil Heads; which weary themſelves, in concerting Meaſures for *Phantoms* of a *Day*; and ſcarce beſtow a Thought, on *everlaſting Realities!*—When every Wheel moves on ſmoothly; when all the well-diſpoſed Deſigns are ripening apace for Execution; and the long expected Criſis of Enjoyment ſeems to approach; behold! GOD from on high laughs at the *Babel-builder*. Death touches the Bubble; and it breaks; it drops into nothing. The Cobweb, moſt finely ſpun indeed, but more eaſily diſlodged, is ſwept away in an Inſtant; and all the abortive Projects are buried, in the ſame Grave with their Projector. So true is that Verdict, which the Wiſdom from above paſſes, on theſe *ſucceſsful Unfortunates*: "They walk in a vain Shadow, and diſquiet themſelves in vain *."

SPEAK, ye that attended ſuch a one in his laſt Minutes; ye that heard his *expiring Sentiments*; did he not cry out, in the Language of diſappointed Senſuality—"O Death! how terrible is thy Approach, to a Man "immerſed in ſecular Cares, and void of all Concern "for the never-ending *Hereafter!* Where, alas! is "the Profit, where the Comfort, of entering deep into the "Knowledge, and of being dexterous in the Diſpatch, of "earthly Affairs; ſince I have, all the while, neglected "*the One Thing needful!* Deſtructive Miſtake! I "have been attentive to every inferior Intereſt; I "have laid myſelf out on the Trifles of a Moment; "but have diſregarded *Heaven*; have forgot "*eternal Ages!* O! that my Days"—Here He was

* Pſal. xxxix. 6.

going on to breathe ſome fruitleſs Wiſhes; or to form, I know not what, ineffectual Reſolutions. But a ſudden Convulſion ſhook his Nerves; diſabled his Tongue; and, in leſs than an Hour, diſſolved his Frame.

MAY the Children of this World be warned, by the dying Words of an unhappy Brother; and gather Advantage, from his Misfortune.—Why ſhould they pant, with ſuch impatient Ardor, after *white* and *yellow* Earth; as if the Univerſe did not afford ſufficient, for every one to take a little? Why ſhould they *lade* themſelves with thick Clay; when they are to "*run* for an incor- "ruptible Crown, and preſs towards the Prize of their high Calling?" Why ſhould they overload the Veſſel, in which their everlaſting ALL is embarked; or fill their Arms with *Superfluities*, when they are to ſwim for their *Lives?*—Yet, ſo prepoſterous is the Conduct of thoſe Perſons, who are *all Induſtry*, to heap up an Abundance of the Wealth which periſheth; but are ſcarce ſo much as *faintly deſirous*, of being rich towards GOD.

O! THAT we may walk, through all theſe glittering Toys, at leaſt with a wiſe Indifference, if not with ſuperior Diſdain! Having enough for the Conveniencies of Life, let us only *accommodate* ourſelves with Things below, and lay up our *Treaſures* in the Regions above.—Whereas, if we indulge an anxious Concern, or laviſh an inordinate Care, on any tranſitory Poſſeſſions; we ſhall rivet them to our Affections with ſo firm an Union, that the utmoſt Severity of Pain muſt attend the ſeparating Stroke. By ſuch an eager Attachment, to what will certainly be raviſhed from us; we ſhall only inſure to ourſelves *accumulated Anguiſh*,

againſt

againſt the agonizing Hour. We ſhall plant, afore-hand, our dying Pillow with Thorns*.

Some, I perceive, arrived at Threeſcore Years and Ten, before they made their Exit; nay, ſome few reſigned not their Breath, till they had numbered Four-ſcore revolving Harveſts. Theſe, I would hope, "remembered their Creator in the Days of their "Youth;" before their Strength became Labour and Sorrow:—Before that low Ebb of languiſhing Nature, when *the Keepers of the Houſe tremble, and thoſe that look out of the Windows are darkened*†: when even the Lighting down of *the Graſshopper, is a Burden* on the bending Shoulders; *and Deſire* itſelf *fails* in the liſtleſs, lethargic Soul:—Before thoſe heavy Hours come, and thoſe tireſome Moments draw nigh; in which, there is too much Reaſon to ſay, "*We have no Pleaſure in* "*them*; no Improvement from them."

If their Lamps were unfurniſhed with Oil; how unfit muſt they be, in ſuch decrepid Circumſtances, to go to the Market, and buy‡! For, beſides a Variety of Diſorders, ariſing from the enfeebled Conſtitution; their Corruptions muſt be ſurprizingly ſtrengthened,

* Lean not on Earth; 'twill pierce thee to the Heart;
A broken Reed at beſt, but oft a Spear:
On its ſharp Point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.
Night Thoughts, N° III.

† *Eccleſ.* xii. 3, 5. I need not remind my Reader, that, by the former of theſe figurative Expreſſions, is ſignified the *enervated* State of the *Hands* and *Arms*; by the latter, the *Dimneſs* of the Eyes, or the total *Loſs* of *Sight*: that, taken in Connexion with other Parts of the Chapter, they exhibit, in a Series of bold and lively Metaphors, a Deſcription of the *various Infirmities* attendant on Old Age.

‡ Matt. xxv. 9.

by ſuch a long Courſe of Irreligion. *Evil Habits* muſt have ſtruck the deepeſt Root; muſt have twiſted themſelves with every Fibre of the Heart; and be as thoroughly ingrained in the Diſpoſition, as the Soot in the *Ethiopian*'s Complexion, or the Spots in the Leopard's Skin. If ſuch a One, under ſuch Diſadvantages, ſurmounts all the Difficulties, which lie in his Way to Glory; it muſt be a great and mighty Salvation indeed. If ſuch a One eſcapes Deſtruction, and is ſaved at the laſt, it muſt, without all peradventure, be —*ſo as by Fire* *.

THIS is the Seaſon, which ſtands in need of *Comfort*; and is very improper, to enter upon the *Conflict*. The Huſbandman ſhould now be putting in his Sickle, or eating the Fruit of his Labours; not beginning to break up the Ground, or ſcatter the Seed.—Nothing, 'tis true, is impoſſible with GOD: He ſaid, *Let there be Light, and there was Light:* Inſtantaneous Light, diffuſed, as quick as thought, through all the diſmal Dominion of primeval Darkneſs. At his Command, a Leproſy of the longeſt Continuance, and of the utmoſt Inveteracy, departs in a Moment. He can, in the Greatneſs of his Strength, quicken the Wretch, who has lain dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins, not Four Days only, but Fourſcore Years.—Yet truſt not, O truſt not, a Point of ſuch *inexpreſſible* Importance, to ſo dreadful an *Uncertainty*. GOD may ſuſpend his Power; may withdraw his Help; may ſwear in his Wrath, that ſuch Abuſes of his Long-ſuffering ſhall "never enter into his Reſt."

YE therefore, that are *vigorous* in Health, and *blooming* in Years, improve the precious Opportunity. Im-

* 1 Cor. iii. 15.

prove

prove your golden Hours, to the nobleſt of all Purpoſes: ſuch as may render You meet, for the Inheritance of Saints in Light; and aſcertain your Title, to a State of immortal Youth, to a Crown of eternal Glory *. —Stand not, all the Prime of your Day, idle: trifle no longer with the Offers of this immenſe Felicity, but make Haſte, and delay not the Time, to keep God's Commandments. While you are loitering in a *gay Inſenſibility*, Death may be bending his Bow, and marking you out for ſpeedy Victims.—Not long ago, I happened to ſpy a thoughtleſs *Jay*. The poor Bird was idly buſied, in dreſſing his pretty Plumes; or hopping careleſly, from Spray to Spray. A Sportſman, coming by, obſerves the feathered Rover. Immediately he liſts the Tube, and levels his Blow. Swifter than Whirlwind, flies the leaden Death; and, in a Moment, lays the ſilly Creature, breathleſs on the Ground.—Such, *ſuch* may be the Fate of the Man, who has a fair Occaſion of obtaining Grace To-day; and wantonly poſtpones the Improvement of it, till To-morrow. He may be cut off, in the Midſt of his Folly; and ruined *for ever*, while he is dreaming of being *wiſe hereafter*.

* May I be permitted to recommend, as a Treaſure of ineſtimable Value, and a Treatiſe particularly appoſite to my Subject, DR. LUCAS's INQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS? That Part eſpecially, which diſplays the Method, and enumerates the Advantages, of *Improving Life, or living much in a little Time*. Chap. III. p. 138. of the 6th Edit.—An *Author*; in whom the Gentleman, the Scholar, and the Chriſtian, are moſt happily united. A *Performance*; which, in Point of ſolid Argument, unaffected Piety, and a Vein of Thought amazingly fertile, has, perhaps, no Superior.—Nor can I wiſh my Reader a more refined Pleaſure, or a more ſubſtantial Happineſs, than that of having the Sentiments of this entertaining and pathetic Writer, wove into the very Texture of his Heart.

SOME, no doubt, came to this their laſt Retreat, *full of Piety*, and *full of Days*; "as a Shock of Corn, "ripe with Age, and laden with Plenty, cometh in, "in his Seaſon *."—Theſe were Children of Light, and *wiſe* in their Generation. Wiſe with that exalted Wiſdom, which cometh from above; and with that enduring Wiſdom, which laſts to Eternity.—*Rich* alſo they were, more honourably and permanently rich, than all the Votaries of Mammon. The Wealth of the *One* has made itſelf Wings, and is irrecoverably gone. While the wretched Acquirers are tranſmitted, to that Place of Penury and Pain; where, not ſo much as one Drop of Water is allowed, to cool their ſcorched Tongues. The Stores of the *Other* ſtill abide with them; will never depart from them; but make them glad, for Ever and Ever, in the City of their God. Their Treaſures were ſuch, as no created Power could *take away*; ſuch as none but infinite Beneficence can *beſtow*; and (comfortable to conſider!) ſuch as I, and every indigent longing Sinner, may *obtain*; Treaſures of heavenly Knowledge, and ſaving Faith; Treaſures of atoning Blood, and imputed Righteouſneſs.

HERE † lie their Bodies in "peaceable Habitations, "and quiet Reſting-places." Here, they have thrown off

* Job v. 26.

† Some, I know, are offended at our burying Corpſes within the Church, and exclaim againſt it, as a very great *Impropriety* and *Indecency*. But this, I preſume, proceeds from an exceſſive and miſtaken Delicacy. If proper Care be taken to ſecure from Injury, the *Foundations* of the *Building*; and to prevent the Exhalation of any *noxious Effluvia*, from the putrefying Fleſh; I cannot diſcover any Inconveniencies, attending this Practice.

The Notion, that noiſome Carcaſſes (as they are called) are very unbecoming a Place conſecrated to religious Purpoſes, ſeems

off every *Burden*, and are eſcaped from every *Snare*. The Head aches no more; the Eye forgets to weep; the Fleſh is no longer racked with acute, nor waſted with lingering Diſtempers. Here, they receive a final Releaſe from Pain, and an everlaſting Diſcharge from Sorrow. Here, Danger never threatens them, with her terrifying Alarms; but *Tranquility* ſoftens their Couch, and *Safety* guards their Repoſe.—Reſt then, ye precious Relics, within this hoſpitable Gloom. Reſt in

to be debarred from the *antiquated Jewiſh* Canon. Whereby it was declared, that a dead Body imparted Defilement to the Perſon, who touched it; and polluted the Spot, where it was lodged. On which Account, the Jews were ſcrupulouſly careful, to have their Sepulchres built at a Diſtance from their Houſes; and made it a Point of Conſcience, not to ſuffer Burial Places to ſubſiſt in the City. But, as this was a Rule merely *ceremonial*; it ſeems to be entirely ſuperſeded by the *Chriſtian* Diſpenſation.

I cannot forbear to ſay, that, under the Chriſtian Oeconomy, there is a Propriety and Decorum in these Cuſtoms. *Obſtacles*, becauſe it muſt render our ſolemn Aſſemblies more venerable and awful. For, when we walk over the Duſt of our Friends, or kneel upon the Aſhes of our Relations, this awakening Circumſtance muſt ſtrike a lively Impreſſion of our own Mortality. And what Conſideration can be more effectual, to make us ſerious and attentive in Hearing, earneſt and importunate in Praying?

As for the *Yards* of the Village, it ſeems perfectly ſuitable to the Deſign of thoſe ſacred Edifices. They are ſet apart for God; not only to receive his Worſhipers, but to preſerve the Furniture for holy Miniſtrations, and what is, in a peculiar Manner, appropriated to the Divine Majeſty. Are not the Bodies of the Saints the Almighty's Property? Were they not once the Objects of his *tender Love*? Are they not ſtill the Subjects of his *ſpecial Care*? Has he not given Commandment concerning the Bones of his Elect; and charged the Ocean, and enjoined the Grave, to keep them until *that Day*? When Rocks bright with Gems, or Mountains rich with Mines, are abandoned to the devouring Flames; will not *theſe* be reſcued from the fiery Ruin? Will not *theſe* be

in gentle Slumbers, till the laſt Trumpet ſhall give the welcome Signal; and ſound aloud, through all your ſilent Manſions, "Ariſe! ſhine; for your Light is "come, and the Glory of the Lord is riſen upon "You †."

To theſe, how *calm* was the *Evening* of Life! In what a ſmiling Serenity, did their Sun go down! When their Fleſh and their Heart failed, how reviving was the Remembrance of an all ſufficient Redeemer; once dying for *their* Sins, now riſen again for *their* Juſtifica-

tranſlated into JEHOVAH's Kingdom, and, conjointly with the Soul, made "his Jewels;" made "his peculiar Treaſure;" made to ſhine as the Brightneſs of the Firmament, and as the Stars for Ever and Ever?

Is not CHRIST *the LORD of our Bodies?* Are they not bought with a Price? Bought, not with corruptible Things, Silver and Gold, but with his divinely precious Blood. And, if the bleſſed JESUS obtained the Redemption of our Bodies, at ſo infinitely dear a Rate; can it enter into our Hearts to conceive, that he ſhould refuſe to have them repoſed under his own Habitation? —O certainly; Are not the Bodies of the Faithful, *Temples of the Holy Ghoſt?* And is there not, upon this Suppoſition, an apparent *Propriety*, rather than the leaſt Abſurdity, in committing theſe Temples of Fleſh to the Temples made with Hands? They are Veſſels of Honour: Inſtruments of Righteouſneſs; and, even when broken by Death, like the Fragments of a golden Bowl, are valuable; are worthy to be laid up in the faſeſt, moſt honourable Repoſitories.

Upon the Whole, ſince the LORD JESUS has purchaſed them, at the Expence of his Blood; and the bleſſed Spirit has honoured them, with his indwelling Preſence; ſince they are right dear in the Sight of the adorable Trinity, and undoubted Heirs of a glorious Immortality: Why ſhould it be thought a Thing improper, to admit them to a tranſient Reſt, in their Heavenly Father's Houſe? Why may they not lie down and ſleep, in the *outer Courts*; ſince they are ſoon to be introduced, into the *inmoſt Manſions* of everlaſting Honour and Joy?

† Iſa. lx. 1.

tion!

tion! How chearing the well-grounded Hope of Pardon for their Tranſgreſſions, and Peace with GOD, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD! How did this *aſſwage* the Agonies, and *ſweeten* the Bitterneſs of Death?—Where now is Wealth, with all her golden Mountains? Where is Honour, with her proud Trophies of Renown? Where are all the vain Pomps of a deluded World? Can they inſpire *ſuch* Comfort, can they adminiſter *any* Support in this laſt Extremity? Can *they* compoſe the affrighted Thoughts; or buoy up the departing Soul, amidſt all the Pangs of Diſſolution? —The Followers of the Lamb ſeem pleaſed and triumphant, even at their laſt Gaſp. "GOD's everlaſting Arms are underneath *" their fainting Heads. His Spirit whiſpers Peace and Conſolation to their Conſciences. In the Strength of theſe heavenly Succours, they quit the Field, not *Captives*, but *Conquerors*; with "Hopes full of Immortality."

AND now they are gone.—The Struggles of reluctant Nature are over. The Body ſleeps in Death: the Soul launches into the inviſible State.—But, who can imagine the delightful Surpriſe, when they find themſelves ſurrounded by *guardian Angels* inſtead of *weeping Friends?* How ſecurely do they wing their Way, and paſs through unknown Worlds, under the Conduct of thoſe celeſtial Guides!—The Vale of Tears is quite loſt. Farewel, for Ever, the Realms of Woe, and Range of malignant Beings! They arrive on the *Frontiers* of inexpreſſible *Felicity*. They "are come to "the City of the Living GOD:" while a Voice, ſweeter than Muſic in her ſofteſt Strains; ſweet as the Harmony of hymning Seraphim; congratulates their Arrival, and beſpeaks their Admiſſion: *Lift up your*

* Deut. xxxiii. 27.

Heads,

Heads, O ye Gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting Doors; that the Heirs of Glory may enter in.

HERE, then, let us leave the Spirits and Souls of the Righteous; escaped from an entangling *Wilderness*, and received into a *Paradise* of Delights! Escaped from the Territories of Disquietude, and settled in Regions of unmolested Security! Here, they sit down with *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*, in the Kingdom of their Father. Here, they mingle with an innumerable Company of Angels, and rejoice around the Throne of the Lamb: rejoice in the *Fruition* of *present* Felicity, and in the *assured Expectation* of an inconceivable Addition to their Bliss; when *GOD shall call the Heavens from above, and the Earth, that he may judge his People* *.

FOOLS *accounted their Life Madness, and their End to be without Honour: but, they are numbered among the Children of GOD; and their Lot,* their distinguished and eternal Lot, *is among the Saints* †! However, therefore, an undiscerning World may *despise*, and a profane World *vilify*, the truly Religious; be this the supreme, the invariable Desire of my Heart! "Let me "live the Life, and die the Death, of the Righteous. "Oh! let my latter End, and future State, be like "theirs!"

* *Senèca's* Reflections upon the State of holy Souls, delivered from the Burden of the Flesh, are sparkling and fine; yet very *indistinct* and *empty*, compared with the Particulars mentioned above, and with many others, that might be collected from Scripture. *In hoc tam procelloso, & in omnes Tempestates exposito navigantibus Mari, nullus Portus, nisi Mortis est. Ne itaque invideris Fratri tuo; quievit. Tandem liber, tandem tutus, tandem æternus est. Fruitur nunc aperto & libero Cælo; ex humili & depresso, in cum emicuit Locum, qui solutas Vinculis Animas beato recipit Sinu; & nunc omnia Rerum Naturæ Bona cum summa Voluptate percipit.* SEN. ad Polyb.

† Wisdom v. 4, 5.

WHAT

WHAT Figure is That, which ſtrikes my Eye, from an eminent Part of the Wall? It is not only placed in a more *elevated Situation*, than the reſt; but carries a more ſplendid and *ſumptuous Air*, than ordinary. Swords and Spears; murdering Engines, and Inſtruments of Slaughter; adorn the Stone with a formidable Magnificence.—it proves to be the Monument of a noble Warrior.

Is ſuch Reſpect, thought I, paid to the Memory of this brave Soldier, for ſacrificing his Life to the *public Good*?—Then, what Honours, what immortal Honours, are due to the great Captain of our Salvation? Who, though Lord of the Angelic Legions; and ſupreme Commander of all the heavenly Hoſts; willingly offered himſelf a *bleeding* Propitiation for *Sinners!*

THE One died, being *a Mortal*; and only yielded up a Life, which was long before forfeited to Divine Juſtice; which muſt ſoon have been ſurrendered as a Debt to Nature, if it had not fallen as a Prey to War. —But CHRIST took Fleſh, and gave up the Ghoſt, though he was the great I AM; the Fountain of Exiſtence; who calls Happineſs and Immortality all his own. He, who thought it no Robbery to be *Equal with God*; He, whoſe Outgoings were *from Everlaſting*; even He, was made in the Likeneſs of Man, and cut off out of the Land of the Living. Wonder, O Heavens! Be aſtoniſhed, O Earth! HE died the Death, of whom it is witneſſed, that He is "the true "GOD, and eternal Life *."

* 1 John v. 20.

THE

THE One *expoſed* Himſelf to Peril, in the Service of his *Sovereign* and his *Country*; which, though it was glorious to do, yet would have been ignominious, in ſuch Circumſtances, to have declined.—But CHRIST took the Field, though he was the *bleſſed* and *only Potentate*; the KING of Kings, and LORD of Lords. CHRIST took the Field, though He was *ſure* to *drop* in the Engagement; and put on the Harneſs, though He knew beforehand, that it muſt reek with his Blood. That Prince of Heaven reſigned his Royal Perſon, not barely to the Hazard, but to the inevitable Stroke; to Death, certain in its Approach, and armed with all its Horrors.—And for *whom?* Not for thoſe who were in any Degree deſerving; but for his own *diſobedient Creatures*; for the Pardon of condemned Malefactors; for a Band of Rebels, a Race of Traitors, the moſt obnoxious and inexcuſable of all Criminals. Whom he might have left to periſh in their Iniquities, without the leaſt Impeachment of his Goodneſs, and to the Diſplay of his avenging Juſtice.

THE One, 'tis probable, died *expeditiouſly*; was ſuddenly wounded, and ſoon ſlain. A Bullet, lodged in his Heart; a Sword, ſheathed in his Breaſt; or a Battle-ax, cleaving the Brain; might put a ſpeedy End to his Miſery; diſpatch him "as in a Moment." —Whereas, the divine Redeemer expired in tedious and protracted Torments. His Pangs were as *lingering*, as they were *exquiſite*. Even in the Prelude to his laſt Suffering, what a Load of Sorrows overwhelmed his ſacred Humanity! Till the intolerable Preſſure wrung Blood, inſtead of Sweat, from every Pore: till the crimſon Flood ſtained all his Raiment, and tinged the very Stones.—But, when the laſt Scene of the Tragedy commenced; when the Executioner's Hammer had nailed him to the Croſs; O! how many

diſmal Hours, did that illuſtrious Sufferer hang; a Spectacle of Woe to GOD, to Angels, and to Men! His Temples mangled with the thorny Crown! his Hands and Feet cleft with the rugged Irons! his whole Body covered with Wounds and Bruiſes! and his Soul, his very Soul, pierced with Pangs of unutterable Diſtreſs!

So long he hung, that Nature, through all her Dominions, was thrown into ſympathizing Commotions. The *Earth* could no longer ſuſtain ſuch barbarous Indignities, without Trembling; nor the *Sun* behold them, without Horror. Nay, ſo long did he hang in this Extremity of Agony and Torture, that the Alarm reached even the remote *Regions* of the Dead.—Never, O my Soul, never forget the amazing Truth. The Lamb of GOD was ſeized; was bound; was ſlaughtered with the utmoſt Inhumanity; and endured Death, in all its Bitterneſs, for thee. His Murderers, ſtudiouſly cruel, to guided the fatal Cup; that he taſted *every Drop* of its Gall, before he drank it off to the *very Dregs*.

ONCE again; The Warrior died like a *Hero*, and fell gallantly in the Field of Battle.—But, died not CHRIST *as a Fool dieth**? Nor on the Bed of Honour, with Scars of Glory in his Breaſt; but, like ſome execrable Miſcreant, on a *Gibbet*; with Laſhes of the vile Scourge on his Back. Yes, the bleſſed JESUS bowed his expiring Head on the accurſed Tree; ſuſpended between Heaven and Earth, as an Outcaſt from Both, and unworthy of Either.

* 2 *Sam.* iii. 33. Of this Indignity our LORD complains; *Are ye come out as againſt a Thief?* Matt. xxvi. 55.

WHAT

WHAT ſuitable Returns of inflamed and adoring Devotion, can we make to the Holy One of GOD; thus dying, that we might live? Dying in Ignominy and Anguiſh; that we might live for ever in the Heights of Joy, and ſit for ever on Thrones of Glory. —Alas! it is not in *us*, impotent, inſenſible Mortals, to be duly thankful. *He* only, who confers ſuch inconceivably rich Favours, can enkindle a proper Warmth of grateful Affection. Then build thyſelf a *Monument*, moſt gracious IMMANUEL, build thyſelf an everlaſting Monument of *Gratitude* in our Souls. Inſcribe the Memory of thy matchleſs Beneficence, not with Ink and Pen; but with that precious *Blood*, which guſhed from thy wounded Veins. Engrave it, not with the Hammer and Chizel; but with that ſharpened *Spear*, which pierced thy ſacred Side. Let it ſtand conſpicuous and indelible, not on outward Tables of Stone; but on the very inmoſt *Tables* of our *Hearts*.

ONE Thing more let me obſerve, before I bid Adieu to this intombed Warrior, and his garniſhed Sepulchre. How mean are theſe oſtentatious Methods, of *bribing* the *Vote* of Fame, and purchaſing a little poſthumous Renown! What a poor Subſtitute for a Set of memorable Actions, is poliſhed Alabaſter, or the Mimicry of ſculptured Marble! The real Excellency of this * bleeding Patriot, is written on the Minds

* Sir *Bevil Granville*, ſlain in the Civil Wars, at an Engagement with the Rebels—It may poſſibly be ſome Entertainment to the Reader, if I ſubjoin Sir *Bevil*'s Character; as it is drawn by that celebrated Pen, which wrote the Hiſtory of thoſe calamitous Times.—"That which would have clouded any Victory, *ſays the* "*noble Hiſtorian*, and made the Loſs of others leſs ſpoken of, was "the Death of Sir *Bevil Granville*. He was indeed an excellent "Perſon,

Minds of his Countrymen. It would be remembered with Applauſe, ſo long as the Nation ſubſiſts, without this artificial Expedient to perpetuate it.—And ſuch, ſuch is the Monument, I would wiſh for myſelf. Let me leave a Memorial, in the Breaſts of my Fellow-Creatures. Let ſurviving Friends bear Witneſs; that I have not lived to myſelf alone, nor been altogether unſerviceable in my Generation. O! let an uninterrupted Series of beneficent Offices, be the *Inſcription*; and the beſt Intereſts of my Acquaintance, the *Plate* that exhorts it.

Let the *Poor*, as they paſs by my Grave, point at the little Spot, and thankfully acknowledge—"There "lies the Man, whoſe unwearied Kindneſs was the "conſtant Relief of my various Diſtreſſes; who tenderly viſited my languiſhing Bed, and readily ſupplied my indigent Circumſtances. How often were "his Counſels, a Guide to my perplexed Thoughts, "and a Cordial to my dejected Spirits! 'Tis owing to "God's Bleſſing, on his ſeaſonable Charities, and "prudent Conſolations; that I now live, and live in "Comfort." —Let a Perſon, once *ignorant* and *ungodly*, lift up his Eyes to Heaven, and ſay within himſelf, as he walks over my Bones; "Here are the laſt Remains "of that ſincere Friend, who *watched for my Soul*. I "can never forget, with what heedleſs Gaiety, I was "poſting on in the Paths of Perdition: and I tremble

"Perſon, whoſe Activity, Intereſt, and Reputation, were the "Foundation of what had been done in *Cornwall*: His Temper "and Affections ſo public, that no Accident which happened, "could make any Impreſſion upon him: And his Example kept "others from taking any thing ill, or at leaſt ſeeming to do ſo. "In a Word, a brighter Courage, and a gentler Diſpoſition, were "never married together, to make the moſt chearful and innocent "Converſation." CLAR. *Hiſt. Reb.* Vol. II.

" to think, into what irretrievable Ruin I might quickly " have been plunged; had not his faithful Admonitions ar- " reſted me in the wild Career. I was unacquainted " with the Goſpel of Peace, and had no Concern for " its unſearchable Treaſures; but now enlightened by " his *inſtructive Converſation*, I ſee the All-ſufficiency " of my Saviour; and, animated by his *repeated Ex-* " *hortations*, I count all Things but Loſs, that I may " win CHRIST. Methinks, his Diſcourſes, ſeaſoned with " Religion, and ſet Home by the divine Spirit, ſtill " tingle in my Ears; are ſtill warm upon my Heart; " and, I truſt, will be more and more operative, till " we meet each other in the Houſe not made with " Hands, eternal in the Heavens."

THE only *infallible* Way of immortalizing our Characters; a Way equally open to the meaneſt and moſt exalted Fortune; is, " To make our Calling and Election ſure;" to gain ſome ſweet Evidence, that our *Names are written in Heaven*. Then, however they may be diſregarded or forgotten, among Men; they will not fail to be had in everlaſting Remembrance, before the LORD.—This is, of all Diſtinctions, far the nobleſt. *Ambition*, be this thy Object, and every Page of Scripture will ſanctify thy Paſſion; even Grace itſelf will fan thy Flame.—As to earthly Memorials, yet a little While, and they are all obliterated. The Tongue of thoſe, whoſe Happineſs we have zealouſly promoted, muſt ſoon be ſilent in the Coffin. Characters cut with a Pen of Iron, and committed to the ſolid Rock, will ere long ceaſe to be legible *. But as many are inrolled " in the Lamb's Book of Life," He himſelf declares, ſhall never be blotted out from thoſe Annals of Eternity †. When a Flight of Years has moul-

* — *Data ſunt ipſis quoque Fata Sepulchris.* JUV.

† Rev. iii. 5.

dered the triumphal Column into Duſt: when the brazen Statue periſhes, under the corroding Hand of Time: *thoſe Honours* ſtill continue; ſtill are blooming and incorruptible, in the World of Glory.

MAKE the extended Skies your Tomb;
Let Stars record your Worth:
Yet know, vain Mortals, all muſt die,
As Nature's *faſtidious Birth.*

Would bounteous Heav'n indulge my Pray'r,
I frame a nobler Choice;
Nor, living, wiſh the pompous Pile;
Nor, dead, regret the Loſs.

In thy fair *Book of Life* divine,
My GOD, inſcribe my Name:
There let it fill ſome humble Place,
Beneath the ſlaughtered Lamb.

Thy Saints, while Ages roll away,
In endleſs Fame ſurvive;
Their Glories, o'er the Wrongs of Time
Greatly triumphant, live.

YONDER Entrance leads, I ſuppoſe, to the *Vault.* Let me turn aſide, and take one View of the Habitation, and its Tenants.—The ſullen *Door* grates upon its Hinges: Not uſed to receive many Viſitants, it admits me with Reluctance and Murmurs.—What meaneth this *ſudden Trepidation*; while I deſcend the Steps, and am viſiting the pale Nations of the Dead?—Be compoſed, my Spirits; there is nothing to fear, in theſe quiet Chambers. "Here, even the Wicked ceaſe "from troubling."

GOOD Heavens! what a ſolemn Scene!—How diſmal the *Gloom!* Here is perpetual Darkneſs, and Night even at Noon-day.—How doleful is *Solitude!*

Not one Trace of chearful Society; but Sorrow and Terror ſeem to have made This, their dreaded Abode —Hark! how the hollow Dome reſounds, at every Tread. The *Echoes*, that long have ſlept, are awakened; and lament, and ſigh, along the Walls.

A BEAM, or two, finds its Way through the Grates; and reflects a feeble Glimmer, from the Nails of the *Coffins*. So many of thoſe ſad Spectacles, half concealed in Shades; half ſeen dimly by the baleful Twilight; add a deeper Horror to theſe gloomy Manſions.—I pore upon the Inſcriptions, and am juſt able to pick out; That theſe are the Remains of the Rich and Renowned. No vulgar Dead are depoſited here. The *Moſt Illuſtrious*, and *Right Honourable*, have claimed this for their laſt Retreat. And, indeed, they retain ſomewhat of a ſhadowy Pre-eminence. They lie, ranged in mournful Order, and in a Sort of ſilent Pomp, under the Arches of an ample Sepulchre: while meaner Corpſes, without much Ceremony, "go down "to the Stones of the Pit."

MY Apprehenſions recover from their Surpriſe. I find, here are no Phantoms, but ſuch as Fear raiſes.—However, it ſtill amazes me, to obſerve the Wonders of this nether World. Theſe, who received vaſt Revenues, and called whole Lordſhips their own; are here reduced to Half a Dozen Feet of Earth, or confined in a few *Sheets of Lead*. Rooms of State, and ſumptuous Furniture, are reſigned; for no other Ornament than the Shroud, for no other Apartment than the darkſome *Niche*.—Where is the Star, that blazed upon the Breaſt; or Coronet, that glittered round the Temples? The only Remains of departed Dignity are, the Weather-beaten Hatchment, and the tattered Eſcutcheon. I ſee no ſplendid Retinue, ſurrounding this ſolitary Dwelling. The lordly Equipage

hovers

hovers no longer about the lifeleſs Maſter. He has no other Attendant, than a duſty *Statue*; which, while the regardleſs World is as gay as ever, the Sculptor's Hand has taught to weep.

THOSE, who gloried in high-born Anceſtors, and *noble Pedigree*; here, drop their lofty Pretenſions. They acknowledge Kindred with creeping Things, and *quarter Arms* with the meaneſt Reptiles. *They ſay to Corruption, Thou art my Father; and to the Worm, Thou art my Mother and my Siſter.*—Or, ſhould they ſtill aſſume the Stile of Diſtinction, ah! how impotent were the Claim! how apparent the Oſtentation! Is it ſaid by their Monument, HERE LIES THE GREAT? How eaſily is it replied by the Spectator!

——— *Falſe Marble! Where?*
Nothing but poor and ſordid Duſt lies Here.

Mortifying Truth! Sufficient, one would think, to wean the moſt ſanguine Appetite, from this tranſitory State of Things; from its ſickly Satisfactions, its fading Glories, its vaniſhing Treaſures.

For now, ye *lying Vanities* of Life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train!
Where are ye NOW? And what is your Amount?

WHAT is all the World, to theſe poor breathleſs Beings?—What are their *Pleaſures?* A Bubble broke. —What their *Honours?* A Dream that is forgotten.—What the Sum-total of their *Enjoyments* below? Once, perhaps, it appeared to inexperienced and fond Deſire, ſomething conſiderable. But, now Death has meaſured it with his Line, and weighed it in his Scale, what is the Upſhot? Alas! it is ſhorter than a Span; lighter than the dancing Spark; and driven away like the diſſolving Smoke.

INDULGE, my Soul, a ſerious Pauſe. Recollect all the *gay Things*, that were wont to dazzle thy Eyes, and inveigle thy Affections. Here, examine their Baits of Senſe. Here, form an Eſtimate of their *real Value*. Suppoſe thyſelf firſt, among the Favourites of Fortune; who revel in the Lap of Pleaſure; who ſhine in the Robes of Honour; and ſwim in Tides of inexhauſted Riches. Yet, how ſoon would the paſſing Bell proclaim thy Fall! And, when once that Iron Call, has ſummoned thee to pay the true Reckoning; where would all theſe Glories be? At that Period, how will all the Pageantry of the moſt affluent, ſplendid, or luxurious Circumſtances, vaniſh into empty Air!—And is *this* a Happineſs ſo paſſionately to be coveted?

I THANK you, ye Relics of ſounding Titles, and magnificent Names. Ye have taught me more of the Littleneſs of the World, than all the Volumes of my Library. Your Nobility arrayed in a Winding-ſheet; your Grandeur moulderning in an Urn; are the moſt indiſputable Proofs, of the *Nothingneſs* of created Things. Never, ſurely, did Providence write this important Point, in legible Characters; as in the Aſhes of *My Lord*, or on the Corpſe of *His Grace* *.—Let others, if they pleaſe, pay their obſequious Court to your wealthy Sons; and greedily fawn, or anxiouſly ſue, for Preferment. My Thoughts ſhall often reſort, in penſive Contemplation, to the Sepulchres of their Sires; and learn, from their ſleeping Duſt—to *moderate* my Expectations from Mortal—to ſtand *diſengaged* from every undue Attachment, to the little Intereſts of Time—to get above the deluſive Amuſements of Honour; the gaudy Trifles of Wealth; and all the empty Shadows of a periſhing World.

* ——— *Mors ſola fatetur*
Quantula ſint hominum Corpuſcula.— JUV.

HARK!

HARK! what *Sound* is that!—In ſuch a Situation, every Noiſe alarms.—Solemn and ſlow, it breaks again upon the ſilent Air.—'Tis the Striking of the Clock.—Deſigned, one would imagine, to ratify all my ſerious Meditations. Methinks, it ſays *Amen*, and ſets a Seal, to every improving Hint. It tells me; That another Portion of my appointed Time, is elapſed. One calls it, "the Knell of my departed Hours." 'Tis the Watch-word to Vigilance and Activity. It cries in the Ear of Reaſon; "Redeem the Time. "Catch the favourable *Gales* of *Opportunity*: O! "catch them, while they breathe; before they are ir- "recoverably loſt. The Span of Life ſhortens con- "tinually. Thy Minutes are all upon the Wing, and "haſtening to be gone. Thou art a Borderer upon "Eternity; and making inceſſant Advances to the "State, thou art contemplating." May the Admonition ſink deep, into an attentive and obedient Mind! May it teach me that *Heavenly Arithmetic*, of "num- "bering my Days, and applying my Heart unto "Wiſdom!"

I HAVE often walked, beneath the impending Promontory's craggy Cliff; I have ſometimes trod the vaſt Spaces of the lonely Deſart; and penetrated the inmoſt Receſſes of the dreary Cavern: but never, never beheld Nature louring, with ſo *tremendous* a Form; never felt ſuch Impreſſions of *Awe*, ſtriking cold on my Heart; as under theſe black-browed Arches, amidſt theſe mouldy Walls, and ſurrounded by ſuch rueful Objects. Where Melancholy, deepeſt Melancholy, for ever ſpreads her Raven Wings.—Let me now emerge from the damp and dreadful Obſcurity.—Farewel, ye Seats of Deſolation, and Shades of Death! Gladly I reviſit the Realms of Day.

HAVING caſt a *ſuperficial* View, upon theſe Receptacles of the Dead; Curioſity prompts my Inquiry to a more *intimate* Survey. Could we draw back the Covering of the Tomb; could we diſcern, What thoſe are now, who once were Mortals—O! how would it ſurpriſe, and grieve us! *Surpriſe* us, to behold the prodigious Transformation, which has taken place on every Individual; *grieve* us, to obſerve the Diſhonour done to our Nature in general, within theſe ſubterraneous Lodgments!

HERE, the ſweet and winning *Aſpect*, that wore perpetually an attractive Smile; grins horribly a naked, ghaſtly Skull.—The *Eye*, that outſhone the Diamond's Brilliancy; and glanced its lovely Lightning, into the moſt guarded Heart: Alas! Where is it? Where ſhall we find the rolling Sparkle? How are all its ſprightly Beams eclipſed! totally eclipſed!—The *Tongue*, that once commanded all the Power of Eloquence, in this ſtrange Land has "forgot its Cunning." Where are now thoſe Strains of Harmony, which raviſhed our Ears? Where is that Flow of Perſuaſion, which carried captive our Judgments? The great Maſter of Language and of Song, is become ſilent as the Night that ſurrounds him.—The pamper'd *Fleſh*, ſo lately cloathed in Purple and fine Linen, how is it covered rudely with Clods of Clay! There was a Time, when the timorouſly nice Creature, would ſcarce "* adven-"ture to ſet a Foot upon the Ground, for Delicateneſs "and Tenderneſs;" but is now enwrapped in clammy Earth, and ſleeps on no ſofter a Pillow than the ragged Gravel-ſtones.—Here, "the *ſtrong Men* bow them-"ſelves." The nervous Arm is unſtrung; the brawny Sinews are relaxed; the Limbs, not long ago the Seats

* Deut. xxviii. 56.

of

of Vigour and Activity, lie down motionleſs; and the Bones, which were as Bars of Iron, are crumbled into Duſt.

HERE, the *Man* of *Buſineſs* forgets all his favourite Schemes, and diſcontinues the Purſuit of Gain. Here, is a total Stand to the Circulation of Merchandize, and the Hurry of Trade. In theſe ſolitary Receſſes; as in the Building of *Solomon's* Temple; is heard no Sound of the Hammer and Ax. The Winding-ſheet and the Coffin, are the utmoſt Bound of all earthly Devices. "Hitherto may they "go, but no farther."—Here, the *Sons* of *Pleaſure* take a final Farewel, of their dear Delights. No more is the Senſualiſt anointed with Oil, or crowned with Roſebuds. He chants no more, to the Melody of the Viol; nor revels any longer at the Banquet of Wine. Inſtead of ſumptuous Tables, and delicious Treats, the poor Voluptuary is Himſelf a Feaſt for fattened Inſects; the Reptile riots in his Fleſh; "the Worm feeds ſweetly "on him *."—Here alſo, *Beauty* fails; bright Beauty drops her Luſtre here. O! how her Roſes fade, and her Lilies languiſh, in this bleak Soil! How does the grand Leveller pour Contempt, upon the Charmer of our Hearts! How turn to Deformity, what captivated the World before!

COULD the *Lover* have a Sight of his once inchanting Fair-one; what a ſtartling Aſtoniſhment would ſeize him!—"Is This the Object, I not long ago ſo "paſſionately admired! I ſaid, ſhe was divinely fair; "and thought her, ſomewhat more than mortal. Her "Form, was Symmetry itſelf; every Elegance breathed "in her Air; and all the Graces waited on her Mo-"tions.—'Twas Muſic, when ſhe ſpoke: but, when

* Job xxiv. 20.

ſhe

" ſhe ſpoke Encouragement, 'twas little leſs than Rap-
" ture. How my Heart danced, to thoſe charming Ac-
" cents!—And can that, which, ſome Weeks ago, was
" to Admiration *lovely*, be now ſo inſufferably *loathſome?*
" —Where are thoſe bluſhing Cheeks? Where the
" coral Lips? Where that ivory Neck, on which the
" curling Jet, in ſuch gloſſy Ringlets, flowed? With
" a thouſand other Beauties of Perſon, and ten thou-
" ſand Delicacies of Action *?—Amazing Alteration!
" Deluſory Bliſs!—Fondly I gazed upon the glittering
" *Meteor*. It ſhone brightly; and I miſtook it for a *Star*,
" for a permanent and ſubſtantial Good. But how is it
" fallen! fallen from an Orb, not its own! And all
" that I can trace on Earth, is but a *putrid Ray*."

LIE, poor *Floretta!* lie deep, as thou doſt, in obſcure Darkneſs. Let Night, with her impenetrable Shades, always conceal Thee. May no prying Eye, be Witneſs to thy Diſgrace: but let thy *ſurviving Sisters*, think upon thy State; when they contemplate, the Idol in the Glaſs. When the pleaſing Image riſes gracefully to View, ſurrounded with a World of Charms; and flufhed with Joy, at the Conſciouſneſs of them all—Then, in thoſe Minutes of Temptation and Danger, when Vanity uſes to ſteal into the Thoughts—Then, let them remember, what a *Veil of Horror* is drawn over a Face; which was once as beautiful and brilliant, as theirs. Such a ſeaſonable Reflection, might regulate the Labours of the Toilet: and create a more earneſt Solicitude, to poliſh the *Jewel*, than to varniſh the *Caſket*. It might then become their higheſt Ambition, to have the

* *Quo fugit Venus? Heu! Quove Color? decens*
Quo Motus? Quid habet illius, illius,
Quæ ſpirabat Amores,
Quæ me ſurpuerat mihi? HOR.

Mind

Mind decked with divine Virtues; and dreſſed after the amiable Pattern of their Redeemer's Holineſs.

And would this prejudice their Perſons, or depreciate their Charms?—Quite the Reverſe! It would ſpread a ſort of Heavenly Glory, over the fineſt *Set of Features*; and heighten the Lovelineſs of every other engaging Accompliſhment.—What is yet a more inviting Conſideration; theſe Flowers would not wither with Nature, nor be tarniſhed by Time; but would open continually into richer Beauties, and *flouriſh* even in the *Winter* of Age.—But, the moſt incomparable Recommendation of theſe noble Qualities, is; That, from their hallowed Relics, as from the fragrant Aſhes of the *Phœnix*, will ere long ariſe an illuſtrious Form; bright, as the Wings of Angels; laſting, as the Light of the new *Jeruſalem*.

For my Part; the Remembrance of this ſad Revolution, ſhall make me *aſhamed* to pay my Devotion, to a Shrine of periſhing Fleſh; and *afraid*, to expect all my Happineſs, from ſo brittle a Joy. It ſhall teach me, not to think too highly of well-proportioned Clay; though formed in the moſt elegant Mould, and animated with the ſweeteſt Soul. 'Tis Heaven's laſt, beſt, and crowning Gift;—to be received with *Gratitude*, and cheriſhed with *Love*, as a moſt valuable Bleſſing; not worſhipped, with the Incenſe of Flattery, and Strains of fulſome Adoration, as a Goddeſs.—It will cure, I truſt, the *Dotage* of my *Eyes*: and incline me always to prefer the ſubſtantial "Ornaments, of a "meek and virtuous Spirit;" before the tranſient Decorations, of White and Red on the Skin.

Here,

HERE, I called in my roving Meditations, from their long Excurſion on this tender Subject. Fancy liſtened a while, to the Soliloquy of a Lover. Now Judgment reſumes the Reins, and guides my Thoughts to more near and ſelf-intereſting Inquiries.—However, upon a Review of the whole Scene; crowded with *Spectacles* of *Mortality*, and *Trophies* of *Death*; I could not forbear ſmiting my Breaſt, and fetching a Sigh, and lamenting over the nobleſt of all viſible Beings, laid proſtrate under the Feet of "the pale Horſe, and his Rider *." —I could not forbear repeating that pathetic Exclamation; "*O! Thou* † *Adam, what haſt thou done!*" What Deſolation has thy Diſobedience wrought in the Earth! —See the Malignity, the ruinous Malignity of *Sin!* Sin, has demoliſhed ſo many ſtately Structures of Fleſh: Sin, has made ſuch Havock, among the moſt excellent Ranks of GOD's lower Creation: And Sin (that deadly Bane of our Nature) would have plunged our better Part, into the execrable Horrors of the nethermoſt Hell; had not our merciful Mediator interpoſed, and given Himſelf for our Ranſom.—Therefore, what grateful Acknowledgments, does the whole World of *penitent* Sinners owe; what ardent Returns of Love, will a whole Heaven of *glorified* Believers pay; to ſuch a Friend, Benefactor, and Deliverer!

MUSING upon theſe melancholy Objects, a faithful Remembrancer ſuggeſts from within—"Muſt this "ſad Change ſucceed in *me* alſo? Am I to draw my "laſt Gaſp; to become a breathleſs Corpſe; and *be*, "what I *deplore* ‡? Is there a Time approaching, "when

* Rev. vi. 8. † 2 Eſdr. vii. 41.

‡ I paſs, with melancholy State,
By all theſe ſolemn Heaps of Fate;

" when this Body ſhall be carried out upon the Bier, and " conſigned to its clay-cold Bed? While ſome kind " Acquaintance, perhaps, may drop one parting Tear; " and cry, Alas! my Brother!—Is the Time ap- " proaching?"—Nothing is more certain. A Decree, much ſurer than the Law of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, has irrevocably determined the Doom.

SHOULD one of theſe ghaſtly Figures, burſt from his Confinement; and ſtart up, in frightful Deformity, before me—ſhould the *haggard Skeleton*, lift a clattering Hand; and point it full in my View—ſhould it open the ſtiffened Jaws; and, with a hoarſe tremendous Murmur, break this profound Silence—ſhould it accoſt *me*, as *Samuel*'s Apparition addreſſed the trembling King—" *The* LORD *ſhall deliver* Thee *alſo into the Hands of* " *Death. Yet a little while, and* Thou *ſhalt be with* " *me**."—The *ſolemn Meſſage*, delivered in ſo ſtriking a Manner, muſt ſtrongly impreſs my Imagination. A Meſſage in Thunder, would ſcarce ſink deeper.—Yet, there is abundantly greater Reaſon to be alarmed, by that expreſs Declaration of the LORD GOD Almighty,

> And think, as ſoft and ſad I tread
> Above the venerable Dead,
> " Time was, like me, they Life poſſeſs'd;
> " And Time will be, when I ſhall reſt." PARNEL.

* 1 *Sam.* xxviii. 19. On this place, the *Dutch* Tranſlator of the Meditations has added a Note; to correct, very probably, what he ſuppoſes a Miſtake. On the ſame Supposition, I preſume, the Compilers of our Rubric ordered the laſt Verſe of *Eccluſ.* xlvi. to be omitted, in the daily Service of the Church. But that the Sentiment, hinted above, is ſtrictly true, that it was אמואל *Samuel himſelf*, (not an infernal Spirit, perſonating the Prophet,) who appeared to the Female Necromancer at *Endor*, appeared, not in Compliance with any diabolical Incantation but in Purſuance of the divine Commiſſion, this, I think, is fully proved in the *Hiſtorical Account of the Life of* David, Vol. I. Chap. 23.

" Thou . .

"*Thou ſhalt ſurely die.*"—Well then, ſince Sentence is paſſed; ſince I am a condemned Man; and know not, when the Dead Warrant may arrive: let me die to *Sin*; and die to the *World*; before I die beneath the Stroke of a Righteous GOD. Let me employ the little uncertain Interval of Reſpite from Execution; in preparing for a happier State, and a better Life. That, when the fatal Moment comes, and I am commanded to ſhut my Eyes, upon all Things here below; I may open them again, to ſee my Saviour in the Manſions above.

SINCE this Body, which is ſo fearfully and wonderfully made, muſt fall to Pieces in the Grave: ſince I muſt ſoon reſign all my bodily Powers to Darkneſs, Inactivity, and Corruption: let it be my conſtant Care to uſe them well, while I poſſeſs them!—Let my *Hands* be ſtretched forth to relieve the Needy; and always be more "ready to give, than to receive."—Let my *Knees* bend, in deepeſt Humiliation, before the Throne of Grace: while my *Eyes* are caſt down to the Earth, in penitential Confuſion; or devoutly looking up to Heaven, for pardoning Mercy!—In every friendly Interview, let the "Law of Kindneſs dwell on my "*Lips*;" or rather, if the Serioufneſs of my Acquaintance permits, let the Goſpel of Peace flow from my Tongue. O! that I might be enabled, in every public Concourſe, to lift up my Voice like a Trumpet; and pour abroad a more joyful Sound, than its moſt melodious Accents, in proclaiming the glad Tidings of free Salvation!—Be ſhut, my *Ears*, reſolutely ſhut, againſt the malevolent Whiſpers of Slander, and the contagious Breath of filthy Talking. But be ſwift to hear the Inſtructions of Wiſdom; be all Attention, when your REDEEMER ſpeaks; imbibe the precious Truths; and convey them carefully to the Heart.—Carry me, my *Feet*, to the Temple of the LORD; to

the

the Beds of the Sick; and Houſes of the Poor.—May all my Members, devoted intirely to my divine Maſter, be the willing Inſtruments of promoting his Glory.

THEN, ye Embalmers, you may ſpare your Pains. Theſe Works of Faith, and Labours of Love; theſe ſhall be my *Spices* and *Perfumes*. Enwrapped in theſe, I would lay me gently down, and ſleep ſweetly in the bleſſed JESUS; hoping, that GOD will "give Com-"mandment concerning my Bones;" and one Day fetch them up from the Duſt, as Silver from the Furnace, purified, "I ſay not, ſeven times, but ſeventy "times ſeven."

HERE, my Contemplation took Wing; and, in an Inſtant, alighted in the Garden, adjoining to Mount *Calvary*. Having viewed the Abode of my deceaſed Fellow-Creatures; methought, I longed to ſee the Place, where our LORD lay.—And, O! what a marvellous Spectacle was once exhibited, in this memorable Sepulchre! *He*, "who clothes Himſelf with Light, "as with a Garment; and walks upon the Wings of "the Wind *;" HE was pleaſed to wear the Habiliments

* The Scriptures, ſpeaking of the Supreme Being, ſay—*He walketh upon the Waves of the Sea*; to denote his uncontroulable Power, *Job* ix. 8.—*He walketh in the Circuit of Heaven*; to expreſs the Immenſity of his Preſence, *Job* xxii. 14.—*He walketh upon the Wings of the Wind*; to ſignify the amazing Swiftneſs of his Operations, *Pſal.* civ. 3.—In which laſt Phraſe, there is, I think, an Elegance and Emphaſis, not taken Notice of by our Commentators, yet unequalled in any Writer.—Not, He *flieth*; He *runneth*; but, He *walketh*: and that, on the *very Wings* of the Wind; on the moſt impetuous of Elements, rouſed into its utmoſt Rage, and ſweeping along with inconceivable Rapidity.—A Tumult in Nature, not to be deſcribed, is the *compoſed* and *ſedate* Work of the DEITY.

A Speech,

liments of *Mortality*, and dwell among the *proſtrate* Dead.—Who can repeat the wondrous Truth, too often? Who can dwell upon the tranſporting Theme, too long? HE, who ſits inthroned in Glory, and diffuſes Bliſs among all the heavenly Hoſts; HE was once a pale and bloody Corpſe, and preſſed this little Spot.

O DEATH! how great was thy Triumph in that Hour! Never did thy gloomy Realms contain *ſuch* a Priſoner before.—*Priſoner*, did I ſay? No; He was more than Conqueror. He aroſe, far more mighty than *Sampſon*, from a tranſient Slumber; broke down the Gates, and demoliſhed the Strong-holds, of thoſe dark Dominions.—And this, O Mortals, This is your only *Conſolation* and *Security*. JESUS has trod the dreadful Path, and ſmoothed it for your Paſſage.—JESUS, ſleeping in the Chambers of the Tomb, has brightened the diſmal Manſion; and left an inviting Odour, in thoſe Beds of Duſt. The dying JESUS (Never let the comfortable Truth depart from your Minds! The dying JESUS) is your ſure *Protection*, your unqueſtionable *Paſſport*, through the Territories of the Grave. Believe in Him; and they ſhall prove a "Highway to "*Sion*;" ſhall tranſmit you ſafe to Paradiſe. Believe in Him; and you ſhall be no Loſers, but unſpeakable Gainers, by your Diſſolution. For, hear what the Oracle of Heaven ſays, upon this important Point: *Whoſo believeth in Me, ſhall never die* *.—What ſub-

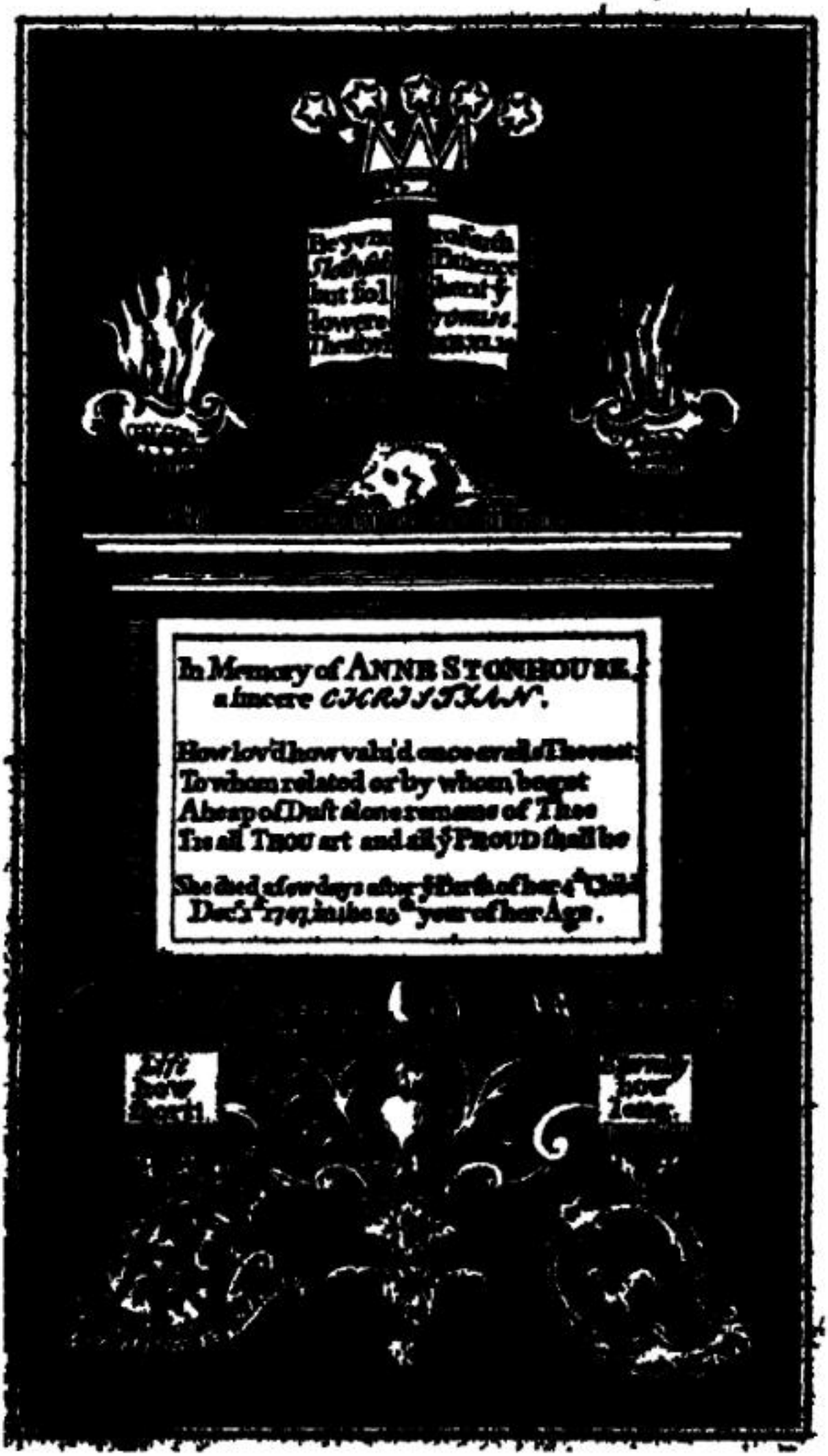
A Speed, not to be meaſured, is (with Reverence I uſe the Expreſſion, and to comport with our low Methods of Conception) the *ſolemn* and *majeſtic Foot-pace* of JEHOVAH—How *flat* are the following Lines, even in the great Maſter of Lyric Song,

Ocyor Cervis, & agente Nimbos
Ocyor Euro,

when compared with this inimitable Stroke of divine Poetry!—He *walketh* upon the *Wings* of the *Wind*.

* John xi. 26.

lime,


In Memory of ANNE STONHOUSE,
a sincere CHRISTIAN.
How lov'd how valu'd once avails Thee not
To whom related or by whom begot
A heap of Dust alone remains of Thee
'Tis all Thou art and all thy PROUD shall be
She died a few days after y Birth of her 4th Child
Decr 27 1747, in ye 29th year of her Age.

lime, and emphatical Language, is This! Thus much, at leaſt, it muſt import—"The Nature of that laſt "Change, ſhall be ſurpriſingly altered, for the better. "It ſhall no longer be *inflicted*, as a Puniſhment; but "rather be *vouchſafed*, as a Bleſſing. To ſuch Per-"ſons, it ſhall come attended, with ſuch a Train of "Benefits; as will render it a Kind of happy Impro-"priety, to call it Dying. Dying! No; 'tis Then' "they *truly* begin to *live*. Their Exit, is the End of "their Frailty, and Their Entrance upon Perfection. "Their laſt Groan is the Prelude to Life and Immor-"tality."

O YE timorous Souls, that are terrified at the Sound of the paſſing Bell: that turn pale, at the Sight of an opened Grave; and can ſcarce behold a Coffin or a Skull, without a ſhuddering Horror: Ye that are *in Bondage* to the griſly Tyrant, and tremble at the Shaking of his iron Rod, cry mightily to the Father of your Spirits, for *Faith* in his dear Son. Faith, will free you from your Slavery *. Faith, will embolden you

Death's Terror is the Mountain *Faith* removes: —
'Tis *Faith* diſarms Deſtruction —
Believe, and look with Triumph on the Tomb.

These, and ſome other Quotations, I am proud to borrow from the *Night Thoughts*, eſpecially from *Night* the *Fourth*. In which, Energy of Language, Sublimity of Sentiment, and the moſt exquiſite Beauties of Poetry, are the *leaſt* Perfections to be admired. Almoſt every Line glows with Devotion; riſes into the moſt exalted Apprehenſions of the adorable Redeemer; and is animated with the moſt lively Faith in His All-ſufficient Mediation. The Author of this excellent Performance has the peculiar Felicity, of [illegible] ling all the Strength of Stile, and every Delicacy of Imagination with the grand and diſtinguiſhing Truths of Chriſtianity. These Thoughts give the higheſt Entertainment to the Fancy; and impart the nobleſt Improvement to the Mind. They not only refine

you to tread on (this fierceſt of) Serpents *.—Old *Simeon*, claſping the Child JESUS in the Arms of his Fleſh, and the glorious Mediator in the Arms of his Faith, departs with Tranquility and Peace. That bitter Perſecutor *Saul*, having won CHRIST; being found in CHRIST; longs to be diſmiſſed from cumbrous Clay, and kindles into Rapture at the Proſpect of Diſſolution †. Methinks, I ſee another of IMMANUEL's Followers, truſting in his Saviour; leaning on his Beloved; go down to the ſilent Shades, with Compoſure and Alacrity ‡.—In This powerful Name, an innumerable Company of ſinful Creatures have ſet up their Banners; and "overcome, through the Blood of "the Lamb." Authorized by the Captain of thy Salvation, *Thou* alſo mayſt ſet thy Feet, upon the Neck of this King of Terrors. Furniſhed with this Antidote, *Thou* alſo mayſt play around the Hole of the Aſp, and put thy undaunted Hand on this Cockatrice-Den §. Thou mayſt ‖ feel the Viper faſtening to thy mortal Part, and *fear* no *Evil:* Thou ſhalt one Day ſhake it off by a joyful Reſurrection, and *ſuffer* no *Harm*.

RESURRECTION! That cheating Word eaſes my Mind of an anxious Thought, and ſolves a moſt momentous Queſtion. I was going to aſk; "Where-"fore do all theſe Corpſes lie here, in this abject Con-"dition? Is This their final State? Has Death con-"quered? and will the Tyrant hold Captivity captive? "How long wilt thou forget them, O LORD? For

our Taſte, but prepare us for Death, and ripen us for Glory. I never take up this admirable Piece, but I am ready to cry out—— *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens*; i. e. "Inſpire me with ſuch "a ſpirit, and Life ſhall be delightful, nor Death itſelf unwel-"come."

* Luke x, 19. † Phil. i. 23. 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. ‡ 2 Pet. i. 14. § Iſa. xi. 8. ‖ Acts xxviii. 35.

"ever?"

"ever!"—No, ſaith the Voice from Heaven, the Word of divine Revelation; *The Righteous* are all "*Priſoners of Hope* *." There is an Hour (an awful Secret That, and known only to all-foreſeeing Wiſdom) an appointed Hour there is, when an Act of Grace will paſs the Great Seal above, and give them an univerſal Diſcharge; a general Delivery from the Abodes of Corruption.—Then, ſhall the LORD JESUS deſcend from Heaven, with the Shout of the Archangel, and the Trump of GOD. *Deſtruction* itſelf ſhall hear his Call, and the obedient *Grave* give up her dead. In a Moment, in the Twinkling of an Eye, they ſhake off the Sleep of Ten thouſand Years; and ſpring forth, like the bounding Roe, to "meet their LORD in the "Air."

AND, O! with what cordial Congratulations; what tranſporting Endearments; do the Soul and Body, thoſe affectionate Companions, reunite! But, with how much greater Demonſtrations of Kindneſs, are they *both* received, by their compaſſionate Redeemer! The Antient of Days, who comes in the Clouds of Heaven, is their Friend; their Father; their Bridegroom. He comes with irreſiſtible Power and infinite Glory; but they have nothing to fear from his majeſtic Appearance. Thoſe *tremendous Solemnities*, which ſpread Deſolation and Aſtoniſhment through the Univerſe; ſerve only to inflame their Love, and heighten their Hopes. The Judge, the awful Judge, amidſt all his Magnificence and Splendor, vouchſafes to confeſs their Names; vouchſafes to commemorate their Fidelity, before all the Inhabitants of the Skies, and the whole aſſembled World.

* Zech. ix. 12.

HARK! the Thunders are hushed. See! the Lightnings ceaſe their Rage. The Angelic Armies ſtand in ſilent Suſpence. The whole Race of *Adam*, is wrapped in pleaſing, or anxious Expectation.—And now, that adorable Perſon, whoſe Favour is better than Life; whoſe Acceptance is a Crown of Glory; lifts up the Light of his Countenance upon the Righteous. He ſpeaks; and what raviſhing Words proceed from his gracious Lips! What Ecſtaſies of Delight, they enkindle in the Breaſts of the Faithful!—"I ac-"cept you, O my People! Ye are they, that believed "in my Name. Ye are they, that renounced *Your-*"*ſelves*, and *are complete in Me*. I ſee no Spot or "Blemiſh in you; for ye are waſhed in my Blood, "and cloathed with my Righteouſneſs. Renewed by "my Spirit, ye have glorified me on Earth, and have "been faithful unto Death. Come, then, ye Servants "of Holineſs, enter into the Joy of your LORD. "Come, ye Children of Light; ye Bleſſed of my Fa-"ther; receive the *Kingdom*, that ſhall never be re-"moved; wear the *Crown*, which fadeth not away; "and enjoy *Pleaſures* for evermore!"

THEN, it will be one of the ſmalleſt Privileges of the Righteous, that they ſhall languiſh no more; that Sickneſs will never again ſhew her pale Countenance, in their Dwellings *. *Death itſelf* will be "ſwallowed "up in Victory." That fatal Javelin; which has drank the Blood of Monarchs, and finds its Way to the Hearts of all the Sons of *Adam*; ſhall be utterly broken. That enormous Scythe; which has ſtruck

* *Iſaiah*, ſpeaking of the new *Jeruſalem*, mentions this, as one of its Immunities; *The Inhabitants thereof ſhall no more ſay, I am ſick.* Another Clauſe, in its Royal Charter, runs thus; *GOD ſhall wipe away all Tears from their Eyes; and there ſhall be no more Death, neither Sorrow, nor Crying; neither ſhall there be any more Pain.* Iſa. xxxiii. 24. Rev. xxi. 4.

Empires

Empires from their Root, and ſwept Ages and Generations into Oblivion; ſhall lie by in perpetual Uſeleſſneſs. *Sin* alſo, which filled thy Quiver, thou inſatiate Archer!—Sin, which ſtrung thy Arm with reſiſtleſs Vigour—which pointed all thy Shafts with inevitable Deſtruction—Sin, will then be done away. Whatever is *frail*, or *depraved*, will be thrown off with our Grave-cloaths. All to come is perfect Holineſs, and conſummate Happineſs; the Term of whoſe Continuance is Eternity.

O ETERNITY! *Eternity!* How are our boldeſt, our ſtrongeſt Thoughts, loſt and overwhelmed in thee! Who can ſet Landmarks, to limit thy Dimenſions; or find Plumbets, to fathom thy Depths? *Arithmeticians* have Figures, to compute all the Progreſſions of Time. *Aſtronomers* have Inſtruments, to calculate the Diſtances of the Planets. But what Numbers can ſtate, what Lines can gauge, the Lengths and Breadths of Eternity? "It is higher than Heaven; what canſt "thou do? deeper than Hell; what canſt thou know? "The Meaſure thereof, is longer than the Earth, "broader than the Sea *."

MYSTERIOUS, mighty Exiſtence! A Sum, not to be leſſened by the largeſt *Deductions!* An Extent, not to be contracted by all poſſible *Diminutions!* None can truly ſay, after the moſt prodigious Waſte of Ages; "So much of Eternity is gone." For, when Millions of Centuries are elapſed, it is but juſt commencing; and, when Millions more have run their ample Round, it will be no nearer ending. Yea, when Ages, numerous as the Bloom of Spring; increaſed by the Herbage of Summer; both augmented by the Leaves of Autumn; and all multiplied by the

* Job xi. 8, 9.

Drops of Rain, which drown the Winter—when theſe, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand more—more than can be repreſented by any Similitude, or imagined by any Conception—when all theſe are revolved and finiſhed; Eternity, vaſt, boundleſs, amazing Eternity, will *only* be *beginning!*

WHAT a pleaſing, yet awful Thought is this! Full of Delight, and full of Dread. O! may it alarm our *Fears*; quicken our *Hopes*; and animate all our *Endeavours!* Since we are ſoon to launch into this endleſs and inconceivable State; let us give all Diligence, to ſecure our Entrance into Bliſs.—*Now*, let us give all Diligence; becauſe there is no Alteration, in the Scenes of Futurity. The Wheel never turns: All is ſtedfaſt and immoveable beyond the Grave. Whether we are then ſeated on the Throne, or ſtretched on the Rack; a Seal will be ſet to our Condition, by the Hand of everlaſting Mercy, or inflexible Juſtice.—The *Saints* always rejoice amidſt the Smiles of Heaven; their Harps are perpetually tuned; their Triumphs admit of no Interruption.—The Ruin of the *Wicked* is irremediable. The fatal Sentence, once paſſed, is never to be repealed. No Hope of exchanging their doleful Habitations. But all Things bear the ſame diſmal Aſpect, for ever and ever.

THE *Wicked*—My Mind recoils *, at the Apprehenſion of their Miſery. It has ſtudiouſly waved the fearful Subject; and ſeems unwilling to purſue it, even now.—But 'tis better to reflect upon it, for a few Minutes; than to endure it, to eternal Ages. Perhaps, the Conſideration of their aggravated Miſery, may be *profitably terrible:* may teach me more highly to prize the Saviour, who "delivers from going down into the

* — *Animus meminiſſe horret, luctuque refugit.* VIRG.

"bottom-

"bottomleſs Pit:" may drive me, like the Avenger's Sword, to this only City of Refuge, for obnoxious Sinners.

THE Wicked ſeem to lie here, like Malefactors, in a deep and ſtrong Dungeon; reſerved againſt the Day of Trial.—"*Their Departure* was without Peace." Clouds of Horror, ſat louring upon their cloſing Eyelids; moſt ſadly foreboding the "Blackneſs of Dark-"neſs for ever." When the laſt Sickneſs ſeized their Frame, and the inevitable Change advanced; when they ſaw the fatal Arrow, fitting to the Strings; ſaw the deadly Archer, aiming at their Heart; and felt the envenom'd Shaft, faſtened in their Vitals—Good GOD! what Fearfulneſs came upon them! What horrible Dread overwhelmed them! How did they ſtand ſhuddering and aghaſt, upon the tremendous Precipice! Exceſſively afraid to plunge into the Abyſs of Eternity, yet utterly unable to maintain their Standing on the Verge of Life.

O! WHAT pale Reviews, what ſtartling Proſpects, conſpire to augment their Sorrows!—They look *backward*, and behold! a moſt melancholy Scene! Sins unrepented of; Mercy ſlighted; and the Day of Grace ending!—They look *forward*, and nothing preſents itſelf, but the righteous Judge; the dreadful Tribunal; and a moſt ſolemn Reckoning—They roll *around* their affrighted Eyes, on attending Friends. If Accomplices in Debauchery; it ſharpens their anguiſh, to conſider this farther Aggravation of their Guilt; That they have not ſinned alone, but drawn others into the Snare. If religious Acquaintance; it ſtrikes a freſh Gaſh into their Hearts, to think of never ſeeing them any more, but only at an unapproachable Diſtance, ſeparated by the unpaſſable Gulf.

AT laſt, perhaps, they begin to *pray*. Finding no other poſſible Way of Relief, they are conſtrained to

apply unto the Almighty. With trembling Lips, and a faltering Tongue, they cry unto that Sovereign Being "who kills and makes alive."—But why have they *deferred*, ſo long deferred their Addreſſes to GOD? Why have they *laſſed* all his Counſels; and ſtood incorrigible, under his inceſſant Reproofs? How often have they been forewarned of theſe Terrors; and moſt importunately intreated, to *ſeek the LORD, while he might be found?*—I wiſh, they may obtain Mercy at the eleventh, at the laſt Hour. I wiſh, they may be ſnatched from the Jaws; the opened, the gaping, the almoſt cloſing Jaws of Damnation. But, alas! Who can tell, whether affronted Majeſty, will lend an Ear to their Complaint? Whether the Holy One will work a Miracle of Grace, in Behalf of ſuch Tranſgreſſors? He may, for aught any Mortal knows, "laugh at their "Calamity, and mock when their Fear cometh."

THUS they lie, groaning out the poor Remains of Life; their Limbs bathed in Sweat; their Heart ſtruggling with convulſive Throes; Pains inſupportable throbbing in every Pulſe; and innumerable Darts of Agony tranſfixing their Conſcience.

In that dread Moment, how the frantic Soul
Raves round the Walls of her Clay Tenement;
Runs to each Avenue; and ſhrieks for Help;
But ſhrieks in vain! How wiſhfully She looks
On all She's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O! might She ſtay, to waſh away her Crimes,
And fit her for her Paſſage! Mournful Sight!
Her very Eyes weep Blood; and every Groan
She heaves, is big with Horror: But the Foe,
Like a ſtaunch Murd'rer, ſteady to his Purpoſe,
Purſues her cloſe thro' ev'ry Lane of Life,
Nor miſſes once the Track; but preſſes on;

Till,

Till, forc'd at laſt to the tremendous Verge,
At once ſhe ſinks *.—

If *this* be the *End* of the Ungodly, "My Soul, "come not Thou into their Secret! Unto their Aſ- "ſembly, mine Honour, be not Thou united!"— How awfully accompliſhed is that Prediction of inſpired Wiſdom! *Sin*, though ſeemingly ſweet in the Commiſſion; yet *at the laſt, it biteth like a Serpent, and ſtingeth like an Adder*.—Fly therefore from the Tents, O! fly from the Ways, of ſuch wretched Men.

Happy Diſſolution! were this the Period of their Woes. But, alas! all theſe Tribulations, are only "the *Beginning of Sorrows*;" a ſmall Drop only from that "Cup of Trembling," which is mingled for their future Portion.—No ſooner has the laſt Pang diſlodged their reluctant Souls, but they are hurried into the Preſence of an injured angry God. Not under the conducting Care of beneficent Angels, but expoſed to the Inſults of accurſed Spirits; who lately *tempted* them, now *upbraid* them, and will for ever *torment* them.— Who can imagine their Confuſion and Diſtreſs; when they ſtand, guilty and inexcuſable, before their incenſed Creator? They are received with Frowns. The God that made them, has no "Mercy on them †." The Prince of Peace, rejects them with Abhorrence. He conſigns them over to Chains of *Darkneſs*, and Receptacles of *Deſpair*; againſt the ſeverer Doom, and more public Infamy, of the Great Day.—Then, all the Vials of Wrath, will be emptied upon theſe wretched Creatures. The Law they have violated, and the Goſpel they have ſlighted; the Power they have defied, and the Goodneſs they have abuſed; will all get themſelves Ho-

* See a valuable Poem, intitled, *The Grave*. † Iſai. xxvii. 11.

nour-

nour in their exemplary Deſtruction. Then, GOD, the GOD to whom Vengeance belongeth, will draw the Arrow to the very Head, and ſet them as the Mark of his inexorable Diſpleaſure.

RESURRECTION will be no Privilege to them; but Immortality itſelf, their everlaſting Curſe.—Would they not bleſs the Grave, "that Land where all Things "are forgotten;" and wiſh to lie eternally hid, in its deepeſt Gloom? But, the Duſt refuſes to *conceal* their Perſons; or to draw a *Veil* over their Practices. They alſo muſt awake; muſt ariſe; muſt appear at the Bar; and meet the Judge. A Judge, before whom "the "Pillars of Heaven tremble, and the Earth melts away." A Judge, once long-ſuffering, and very compaſſionate; but now unalterably determined, to teach ſtubborn Offenders—What it is, to *provoke* the Omnipotent Godhead: what it is, to *trample* upon the Blood of his Son: and offer *Deſpite* to all the gracious Overtures of his Spirit.

O! THE Perplexity! the Diſtraction! that muſt ſeize the impenitent Rebels, when they are ſummoned to the great Tribunal!—What will they do, in this Day of ſevere Viſitation? This Day of final Deciſion? —Where? How? Whence, can they find Help?— —To which of the Saints will they turn? Whither betake themſelves, for Shelter or for Succour?—Alas! 'tis all in vain; 'tis all too late.—Friends and Acquaintance know them no more. Men and Angels abandon them, to their approaching Doom. Even the Mediator, the MEDIATOR himſelf, deſerts them in this dreadful Hour.—To *fly*, will be impracticable: to *juſtify* themſelves, ſtill more impoſſible: and now, to make any *Supplications*, utterly unavailable.

BEHOLD! the Books are opened. The Secrets of all Hearts are diſcloſed. The hidden Things of Darkneſs are brought to Light. How empty, how ineffec-

tual

tual *now*, are all thoſe refined *Artifices*; with which Hypocrites impoſed upon their Fellow-creatures, and preſerved a Character in the Sight of Men!—The jealous GOD, who has been about their Path, and about their Bed, and 'ſpied out all their Ways, ſets before them the Things that they have done. They cannot anſwer him one in a Thouſand, nor ſtand in the awful Judgment. *The Heavens reveal their Iniquities, and the Earth riſes up againſt them* *. They are *ſpeechleſs* with Guilt, and *ſtigmatized* with Infamy, before all the Armies of the Sky, and all the Nations of the Redeemed. —What a Favour would they eſteem it; to hide their aſhamed Heads, in the Bottom of the Ocean; or even to be buried, beneath the Ruins of the tottering World!

IF the Contempt, poured upon them, be thus inſupportable; how will their Hearts endure, when the *Sword* of infinite Indignation is unſheathed; and fiercely waved, around their defenceleſs Heads; or pointed directly, at their naked Breaſts? How muſt the Wretches ſcream with wild Amazement, and rend the very Heavens with their Cries, when the *right-aiming Thunderbolts* go abroad; Go abroad, with a dreadful Commiſſion, to drive them from the Kingdoms of Glory; and plunge them—not into the Sorrows of a Moment, or the Tortures of an Hour—but into all the reſtleſs Agonies, of unquenchable Fire, and everlaſting Deſpair †.

MISERY of Miſeries! too ſhocking for Reflection to dwell upon. But, if ſo diſmal to *foreſee*; and that at

* Job xx. 27.

† Regions of Sorrow, doleful Shades, where Peace
And Reſt can never dwell; Hope never comes,
That comes to All: but Torture without End
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconſum'd. MILT.

a Diſtance;

a Diſtance; together with ſome comfortable Expectation of eſcaping it—O! how bitter, inconceivably bitter, to *bear*; without any Intermiſſion; or any Mitigation; through hopeleſs and eternal Ages!

WHO has any Bowels of Pity?—Who has any Sentiments of Compaſſion? Who has any tender Concern for his Fellow-creatures? Who?—In GOD's Name, and for CHRIST's Sake, let Him ſhew it; by warning every Man, and beſeeching every Man, to *ſeek* the LORD while He may be *found*: To throw down the Arms of Rebellion, before the Act of Indemnity expires: Submiſſively to adore the Lamb, while he holds out the golden Sceptre.—Here, let us act the friendly Part to Mankind. Here, let the whole Force of our *Benevolence* exert itſelf: in exhorting Relations, Acquaintance, Neighbours, whomſoever we may probably influence, to take the Wings of *Faith* unfeigned; of *Repentance* undelayed; and flee away from this Wrath to come.

UPON the Whole; what ſtupendous Diſcoveries are theſe! Lay them up in a faithful Remembrance, O my Soul. Recollect them, with the moſt ſerious Attention; when thou lieſt down, and when thou riſeſt up. When thou walkeſt, receive them for thy *Companions*; when thou talkeſt, liſten to them as thy *Prompters*; and whatever thou doeſt, conſult them as thy *Directors*.—Influenced by theſe Conſiderations, thy Views will greaten; thy Affections be exalted; and thou thyſelf raiſed above the tantalizing Power of periſhing Things. Duly mindful of theſe, it will be the Sum of thy *Deſires*, and the Scope of thy *Endeavours*, to gain the Approbation of that Sovereign Being; who will then fill the Throne, and pronounce the deciſive Sentence. Thou

wilt

wilt ſee nothing worth a Wiſh *, in Compariſon of having his Will for thy Rule; his Glory for thy Aim; and his Holy Spirit for thy ever actuating Principle.

WONDER, O Man; be loſt in Admiration; at thoſe *prodigious Events*, which are coming upon the Univerſe. Events, the Greatneſs of which, nothing finite can meaſure. Such, as will cauſe whatever is conſiderable or momentous in the Annals of all Generations, to ſink into Littleneſs and Nothing. Events (JESUS prepare us, for their Approach; defend us, when they take Place!) big with the everlaſting Fates, of all the Living, and all the Dead.—I muſt ſee the Graves cleaving; the Sea teeming; and Swarms unſuſpected, Crouds unnumbered, yea, Multitudes of *thronging Nations*, riſing from both.—I muſt ſee the World in Flames; muſt ſtand at the Diſſolution of all terreſtrial Things; and be an Attendant on the *Burial* of Nature.—I muſt ſee the vaſt Expanſe of the Sky, wrapt up like a Scroll; and the incarnate GOD, iſſuing forth from Light inacceſſible, with ten thouſand times ten thouſand Angels, to judge both *Man* and *Devils*.—I muſt ſee the Curtain of Time drop; ſee all Eternity diſcloſed to View; and enter upon a *State* of Being, that will never, never, have an End.

AND ought I not (let the vaineſt Imagination determine; ought I not) to try the Sincerity of my Faith, and take Heed to my Ways? Is there an *Inquiry*; is there a *Care*; of greater, of equal, of comparable Importance?—Is not this an infinitely preſſing Call, to ſee that my Loins are girded about; my Lamp trimmed; and myſelf dreſſed for the Bridegroom's Appearance?

* Great Day of Dread, Deciſion, and Deſpair!
At Thought of Thee, each ſublunary Wiſh
Lets go its eager Graſp, and quits the World.

That,

That, waſhed in the Fountain opened in my Saviour's Side, and clad with the Marriage Garment wove by his Obedience; I may be found in Peace, unblameable, and unreproveable.—Otherwiſe, how ſhall I ſtand with Boldneſs; when the Stars of Heaven fall from their Orbs? How ſhall I come forth *erect* and *courageous*: when the *Earth* itſelf *reels* to and fro like a Drunkard*? How ſhall I look up with Joy, and ſee my Salvation drawing nigh; when the Hearts of Millions and Millions fail for Fear?

Now, Madam, leſt my Meditations ſet in a Cloud; and leave any unpleaſing Gloom upon your Mind; let me once more turn to the *brightening Proſpects* of the Righteous. A View of Them, and their delightful Expectations may ſerve to exhilarate the Thoughts; which have been muſing upon melancholy Subjects, and hovering about the Edges of infernal Darkneſs. Juſt as a ſpacious Field, arrayed in *chearful Green*, relieves and reinvigorates the Eye; which has fatigued itſelf by poring upon ſome minute, or gazing upon ſome glaring Object.

The Righteous ſeem to lie by, in the Boſom of the Earth, as a *wary Pilot* in ſome well-ſheltered Creek; till all the Storms, which infeſt this lower World, are blown over. Here they enjoy ſafe Anchorage; are in no Danger of *foundering*, amidſt the Waves of prevailing Iniquity; or of being *ſhipwrecked*, on the Rocks of any powerful Temptation. But, ere-long, we ſhall behold them hoiſting their Flag of Hope; riding before a ſweet Gale of atoning Merit, and redeeming Love; till they make, with all the Sails of an aſſured Faith, the bleſſed Port of eternal Life.

* Iſai. xxiv. 20.

Then,

THEN, may the honoured Friend, to whom I am writing; rich in good Works; rich in Heavenly Tempers; but inexpreſſibly richer in her Saviour's Righteouſneſs—O! may ſhe enter the Harbour, like a gallant *ſtately Veſſel*; returned ſucceſsful and victorious from ſome grand Expedition; with Acclamations, Honour, and Joy! While my *little Bark*, attendant on the Solemnity, and a Partaker of the Triumph, glides humbly after: and both reſt together in the Haven—the wiſh'd for, bliſsful Haven of perfect Security, and everlaſting Repoſe.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS

ON A

FLOWER-GARDEN.

I look upon the Pleaſure, which we take in a Garden, *as one of the moſt innocent Delights in human Life. A* Garden *was the Habitation of our firſt Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the Mind with Calmneſs and Tranquility, and to lay all its turbulent Paſſions at Reſt. It gives us a great Inſight into the Contrivance and Wiſdom of Providence, and* ſuggeſts innumerable Subjects for Meditation.

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REFLECTIONS

ON A

FLOWER-GARDEN.

In a LETTER to a LADY.

MADAM,

SOME Time ago, my Meditations took a Turn among the *Tombs*. They viſited the awful and melancholy Manſions of the Dead *; and you was pleaſed to favour them with your Attention.—May I, now, beg the Honour of your Company, in

* "Diſcourſes on the *Vanity* of the Creature, which repreſent "the Barrenneſs of every Thing in this World, and its Incapacity "of producing any ſolid or ſubſtantial Happineſs, are uſeful.—"Thoſe Speculations alſo, which ſhew the *bright Side* of Things, "and lay forth thoſe innocent Entertainments, which are to be "met with among the ſeveral Objects that encompaſs us, are no "leſs beneficial." *Spect.* Vol. V. N°. 393. *Upon the Plan of theſe Obſervations, the preceding and following Reflections are formed.*

a more inviting and delightful Excurſion? In a beautiful *Flower-Garden*; where I lately walked, and at once regaled the Senſe, and indulged the Fancy.

IT was early in a *Summer Morning*. When the Air was cool; the Earth moiſt; the whole Face of the Creation freſh and gay. The noiſy World was ſcarce awake. *Lethargy* had not quite ſhook off his ſound Sleep; and *Riot* had but juſt reclined his giddy Head. All was ſerene: All was ſtill: Every Thing tended to inſpire Tranquility of Mind, and invite to ſerious Thought.

ONLY the wakeful Lark had left her Neſt, and was mounting on high, to ſalute the opening Day. Elevated in Air, ſhe ſeemed to call the laborious Huſbandman to his Toil, and all her Fellow-Songſters to their Notes.—Earlieſt of Birds, ſaid I, Companion of the Dawn, may I always riſe at thy Voice! Riſe, to offer the Matin-Song; and adore that beneficent Being, "who maketh the Out-goings of the Morning and Evening to rejoice."

How charming to rove abroad, at this ſweet *Hour* of *Prime!* To enjoy the Calm of Nature; to tread the dewy Lawns; and taſte the unruffled Freſhneſs of the Air!

Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Riſing ſweet,
With Charm of earlieſt Birds.

WHAT a Pleaſure do the Sons of *Sloth* loſe? Little, ah! little is the Sluggard ſenſible, how delicious an Entertainment he foregoes, for the pooreſt of all animal Gratifications *.

THE

* See! how Revelation and Reaſon, the Scriptures and the Claſſics, unanimouſly exhort to this moſt beneficial Practice. They both invite us to *early Riſing*, by the moſt engaging Motives, and the moſt alluring Repreſentations.

Come,

THE Greyneſs of the Dawn decays gradually. Abundance of ruddy Streaks tinge the Fleeces of the Firmament. Till, at length, the *dappled* Aſpect of the Eaſt is loſt, in one ardent and boundleſs *Bluſh*.—Is it the Surmiſe of Imagination, or do the Skies really redden with Shame; to ſee ſo many ſupinely ſtretched, on their drowſy Pillows?—Shall Man be loſt, in luxurious Eaſe? Shall Man waſte theſe precious Hours, in idle Slumbers? While the vigorous Sun is up, and going on his Maker's Errand? While all the feathered Choir are hymning the Creator, and paying their Homage in Harmony?—No. Let *Him* heighten the Melody of the tuneful Tribes, by adding the rational Strains of Devotion. Let *Him* improve the fragrant Oblations of Nature, by mingling, with the riſing Odours, the more refined Breath of Praiſe.

'TIS natural for Man to look upward; to throw his firſt Glance upon the Objects that are above Him.

Strait towards Heav'n my wond'ring Eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample SKY.

PRODIGIOUS Theatre! Where Lightnings dart their Fire, and Thunders utter their Voice. Where Tempeſts ſpend their Rage, and Worlds unnumbered roll at large!—O the *Greatneſs* of that mighty Hand; which meteth out this amazing Circumference, with a Span! O the *Immenſity* of that wonderful Being;

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Field; let us lodge in the Villages. Let us get up early to the Vine-yards; let us ſee if the Vine flouriſh, whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranates bud forth. Cant. vii. 11, 12.

Luciferi primo cum Sidere, frigida Rura
Carpamus: dum mane novum, dum Gramina canent,
Et Ros in tenera Pecori gratiſſimus Herba eſt.

VIRG. *Georg.* III.

before whom this unmeaſurable Extent, is no more than a Point!—And O (thou pleaſing Thought!) the unſearchable *Riches* of that *Mercy*, which is *greater than the Heavens* *! Is more enlarged and extenſive, in its gracious Exerciſe; than theſe illimitable Tracts of Air, and Sea, and Firmament! Which pardons Crimes of the moſt enormous Size, and the moſt horrid Aggravations; pardons them, in Conſideration of the Redeemer's Atonement, with perfect Freeneſs, and the utmoſt Readineſs! More readily, if it were poſſible, than this *all-ſurrounding Expanſe* admits, within its Circuit, a Ridge of Mountains, or even a Grain of Sand.

COME hither, then, ye *awakened*, trembling Sinners. Come †, weary and heavy-laden with a Senſe of your Iniquities. Condemn yourſelves. Renounce all Reliance on any thing of your own. Let your *Truſt be in the tender Mercy of* GOD, *for Ever and Ever.*

* Pſal. cviii. 4.

† The Lines which follow, are admirably deſcriptive of the Spirit and Practice, hinted above. In them Deſire *pants*; Prayer *wreſtles*; and Faith, as it were, *graſps* the Prize —I take Leave to tranſplant them into this Place; and I could wiſh them a better, a more conſpicuous Situation, than either their *new* or their *native* Soil. Their native Soil, is no other than *The Lamentation of a Sinner*, written by Mr. *Sternhold*. Notwithſtanding the unpromiſing Genius of the Performance, I think, We may challenge the greateſt Maſters, to produce any thing more ſpirited and importunate; more full of Nature, or more flushed with Life.

Mercy, Good LORD, Mercy I crave;
This is the total Sum;
For Mercy, LORD, is all my Suit;
LORD, let thy Mercy come.

The ſhort Sentences—Not a ſingle Copulative—The frequent Repetition of the Divine Name—The almoſt inceſſant Reiteration of the Bleſſing, ſo paſſionately deſired, and inexpreſſibly needed.—This is the genuine Language of Ardor; theſe are Beauties obvious to every Eye; and cannot fail, either to pleaſe the *judicious* Taſte, or to edify the *gracious* Heart.

*IN them hath he ſet a Tabernacle for the Sun**.—Behold him coming forth, from the Chambers of the Eaſt. See! the Clouds, like floating Curtains, are thrown back at his Approach. With what *refulgent Majeſty* does he walk abroad! How tranſcendently bright is his Countenance; ſhedding Day, and inexhauſtible Light, through the Univerſe!—Is there a Scene though finiſhed by the moſt elaborate and coſtly Refinements of Art, "comparable to theſe illuſtrious "Solemnities of opening Sunſhine? Before *theſe*, all "the ſtudied Pageantry of the Theatre; the glittering "Oeconomy of an Aſſembly; or even the heightened "Ornaments of a Royal Palace; hide their diminiſhed "Heads, and ſhrink into nothing."—I have read of a Perſon, ſo ſtruck with the Splendors of this noble Luminary; that he imagined himſelf made on Purpoſe to contemplate its Glories. O! that Chriſtians would adopt his Perſuaſion, and transfer it to the *Sun of Righteouſneſs!* Thus applied, it would ceaſe to be a chimerical Notion, and become a moſt important Truth. For ſure I am, it is the ſupreme Happineſs of the eternal State; and therefore may well be the ruling Concern of this preſent Life; *to know the only true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, whom he hath ſent.*—Nor do I ſtand alone in this Opinion. The very beſt Judge of whatever is valuable in Science, or perfective of our Nature; a Judge, who formed his Taſte on the Maxims of Paradiſe, and received the Finiſhings of his Education in the third Heavens; this Judge, determines to *know nothing but JESUS CHRIST, and him crucified.* He poſſeſſed, in his own Perſon, the fineſt, the moſt admired *Accompliſhments*; yet pronounces them no better than *Dung*, in Compariſon

* Pſal. xix. 4.

of the * ſupereminent Excellency of this ſaving Knowledge.

METHINKS, I diſcern a thouſand admirable Properties in the Sun. 'Tis, certainly, the beſt material Emblem of the Creator. There is more of GOD in its *Luſtre*, *Energy*, and *Uſefulneſs*, than in any other viſible Being. To worſhip it as a Deity, was the leaſt inexcuſable of all the heathen Idolatries. One ſcarce can wonder, that fallen Reaſon ſhould miſtake ſo fair a *Copy*, for the adorable *Original*. No Compariſon, in the whole Book of ſacred Wiſdom, pleaſes me more; than that which reſembles the bleſſed JESUS, to yonder Regent of the Day †. Who now advances on his azure Road, to ſcatter Light and diſpenſe Gladneſs through the Nations.

WHAT were all the Realms of the World, but a *Dungeon* of *Darkneſs*, without the Beams of the Sun? All their fine Scenes, hid from our View; loſt in Obſcurity.—In vain, we roll around our Eyes in the midnight Gloom. In vain, we ſtrive to behold the Features of amiable Nature. Turn whither we will, no Form or Comelineſs appears. All ſeems a dreary Waſte; an undiſtinguiſhed Chaos. Till the returning Hours, have unbarred the Gates of Light, and let forth the Morn.—Then, what a Proſpect opens! The Heavens are paved with Azure, and ſtrewed with Roſes. A Variety of the livelieſt Verdures array the Plains. The Flowers put on a Glow of the richeſt Colours. The whole Creation ſtands forth dreſſed in all the Charms of Beauty. The raviſhed Eye looks round, and wonders.

* Το υπερεχον της γνωσεως. Phil. iii. 7.

† *Unto you, that fear my Name, ſhall the Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe, with Healing in his Wings.* Mal. iv. 2.

AND

AND what had been the Condition of our intellectual Nature, without the great Redeemer, and his *Divine Revelation?*—Alas! what abſurd and unworthy Apprehenſions, did the *Pagan* Sages form of GOD! What idle Dreams, what childiſh Conjectures, were their Doctrines of a future State!—How did the Bulk, even of that favoured Nation, the *Jews*, weary themſelves in very Vanity, to obtain Peace and Reconciliation with their offended JEHOVAH! 'Till JESUS aroſe upon our benighted Minds, and brought Life and Immortality to light; 'till HE aroſe, *to enlighten the wretched Gentiles, and to be the Glory of his People Iſrael.*

Now we no longer cry out, with a reſtleſs Impatience, *Where is GOD my Maker?* For we are allowed to contemplate the Brightneſs of his Glory, and the expreſs Image of his Perſon, *in the Face of JESUS CHRIST.*—Now, we no longer inquire, with an unſatisfied Solicitude, "Which is the Way to Bliſs?" Becauſe JESUS has marked the *Path*, by his ſhining Example; and left us an unerring *Clue*, in his holy Word.—Now, we have no more Reaſon to proceed with miſgiving Hearts, in our Journey to Eternity; or to aſk anxiouſly, as we go; "Who will roll away the "Stone, and open the everlaſting Doors? Who will "remove the flaming Sword, and give us Admiſſion "into the Delights of Paradiſe?" For it is done, All done, by the Captain of our Salvation. Sin he has *expiated*, by the unblemiſhed Sacrifice of Himſelf. The Law he has *fulfilled*, by his perfect Obedience. The Sinner he *transforms*, by his ſanctifying SPIRIT. —In a Word; He hath both preſented us with a *clear Diſcovery*, of good Things to come; and adminiſtered to us an *abundant Entrance*, into the final Enjoyment of them.

WHEN-

WHENEVER, therefore, we bleſs GOD for the circling Seaſons, and revolving Day; let us adore, thankfully adore Him, for the *more precious* Appearance of the Sun of Righteouſneſs, and his glorious Goſpel. Without which, we ſhould have been groping, even to this Hour, in ſpiritual Darkneſs, and the Shadow of Death. Without which, we muſt have wandered in a Maze of inextricable Uncertainties; and have "ſtumbled upon "the dark Mountains" of Error, till we fell into the bottomleſs Pit of Perdition.

WITHOUT that grand *enlivening* Principle, What were this Earth, but a lifeleſs Maſs? A rude Lump of *inactive* Matter? The Trees could never break forth into Leaves, nor the Plants ſpring up into Flowers: We ſhould no more behold the Meadows, mantled over with Green; nor the Valleys, ſtanding thick with Corn. Or, to ſpeak in the beautiful Language of a Prophet; * *No longer would the Fig-tree bloſſom, nor Fruit be in the Vine: The Labour of the Olive would fail, and the Fields could yield no Meat: The Flocks muſt be cut off from the Fold, and there would be no Herd in the Stalls.*—The Sun darts its Beams among all the Vegetables Tribes; and paints the Spring, and enriches the Autumn. This pierces to the Roots of the Vineyard and the Orchard; and ſets afloat thoſe fermenting Juices, which at length burſt into Floods of Wine, or bend the Bougns with a mellow Load.—Nor are its Favours confined to the *Upper Regions*; but diſtributed into the *deepeſt Receſſes* of Creation. It penetrates the Beds of Metal, and finds its Way to the Place of the Sapphires. It tinctures the Seeds of Gold, that are ripening into Ore; and throws a Brilliancy into the Water of the Diamond, that is hardening on its

* Hab. iii. 17.

Rock.—

Rock.—In ſhort; the beneficial Agency of this magnificent Luminary, is inexpreſſible. It *beautifies*, and *impregnates*, univerſal Nature. "There is nothing hid "from the Heat thereof."

JUST in the ſame Manner, were the rational World *dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins*, without the reviving Energy of JESUS CHRIST. He is "the Reſurrection and the "Life:" The over-flowing Fountain of the one, and the all-powerful Cauſe of the other. The ſecond *Adam* is *a quickening Spirit*, and all his Saints live through Him. He ſhines upon their Affections; and they ſhoot forth into Heavenly Graces, and abound in the Fruits of Righteouſneſs. Faith unfeigned, and Love undiſſembled, thoſe nobleſt Productions of the renewed Nature, are the Effect of *his* Operation on the Mind. Not ſo much as one divine Diſpoſition could ſpread itſelf, not one Chriſtian Habit unfold and flouriſh, without the kindly Influences of *his* Grace.

AS there is no Fruitfulneſs, ſo likewiſe no *Chearfulneſs* *, without the Sun.—When that auſpicious Sovereign of the Day, diffuſes the Mildneſs of his Morning Splendor, He creates an univerſal Feſtival. Millions of glittering Inſects awake into Exiſtence, and baſk in his Rays. The Birds ſtart from their Slumbers, and pour their delighted Souls, in Harmony. The Flocks, with bleating Accents, hail the welcome Bleſſing. The Valleys ring with rural Muſic; the Hills echo back the artleſs Strains. All that is vocal, joins in the general Choir: all that has Breath, exults in the chearing Influence.—Whereas; was that

* "The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Univerſe, and "produces all the Neceſſaries of Life, has a particular Influence "in *chearing* the Mind of Man, and making the Heart *glad*." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 387.

radiant

radiant Orb extinguiſhed, a tremendous Gloom would enſue, and Horror inſupportable. Nay; let it only be *eclipſed* for a few Minutes; and all Nature aſſumes an Air of *Sadneſs*. The Heavens are wrapt in Sables, and put on a Kind of Mourning. The moſt ſprightly Animals hang down their dejected Heads. The Songſters of the Grove are ſtruck dumb. Howling Beaſts roam abroad for Prey: Ominous Birds come forth and ſcreech: The Heart of Man fails, or a ſudden Pang ſeizes the foreboding Mind.—So, when CHRIST hides away his Face; when Faith loſes Sight of that Conſolation of *Iſrael*; how *gloomy* are the Proſpects of the Soul! Our GOD ſeems to be a conſuming Fire, and our Sins cry loudly for Vengeance. The Thoughts bleed inwardly; the Chriſtian walks heavily. All without is irkſome; all within is diſconſolate.—Liſt up then, moſt gracious JESUS, thou *nobler Day-ſpring* from on high! O liſt up the Light of thy Countenance, upon thy People! Reveal the Fulneſs of thy mediatorial Sufficiency; make clear our Title to this great Salvation; and thereby impart

What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The Soul's calm Sunſhine, and the Heart-felt Joy *.

IN one Inſtance more, let me purſue the Similitude. The Sun, I obſerve, pours his Luſtre all *around*; to every *Diſtance*, and in every *Direction*. Profuſely liberal of his Gifts, He illuminates and chears all the Ends of the Earth, and the whole Compaſs of the Skies. The Eaſt reddens, with his riſing Radiance; and the weſtern Hills, are gilded with his ſtreaming Splendors. The chilly Regions of the North, are cheriſhed by his genial Warmth; while the ſouthern Tracts, glow with his Fire.—Thus, are the Influences of the Sun of Righ-

* POPE's *Eth. Ep.*

teouſneſs,

teouſneſs, *diffuſive* and *unconfined*. The Generations of old felt them; and Generations yet unborn, will rejoice in them. The Merits of his precious Death extended to the firſt, and will be propagated to the laſt, Ages of Mankind.—May they, ere long, viſit the remoteſt Climates, and darkeſt Corners of the Earth! Command thy Goſpel, bleſſed JESUS, thy everlaſting Goſpel, to take the Wings of the Morning, and travel with yonder Sun. Let it fly upon ſtrong Pinions among every People, Nation, and Language. That, where the Heat ſcorches, and the Cold freezes, Thou mayſt be known, confeſſed, and adored! That *Strangers* to thy Name, and *Enemies* to thy Doctrine, may be enlightened with the Knowledge, and won to the Love, of thy Truth! O! may that beſt of Æras come; that wiſhed for Period advance; when *All the Ends of the World ſhall remember themſelves, and be turned unto the LORD; and all the Kindreds of the Nations worſhip before him* *!

FROM the Heavens, we retire to the Earth.—Here, the Drops of *Dew*, like ſo many liquid Cryſtals †, ſparkle upon the Eye. How *brilliant*, and unſullied, is their Luſtre! How little inferior to the proud Stone, which irradiates a Monarch's Crown! They want nothing but Solidity and Permanency; to equal them with the fineſt Treaſures of the Jeweler's Caſket.—Here, it muſt be confeſſed, they are greatly deficient; ſhort-lived Ornaments; poſſeſſed of little more, than a *momentary Radiance*. The Sun, that lights them up, will ſoon melt them into Air, or exhale them into Vapours. Within another Hour, we may "look for

* Pſal. xxii. 27.

† Now Morn, her roſy Steps in th' Eaſtern Clime
Advancing, ſow'd the Earth with *orient Pearl*.

MILT.

"their

"their Place, and they ſhall be away."—O! may every good Reſolution of mine, and of my Flock's; may our united Breathings after GOD, not be like theſe *tranſient Decorations* of the Morning; but like the ſubſtantial Glory of the growing Day! The one ſhines more and more, with augmented Splendors; while the other, having glittered gaily for a few Moments, diſappear and are loſt.

How ſenſibly has this Dew *refreſhed* the vegetable Kingdoms! The fervent Heat of Yeſterday's Sun, had almoſt parched the Face, and exhauſted the Sweets, of Nature. But what a ſovereign Reſtorative, are theſe *cooling Diſtillations* of the Night! How they gladden, and invigorate, the languiſhing Herbs! Sprinkled with theſe reviving Drops, their Verdure deepens; their Bloom is new-fluſhed; their Fragrance, faint or intermitted, becomes potent and copious—Thus does the ever-bleſſed SPIRIT *revive* the drooping troubled Conſcience of a Sinner. When that Almighty Comforter ſheds his ſweet Influence on the Soul; diſplays the all-ſufficient Sacrifice of a Divine Redeemer; and "witneſſes with our Spirit," that we are *intereſted* in the Saviour, and, by this Means, are *Children of GOD*; then, what a pleaſing Change enſues! Former Anxieties are remembered no more. Every uneaſy Apprehenſion vaniſhes. Soothing Hopes, and delightful Expectations, ſucceed. The Countenance drops its dejected Mien; the Eyes brighten with a lively Chearfulneſs; while the Lips expreſs the Heartfelt ſatisfaction, in the Language of Thankſgiving, and the Voice of Melody.—In this Senſe, merciful GOD, *be as the Dew unto Iſrael!* "Pour upon them "the continual Dew of thy Bleſſing." And O! let not my Fleece be dry, while heavenly Benediction deſcends upon all around.

WHO

WHO can number theſe pearly Drops? They hang on every Hedge; they twinkle from every Spray; and adorn the whole Herbage of the Field. Not a Blade of Graſs, not a ſingle Leaf, but wears the watry Pendants. So *vaſt* is the *Profuſion*, that it baffles the Arithmetician's Art.—Here, let the benevolent Mind contemplate and admire that emphatical Scripture; which, from this elegant Similitude, deſcribes the *Increaſe* of the *Meſſiah*'s Kingdom. The Royal Prophet, ſpeaking of CHRIST, and foretelling the Succeſs of his Religion, has this remarkable Expreſſion *; *The Dew of*

* *Pſalm* cx. 3. מרחם משחר לך טל ילדתך. The moſt exact Tranſlation of this difficult Paſſage is, I apprehend, as follows; *Præ vore uteri auroræ, tibi eſt ros juventutis, vel prolis tuæ.* The Dew of thy Birth is larger, more copious, than the Dew which proceeds from the Womb of the Morning.—I cannot acquieſce in the new Verſion; becauſe that divjoins *the Womb of the Morning*, from *the Dew of thy Birth*. Whereas, they ſeem to have a clear Affinity, and a cloſe Connection. The Womb of the Morning is, with the utmoſt Pertinency, applied to the Conception and Production of Dews; agreeably to a delicate Line, in that great Maſter of juſt Deſcription, and lively Painting, Mr. *Thomſon*:

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews. Summer.

We meet with a fine Expreſſion in the Book of *Job*, which may ſerve to confirm this Remark; may illuſtrate the Propriety of the Phraſe, uſed in this Connection. "Hath the Rain a Father, or "who hath *begotten the Drops of Dew?*" It ſeems, the Oriental Writers delighted to repreſent the Dew, as a kind of Birth, as the Offspring of the Morning. And if ſo, ſurely there could be no Image in the whole Compaſs of the Univerſe, better adapted to the Pſalmiſt's Purpoſe: or more ſtrongly ſignificant of thoſe Multitudes of Proſelytes, which were *born, not of Blood, nor of the Will of the Fleſh, nor of the Will of Man, but of GOD*; by the powerful Energy of his Word and Spirit.—Upon this Suppoſition, the whole Verſe deſcribes

The willing Subjection,
The gracious Accompliſhments,
And the vaſt Number,
} of Chriſt's Converts.

q. d.

of thy Birth is of the Womb of the Morning. (i. e.) As the Morning is the Mother of Dews; produces them, as

q. d. *In the Day of thy Power*, when thy glorious Goſpel ſhall be publiſhed in the World, and accompanied with marvellous Efficacy.—In that memorable Period, *Thy People*, diſcontinuing the former Oblations, commanded under the *Moſaic* Law; ſhall devote *themſelves*, as ſo many living Sacrifices, to thy Honour. Not conſtrained by Force, but charmed with thy Excellency, they ſhall come in *Volunteers* to thy Service, and be *free will Offerings* in thy Church.—Neither ſhall they be "empty Vines," or bare Profeſſors; but ſhall walk in all the *Beauties of Holineſs*, and bring forth ſuch amiable Fruit, as will adorn the Doctrine they embrace.—What is ſtill more deſireable, they ſhall be as *numerous*, as they are willing and holy. Born to Thee in Numbers, immenſe and inconceivable; exceeding even the [illegible] Myriads of Dew-drops, which are begotten by the Night, and iſſue from the Womb of the recent Morning.

By this Interpretation, the Text, I think, is cleared of its Obſcurity; and appears both truly ſublime, and perfectly juſt.

May I be pardoned the *Digreſſion*, and acquitted from *Preſumption*; if on this Occaſion, I take leave to animadvert upon, what ſeems harſh and unnatural, in the common Expoſition of the laſt Verſe of this Pſalm? All the Commentators (as many, at leaſt, as I have conſulted) inform their Readers; that to *drink of the Brook in the Way*, ſignifies *to undergo Sufferings and Death*. Which, in my Opinion, is a Conſtruction extremely forced, and hardly ſupportable; altogether remote from the Import of ſuch poetical Forms of Diction, cuſtomary among the Eaſtern Nations. In thoſe ſultry Climes, nothing could be more welcome to the Traveller, than a Brook ſtreaming near his Paths. To quench his Thirſt, and lave his Feet, in the cooling Current, was one of the greateſt Refreſhments imaginable, and re-animated him to purſue his Journey. For which Reaſon, among others, Brooks are a very favourite Image with the inſpired Penmen; uſed to denote a Situation *fertile* and *delightful*, or a State of *Pleaſure* and *Satisfaction*; but never, that I can recollect, to picture out the contrary Condition of Tribulation and Diſtreſs.

The *Water-floods*, indeed, in the ſacred Writings, often repreſent ſome imminent Danger, or grievous Affliction. But then they are not—נחלים בדרך—Streams ſo *calm*, that they keep within

as it were, from a prolific Womb; and ſcatters them, with the moſt laviſh Abundance, over all the Surface of the Earth: *So ſhall thy Seed be*, O thou everlaſting Father! By the Preaching of thy Word, ſhall ſuch an

their Banks, and glide quietly by the Traveler's Footſteps; ſo *clear*, that they are fit for the wayfaring Man's Uſe, and invite his Lips to a Draught; both which Notions are plainly implied in the Text.—They are rather—אבירי—*boiſterous Billows*; burſting over a Ship, or daſhing themſelves, with dreadful Impetuoſity, upon the Shore: Or—שבלת—*ſweeping inundations*; which bear down all before them, and drown the neighbouring Country.—Beſides, in theſe Inſtances of Horror, we never find the Word—ישתה—*He ſhall drink*; which conveys a pleaſing Idea (unleſs when it relates to a Cup, filled with bitter, intoxicating, or unpoiſoned Liquors; a Caſe quite different from that under Conſideration) but either—בעת—which imports *Terror* and *Aſtoniſhment*. Or elſe—שטף and עבר—which ſignify to *ruſh upon*; to *overwhelm*; and even to *bury* under the Waves.

'Upon the Whole: May not the Paſſage more properly allude to the *Influences* of the *Holy Ghoſt*? Which were communicated, in unmeaſurable Degrees, to our great High-Prieſt; and were, in fact, the Cauſe of his ſurmounting all Difficulties.—Theſe are frequently repreſented by *Waters*; "Whoſo believeth on Me, out of his Belly "ſhall flow Rivers of *living Waters*." The Enjoyment of them is deſcribed by *drinking*; "He that *drinketh* of the Water that I ſhall "give him, ſhall never thirſt."—Then, the Senſe may run in this well-connected and perſpicuous Manner. Is it aſked? How ſhall the Redeemer be able to execute the various and important Offices, foretold in the preceding Parts of the Pſalm? The Prophet replies, *He ſhall drink of the Brook in the Way*. He ſhall not be left barely to his human Nature, which muſt unavoidably ſink under the tremendous Work of recovering a loſt World. But, thro' the whole Courſe of his incarnate State, thro' the whole Adminiſtration of his Mediatorial Kingdom, ſhall he ſupported with omnipotent Succours. He ſhall drink at the Brook of Almighty Power, and travel on in the Greatneſs of an uncreated Strength.—*Therefore ſhall he lift up his Head*. By this Means, ſhall he be equal to the prodigious Taſk, and ſuperior to all Oppoſition. By this Means, ſhall he be thoroughly ſucceſsful, in whatever he undertakes; and greatly triumphant, over all his Enemies.

innumerable Race of regenerate Children be born unto Thee; and prove an Ornament and a Bleſſing to all Ages. Millions, Millions of willing Converts, from every Nation under Heaven, ſhall croud into thy Family, and repleniſh thy Church. Till they become like the Stars of the Sky, or the Sands of the Sea for Multitude; or even as *numberleſs* as theſe fine *Spangles*, which now cover the Face of Nature.—Behold then, ye obſtinately Wicked, though you "are not gathered, "yet will the Saviour be glorious." His Deſign ſhall not miſcarry, nor his Labour prove abortive; though you render it of none Effect, with regard to yourſelves. Think not, that IMMANUEL will want Believers, or Heaven Inhabitants, becauſe *You* continue incorrigible. No; the Lamb that was ſlain, will "ſee of the Travail "of his Soul, and be ſatisfied;" in a never-failing Series of faithful People below, and an immenſe Choir of glorified Saints above. Who ſhall form his Retinue, and ſurround his Throne, in ſhining and triumphant Armies, ſuch as no Man can number.

HERE, I was reminded of the various Expedients which Providence, unſearchably wiſe, uſes, to *fructify* both the material and intellectual World.—Sometimes, you ſhall have *impetuous* and heavy *Showers*, burſting from the angry Clouds. They laſh the Plains, and make the Rivers foam. A Storm brings them, and a Deluge follows them.—At other times, theſe *gentle Dews* are formed, in the ſerene Evening Air. They ſteal down by ſlow Degrees, and with inſenſible Stillneſs. So ſubtle, that they deceive the niceſt Eye: ſo ſilent, that they eſcape the moſt delicate Ear: and, when fallen, ſo very light, that they neither bruiſe the tendereſt, nor oppreſs the weakeſt Flower.—Very *different* Operations! Yet each concurs in the *ſame* beneficial End, and both impart Fertility to the Lap of Nature.

So

So, ſome Perſons have I known, reclaimed from the unfruitful Works of Darkneſs, by *violent* and ſevere Means. The Almighty addreſſed their ſtubborn Hearts, as he addreſſed the *Iſraelites* at *Sinai*, with Lightning in his Eyes, and Thunder in his Voice. The Conſcience, ſmit with a Senſe of Guilt, and apprehenſive of eternal Vengeance, trembled through all her Powers; juſt as that ſtrong Mountain tottered to its Centre. Pangs of Remorſe, and Agonies of Fear, preceded their new Birth. They were reduced to the laſt Extremities, almoſt overwhelmed with Deſpair, before they found Reſt in JESUS CHRIST.—Others have been recovered from a vain Converſation, by Methods more *mild* and attractive. The Father of Spirits applied himſelf to their teachable Minds, in "a ſtill "and ſmall Voice." His Grace came down, as the Rain into a Fleece of Wool; or as theſe ſoftening Drops, which now water the Earth. The Kingdom of GOD took place in their Souls, without Noiſe or Obſervation. They paſſed from Death unto Life, from a carnal to a regenerate State, by almoſt imperceptible Advances. The Tranſition reſembled the Growth of Corn: was very viſible, when effected; though ſcarce ſenſible, while accompliſhing.—O Thou Author and Finiſher of our Faith, recal us from our Wanderings, and re-unite us to Thyſelf! Whether thou *alarm* us with thy Terrors, or *allure* us with thy Smiles: whether thou drive us with the Scourge of Conviction, or draw us with the Cords of Love: let us, in anywiſe, return to Thee. For Thou art our ſupreme Good; Thou art our only Happineſs.

BEFORE I proceed farther, let me aſcend the *Terrace*, and take one Survey of the neighbouring *Country*.—What a Proſpect ruſhes upon my Sight! How vaſt; how various; how "full and plenteous with all Manner

" of Store!" Nature's whole Wealth!—What a rich and inexhauſtible Magazine is here: furniſhing Subſiſtence for every Creature! Methinks, I read, in theſe ſpacious Volumes, a moſt lively Comment, upon that noble Celebration of the Divine Beneficence; *He openeth his Hand, and filleth all Things living with Plenteouſneſs.*

. . .

Theſe are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty! Thine this univerſal Frame,
Thus wond'rous fair! Thyſelf how wond'rous then!
MILT.

THE *Fields* are covered deep, and ſtand thick, with Corn. They expand the milky *Grain* to the Sun; while the Gales, now inclining, now raiſing each flexile Stem, open all their Ranks to the Agency of his Beams. Which will ſoon impart a firm Conſiſtence to the Grain, and a gloſſy golden Hue to the Ear. That they may be qualified, to fill the Barns of the Huſbandman with Plenty, and his Heart with Gladneſs.

YONDER lie the *Meadows*, ſmoothed into a perfect Level; decorated with an Embroidery of the gayeſt Flowers; and loaded with * ſpontaneous Crops of *Herbage*. Which, converted into Hay, will prove a moſt commodious Proviſion for the Barrenneſs of Winter; will ſupply with Fodder our ſerviceable Animals, when all the Verdure of the Plain is killed by Froſt, or buried in Snows.—A winding *Stream*, glides along the flowery Margin; and receives the Image of the bending Skies, and waters the Roots of many a branching Willow. 'Tis ſtocked, no doubt, with Va-

* — — *Injuſſa vireſcunt*
Gramina — — VIRG.

riety of *Fiſh*; which afford a ſolitary Diverſion to the Angler, and nouriſh for his Table a delicious Treat. Nor is it the only Merit of this liquid Element, to maintain the finny Nations; it alſo carries *Cleanlineſs*, and diſpenſes *Fruitfulneſs*, where-ever it rolls the cryſtal Current.

THE *Paſtures*, with their verdant Mounds, chequer the Proſpect; and prepare a ſtanding Repaſt for our Cattle. Here, "our Oxen are made ſtrong to labour; "and our Sheep bring forth Thouſands and ten Thou- "ſands." There, the Horſe acquires Vigour, for the Diſpatch of our Buſineſs; and Speed, to expedite our Journeys. From thence, the Kine bring home their Udders, diſtended with one of the richeſt, and healthieſt Liquors, in the World.

ON ſeveral Spots, a *Grove* of Trees, like ſome grand Colonnade, erects its tow'ring Head. Every one projects a friendly Shade, for the Beaſts; and creates a hoſpitable Lodging, for the Birds. Every one ſtands ready, to furniſh *Timber* for a Palace; *Maſts* for a Navy; or, with a more condeſcending Courteſy, *Fuel* for our Hearths.—One of them ſeems ſkirted with a wild uncultivated *Heath*; which, like well-diſpoſed Shades in Painting, throws an additional Luſtre on the more ornamented Parts of the Landſcape. Nor is its Uſefulneſs, like that of a Foil, relative only, but real. There, ſeveral valuable Creatures are produced, and accommodated; without any Expence, or Care of ours. There, likewiſe, ſpring abundance of thoſe *Herbs*, which aſſwage the Smart of our Wounds, and allay the fiery Tumults of the Fever. Which impart Floridity to our circulating Fluids; add a more vigorous Tone to our active Solids; and, thereby, repair the Decays of our enfeebled Conſtitutions.

NEARER the Houſes, We perceive an ample Spread of Branches; not ſo ſtately as the Oaks, but more amiable for their annual Services. A little while ago, I

beheld them; and all was one beauteous, boundleſs Waſte of *Bloſſoms*. The Eye marvelled, at the lovely Sight; and the Heart rejoiced, in the Proſpect of autumnal Plenty. But now, the blooming Maid is reſigned, for the uſeful Matron. The Flower is fallen, and the *Fruit* ſwells out on every Twig.—Breathe ſoft, ye Winds! O, ſpare the tender Fruitage, ye ſurly Blaſts! Let the *Pear-tree* ſuckle her juicy Progeny; till they drop into our Hands, and diſſolve in our Mouths. Let the *Plum* hang unmoleſted upon her Boughs; till ſhe fatten her delicious Fleſh, and cloud her poliſhed Skin with Blue. And as for the *Apples*, that ſtaple Commodity of our *Orchards*, let no injurious Shocks precipitate them immaturely to the Ground; till revolving Suns, have tinged them with a ruddy Complexion, and concocted them into an exquiſite Flavour. Then, what copious Hoards, of what burniſhed Rinds, and what delightful Reliſhes, will repleniſh the Store-room! Some, to preſent us with an early Entertainment, and refreſh our Palates amidſt the ſultry Heats. Some, to borrow Ripeneſs from the falling Snows, and carry Autumn into the Depths of Winter. Some, to adorn the Salver, make a Part of the Deſſert, and give an agreeable * Cloſe to our Feaſts. Others, to fill our Vats with a foaming Flood; which, mellowed by Age, may ſparkle in the Glaſs, with a Livelineſs and Delicacy, little inferior to the Blood of the Grape.

I OBSERVE ſeveral ſmall *Incloſures*, which ſeem to be apprehenſive of ſome hoſtile Viſit from the North; and, therefore, are defended, on that Quarter, by a thick Wood, or a lofty Wall. At the ſame time, they cultivate an uninterrupted Correſpondence with the South; and throw open their whole Dimenſions, to its friendly

* — — *Ab Ovo*
Uſque ad Mala — — HOR.

Warmth.

Warmth. One, in particular, lies within the Reach of a diſtinguiſhing View; and proves to be a *Kitchen-Garden*. It looks, methinks, like a plain and frugal Republic: Whatever may reſemble the Pomp of Courts, or the Enſigns of Royalty, is baniſhed from this humble Community. None of the Productions of the Olitory affect Finery; but all are habited with the very Perfection of Decency. Here, thoſe celebrated Qualities are eminently united, the utmoſt Simplicity with the exacteſt Neatneſs *.—A ſkilful Hand has parcelled out the whole Ground into narrow Beds, and intervening Alleys. The ſame diſcreet Management has aſſigned to each verdant Family, a peculiar and diſtinct Abode. So that there is no Confuſion, amidſt the greateſt Multiplicity; becauſe every Individual knows its proper Home, and all the Tribes are ranged with perfect Regularity.—If it be pleaſing to behold their orderly Situation, and their modeſt Beauties; how much more delightful, to conſider the Advantages, they yield! What a *Fund* of choice *Accommodations* is Here! What a Source of wholeſome Dainties! And all, for the Enjoyment of Man. Why does the *Parſley*, with her frizzled Locks, ſhag the Border; or why the *Celery*, with her whitening Arms, perforate the Mold; but to render his Soops ſavoury? The *Aſparagus* ſhoots its tapering Stems, to offer him the Firſt-fruits of the Seaſon; and the *Artichoke* ſpreads its turgid Top, to give him a Treat of vegetable Marrow. The Tendrils of the † *Cucumber* creep into the Sun; and, though baſking

* *Simplex Munditiis.* Hor.

† *Virgil*, with great Conciſeneſs, and equal Propriety, deſcribes the *Cucumber*—

—Tortuſque per herbam
Creſceret in Ventrem Cucumis.— Georg. IV.

ing in its hotteſt Rays, they ſecrete for their Maſter, and barrel up for his Uſe, the moſt cooling Juices of the Soil. The *Beans* ſtand firm, like Files of embattled Troops; the *Peas* reſt upon their Props, like ſo many Companies of Invalids; while both repleniſh their Pods with the Fatneſs of the Earth, on purpoſe to pour it on their Owner's Table.—Not one Species, among all this Variety of Herbs, is a Cumberer of the Ground. Not a ſingle Plant, but is good for Food, or ſome way ſalutary. With ſo beneficent an Oeconomy, are the ſeveral Periods of their Miniſtration ſeated; that no Portion of the Year is left deſtitute of nourithing Eſculents. What is ſtill more obliging, every Portion of the Year affords *ſuch* Eſculents, as are beſt ſuited to the Temperature of the Air, and the State of our Bodies. —Why then ſhould the *Poſſeſſor* of ſo valuable a Spot, envy the Condition of Kings? Since He may daily walk amidſt Rows of peaceable and obſequious, though mute Subjects. Every One of which tenders him ſome agreeable Preſent, and pays him a willing Tribute. Such as is moſt happily adapted, both to ſupply his Wants, and to regale his Taſte: to furniſh Him, at once, with Plenty and with Pleaſure.

MILTON has (if We admit Dr. *Bentley*'s Alteration, which is, I think, in *this* Place, unqueſtionably juſt) almoſt tranſlated the *Latin* Poet,

* —— Forth crept
The *ſwelling* Gourd—

Par. Loſt, B. VII. l. 320.

* Hic *rarum tamen in Dumis Olus, albaque circum*
Lilia, Verbenaſque premens, veſcumque Papaver,
Regum æquabat Opes Animis. *ſeraque revertens*
Nocte domum, Dapibus Menſas onerabat inemptis.

VIRG. Georg. IV.

AT

AT a Diſtance, one deſcries the mighty *Hills*. They heave their huge Ridges among the Clouds; and look like the Barriers of Kingdoms, or the Boundaries of Nature. Bare and deformed as their Surface may appear, their Bowels are fraught with inward Treaſures! Treaſures, lodged faſt in the *Quarries*, or ſunk deep in the *Mines*. From thence, Induſtry may draw her Implements, to plow the Soil; to reap the Grain; and procure every neceſſary Convenience. From thence, Art may fetch her Materials, to rear the Dome; to ſwell the Organ; and form the nobleſt Ornaments of politer Life.

ON another Side, the *great Deep* terminates the View. *There go the Ships: There is that Leviathan:* And there, in that World of Waters, an inconceivable Number of Animals have their Habitation.—This is the capacious *Ciſtern* of the *Univerſe*; which admits, as into a Receptacle; and diſtributes, as from a Reſervoir; whatever waters the whole Globe. There's not a Fountain, that guſhes in the unfrequented Deſart; nor a Rivulet, that flows in the remoteſt Continent; nor a Cloud, that ſwims in the higheſt Regions of the Firmament; but is fed by this all-replenifhing Source.—The Ocean is the grand *Vehicle* of *Trade*, and the Uniter of diſtant Nations. To us it is peculiarly kind, not only as it wafts into our Ports, the Harveſt of every Climate; and renders our Iſland the Centre of Traffic; but alſo as it ſecures us from foreign Invaſions, by a ſort of impregnable Entrenchment *.

METHINKS,

* *Whoſe Rampart was the Sea.* Nahum iii. 8.

I hope, this little Excurſion into the Country, will not be looked upon as a *Departure* from my Subject. Becauſe, a rural View, though no eſſential Part of a Garden, is yet a deſirable Appendage, and neceſſary to *complete* its Beauty.—As Uſefulneſs is the moſt valuable Property, which can attend any Production; *this* is the Circum-

METHINKS, the View of this profuſe Munificence inſpires a *ſecret Delight*, and kindles a *diſintereſted Good-will*.—While the "little Hills clap their Hands," and the luxuriant "Valleys laugh and ſing;" who can forbear catching the general Joy? Who is not touched, with lively Senſations of Pleaſure?—While the everlaſting Father, is ſcattering Bleſſings through his whole Family, and crowning the Year with his Goodneſs; who does not feel his Breaſt overflowing, with a diffuſive Benevolence?—My Heart, I muſt confeſs, beats high with Satisfaction; and breathes out *congratulatory Wiſhes*, upon all the Tenants of theſe rural Abodes: "Peace "be within your Walls, as well as Plenteouſneſs "around your Dwellings." Live, ye highly favoured; live ſenſible of your Benefits, and thankful to your Benefactor. Look round upon theſe prodigiouſly large Incomes of the fruitful Soil, and call them (for you have free Leave) all your own.—Only let me remind you of one very important Truth. Let me ſuggeſt, and may you never forget; That you are *obliged* to CHRIST JESUS, for every one of theſe Accommodations, which ſpring from the teeming Earth, and the ſmiling Skies.

1. CHRIST * *made* them, when they were not.—He fetched them up from utter Darkneſs; and gave

Circumſtance, chiefly touched upon in the Survey of the Landſcape. Though every Piece of this extenſive and diverſified Scene, is caſt in the moſt elegant Mould; yet nothing is calculated merely for Shew and Parade. You ſee nothing formed in the Taſte of the oſtentatious Obeliſk, or inſignificant Pomp of the Pyramid. No ſuch idle Expences were admitted into that conſummate Plan, which regulated the Structure of the Univerſe. All the Decorations of Nature are no leſs *advantageous*, than *ornamental*; ſuch as ſpeak the MAKER infinitely beneficent, as well as incomparably magnificent.

* When I aſcribe the Work of Creation to the SON, I would by no Means be ſuppoſed, to withhold the ſame Honour, from the Eternal FATHER, and Ever-bleſſed SPIRIT. The Acts of thoſe inſe-

them both their Being, and their Beauty. He created the Materials, of which they are compoſed; and moulded them into this endleſs Multiplicity, of amiable Forms, and uſeful Subſtances. He arrayed the Heavens, with a Veſture of the mildeſt Blue; and cloathed the Earth, in a Livery of the gayeſt Green. His Pencil ſtreaked, and his Breath perfumed, whatever is beautiful or fragrant in the Univerſe. His Strength ſet faſt the Mountains; His Goodneſs garniſhed the Vales; and the ſame *Touch* which healed the *Leper*, wrought the whole viſible *Syſtem* into this complete Perfection.

2. CHRIST *recovered* them, when they were forfeited. —By *Adam*'s Sin, we loſt our Right to the Comforts of Life, and Fruits of the Ground. His Diſobedience was the moſt impious and horrid *Treaſon*, againſt the KING of Kings. Conſequently, his whole Patrimony became *confiſcated:* as well the Portion of temporal

inconceivably glorious Perſons are, like their Eſſence, undivided and one. But I chooſe to ſtate the Point in this Manner, becauſe this is the manifeſt Doctrine of the New Teſtament; is the expreſs Belief of our Church; and a moſt noble Peculiarity of the Goſpel Revelation.—I chooſe it alſo, becauſe I would take every Opportunity of inculcating, and celebrating, the *Divinity* of the REDEEMER. A Truth, which imparts an unutterable Dignity, to Chriſtianity: A Truth, which lays an immoveable Foundation, for all the comfortable Hopes of a Chriſtian: A Truth, which will render the Myſtery of our Redemption, the Wonder and Delight of Eternity: And with this Truth, every one will obſerve, my Aſſertion is inſeparably connected.

If any One queſtions, whether this be the Doctrine of our Church; let the *Creed*, which we repeat in our moſt ſolemn Devotions, determine his Doubt: "I believe," ſays that Form of ſound Words, "in one LORD JESUS CHRIST, very GOD of very GOD, *by* "*whom all Things were made.*"—If it be farther inquired, From whence the *Nicene* Fathers derived this Article of their Faith? I anſwer, From the Writings of the beloved Diſciple, who lay on the Saviour's Boſom; and of that great Apoſtle, who had been caught up into the Third Heaven. *John* i. 3. *Coloſſ.* i. 16.

good

good Things, ſettled upon the human Race during their Minority; as that everlaſting Heritage reſerved for their Enjoyment, when they ſhould come to full Age. But the "Seed of the Woman," inſtantly interpoſing, took off the Attainder, and redeemed the alienated Inheritance. The firſt *Adam* being diſinherited, the ſecond *Adam* * was *appointed Heir of all Things*, viſible as well as inviſible. And we hold our Poſſeſſion of the former; we expect an Inſtatement in the latter; purely by virtue of our Alliance to Him, and our Union with Him.

3. Chriſt *upholds* them, which would otherwiſe tumble into Ruin.—*By Him*, ſays the Oracle of Inſpiration, *all Things conſiſt* †. His Finger rolls the Seaſons round,

* *Heb.* i 2.—In this Senſe at leaſt, CHRIST is *the Saviour of all Men*. The former and latter Rain; the precious Fruits of the Earth; Food to eat, and Raiment to put on;—all theſe he purchaſed even for his irreclaimable Enemies. *They* eat of his Bread, who lift up their Heel againſt Him.

We learn from hence, in what a peculiar and endearing Light, the *Chriſtian* is to contemplate the Things that are ſeen. *Heathens* might diſcover an eternal Power, and infinite Wiſdom, in the Structure of the Univerſe; Heathens might acknowledge a moſt ſtupendous Liberality, in the unreſerved Grant of the whole Fabric, with all its Furniture, to the Service of Man. But the Chriſtian ſhould ever keep in Mind his Forfeiture of them, and the Price paid to redeem them. He ſhould receive the Gifts of indulgent Providence, as the *Iſraelites* received their Law, from the Hand of a Mediator. Or rather, To him they ſhould come, not only iſſuing from the Stores of an unbounded Bounty, but ſwimming (as it were) in that crimſon Tide, which ſtreamed from IMMANUEL's Veins.

† ἐν αὐτῷ συνέστηκε τὰ πάντα.

and preſides over all the celeſtial Revolutions. His Finger winds up the Wheels, and impels every Spring, of vegetative Nature. In a Word, the whole Weight of the Creation, reſts upon his mighty Arm; and receives the whole Harmony of its Motion, from his unerring Eye.—This habitable Globe, with all its rich Appendages, and fine Machinery, could no more continue, than they could create themſelves. *Start* they would into inſtant *Confuſion*; or *drop* into their primitive *Nothing*; did not his Power ſupport, and his Wiſdom regulate them, every Moment. In Conformity to his Will, they ſubſiſt ſtedfaſt and invariable in their Orders, and wait only for his ſovereign Nod, to "fall "away like Water, that runneth apace."

4. CHRIST * *actuates* them, which would otherwiſe be lifeleſs and inſignificant.—Penſioners they are, conſtant Penſioners, on his Bounty; and borrow their *All* from his Fulneſs. *He only has Life*; and whatever operates, operates by an Emanation from his All-ſufficiency. Does the Grape refreſh you, with its enlivening Juices? It is by a Warrant received, and Virtue derived, from the Redeemer. Does Bread ſtrengthen your Heart, and prove the Staff of your Life? Remember, that it is by the Saviour's Appointment, and through the Efficacy of his Operation. You are charmed with *his* Melody, when the "Time of the "Singing of Birds is come, and the Voice of the "Nightingale is heard in your Land." You taſte *his*

* *John* v. 17. *My Father worketh hitherto, and I work*; or, I exert that unremitting and unwearied Energy, which is the Life of the Creation.—Thus the Words are paraphraſed by a maſterly Expoſitor, who has illuſtrated the Life of our bleſſed LORD, in the moſt elegant Taſte of Criticiſm; with the moſt amiable Spirit of Devotion; and without any Mixture of the malignant Leaven, or low Singularities, of a Party. See the *Family Expoſitor*, Vol. I. Sect. 47.

Good-

Goodneſs in the luſcious Fig, the melting Peach, and the muſky Flavour of the Apricot. You ſmell *his* Sweetneſs in the opening Honeyſuckle, and every odoriferous Shrub.

COULD theſe Creatures ſpeak for themſelves, they would, doubtleſs, diſclaim all Sufficiency of their own, and aſcribe the whole Honour to their Maker.—"We "are Servants," would they ſay, "of HIM, who died "for you. *Ciſterns* only, dry Ciſterns in ourſelves, we "*tranſmit* to Mortals no more, than the uncreated "Fountain transfuſes into us. Think not, that, from "any Ability of our own, we furniſh you with Aſſiſt-"ance, or adminiſter to your Comfort. 'Tis the Di-"vine Energy, the Divine Energy alone, that works "in us, and does you Good.—We *ſerve* you, O ye "Sons of Men, that you may *love* Him, who placed us "in theſe Stations. O! love the LORD, therefore, all "ye who are ſupported by our Miniſtry; or elſe we "ſhall * groan, with Indignation and Regret, at your "Abuſe of our Services.—Uſe us, and welcome; for "we are yours, if ye are CHRIST's. Crop our choiceſt "Beauties; rifle all our Treaſures; accommodate your-"ſelves with our moſt valuable Qualities; only let us "be Incentives to your *Gratitude*, and Motives to your "*Obedience*."

HAVING ſurveyed the ſpacious Sky; and ſent a Glance round the inferior Creation; 'tis Time to deſcend from this Eminence, and confine my Attention to the *beautiful Spot* below—Here Nature, always pleaſing, every-where lovely, appears with peculiar Attractions. Yonder, ſhe ſeems dreſſed in her Deſhabille; grand, but irregular. Here, ſhe calls in her Handmaid Art; and ſhines in all the delicate Ornaments, which the niceſt Cultivation is able to convey. *Thoſe*,

* Rom. viii. 22.

are

are her common Apartments, where ſhe lodges her ordinary Gueſts; *This*, is her Cabinet of Curioſities, where ſhe entertains her intimate Acquaintance.—My Eye ſhall often expatiate, over thoſe Scenes of univerſal Fertility: My Feet ſhall ſometimes bruſh through the Thicket, or traverſe the Lawn, or ſtroll along the Foreſt Glade: But to this delightful Retreat, ſhall be my chief Reſort. Thither, will I *make Excurſions*; but Here, will I *dwell*.

If, from my low Procedure, I may form an Alluſion to the moſt exalted Practices; I would obſerve, upon this Occaſion; That the celebrated *Eraſmus*, and our judicious *Locke*, having trod the Circle of the Sciences, and ranged through the whole Extent of *human* Literature, at length betook themſelves ſolely to the *Bible*. Leaving the Sages of Antiquity, they ſat inceſſantly at the Feet of Jesus. Wiſely they withdrew, from that immenſe Multiplicity of Learning; from thoſe endleſs Tracts of amuſing Erudition; where, noxious Weeds are mixed with wholeſome Herbs; where, is generally a much larger Growth of prickly Shrubs, than of fruitful Boughs. They ſpent their moſt mature Hours, in thoſe hallowed Gardens, which God's own Wiſdom planted; which God's own Spirit watereth; and in which God's own Son is continually walking. Where, He meeteth thoſe that ſeek Him; and revealeth to them the Glories of his Perſon, and the Riches of his Goodneſs.

Thus would I finiſh the Remainder of my Days! Having juſt *taſted* (what they call) the politer Studies; I would now devote my whole *Application* to the lively Oracles. From other Purſuits, I might glean, perhaps, a few ſcattered Fragments of low, of lean, of unſatisfactory Inſtruction. From this, I truſt to reap a Harveſt of the ſublimeſt Truths; the nobleſt Improve-

ments; and the pureſt Joys.—Waft me then, O! waft my Mind to *Sion*'s conſecrated Bowers. Let my Thoughts perpetually rove, through the awfully pleaſing Walks of Inſpiration! Here, grow thoſe Heaven-born Plants, the Trees of *Life* and *Knowledge*; whoſe ambroſial Fruits we now may "take, and eat, and live "for ever." Here, flow thoſe precious Streams of *Grace* and *Righteouſneſs*; whoſe living Waters "whoſoever drinks, ſhall thirſt no more." And, what can the Fables of *Grecian* Song, or the fineſt Pages of *Roman* Eloquence—what can they exhibit, in any Degree comparable to theſe matchleſs Prerogatives of Revelation?—Therefore, though I ſhould not diſlike to pay a *Viſit* now-and-then to my Heathen Maſters, I would *live* with the Prophets and Apoſtles. With thoſe, I would carry on ſome occaſional Correſpondence: but theſe ſhould be my Boſom-Friends; my inſeparable Companions; "my Delight, and my Coun-"ſellors."

WHAT *Sweets* are theſe, which ſo agreeably ſalute my Noſtrils? They are the Breath of the Flowers; the Incenſe of the Garden.—How liberally does the Jeſſamine diſpenſe her odoriferous Riches? How deliciouſly has the Woodbine embalmed this Morning Walk? The Air is all Perfume.—And is not this, another moſt engaging Argument, to forſake the Bed of *Sloth*? Who would lie diſſolved in ſenſeleſs Slumbers; while ſo many breathing Sweets, invite him to a Feaſt of Fragrancy? Eſpecially conſidering, That the advancing Day will exhale the volatile Dainties. A *fugitive Treat* they are, prepared only for the Wakeful and Induſtrious. Whereas, when the Sluggard lifts

* *Quicquid docetur, Veritas; quicquid præcipitur, Bonitas; quicquid promittitur, Felicitas.*

his

his heavy Eyes, the Flowers will droop; their fine Scents be diſſipated; and, inſtead of this refreſhing Humidity, the Air will become a Kind of liquid Fire.

WITH this very *Motive*, heightened by a Repreſentation of the moſt charming Pieces of Morning Scenery, the Parent of Mankind awakes his lovely Conſort. There is ſuch a Delicacy in the Choice, and ſo much Life in the Deſcription, of theſe rural Images; that I cannot excuſe myſelf, without repeating the whole Paſſage.—Whiſper it, ſome friendly *Genius*, in the Ear of every One, who is now ſunk in Sleep, and loſt to all theſe refined Gratifications!

Awake: the Morning ſhines, and the freſh Field
Calls you: Ye loſe the Prime, to mark how ſpring
The tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove;
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy Reed;
How Nature paints her Colours; how the Bee
*Sits on the Bloom, extracting liquid Sweets**.

HOW delightful is this Fragrance! It is diſtributed in the niceſt *Proportion*; neither ſo ſtrong, as to oppreſs the Organs; nor ſo faint, as to elude them. We are ſoon cloyed at a ſumptuous Banquet; but this Pleaſure never loſes its *Poignancy*, never palls the Appetite.—Here, Luxury itſelf is innocent; or rather, in this Caſe, Indulgence is incapable of Exceſs.—This balmy Entertainment, not only regales the *Senſe*, but † chears the very *Soul*; and, inſtead of clogging, elates its Powers.—It puts me in Mind of that ever memorable Sacrifice, which was once made in Behalf of offending Mortals. I mean the *Sacrifice of the bleſſed* JESUS;

* MILT. Par. Loſt, B. V. l. 20.
† *Ointment and Perfume rejoice the Heart.* Prov. xxvii. 9.

when He offered up Himſelf to GOD; "for a ſweet-"ſmelling Savour." Such the Holy Spirit ſtiles that wonderful Oblation: as if no Image, in the whole ſenſible Creation, was ſo proper to give us an Idea of the *ineffable Satisfaction*; which the Father of Mercies conceived, from that unparalleled Atonement; as the *pleaſing Senſation*, which ſuch rich Perfumes are capable of raiſing. "Thouſands of Rams, and Ten Thouſands of Rivers of Oil," from an apoſtate World; the moſt ſubmiſſive Acknowledgments, added to the moſt coſtly Offerings, from a Race of defiled Hands, and unclean Lips; what could they have effected? A Prophet repreſents the "High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth "Eternity," turning Himſelf away from ſuch filthy Rags; turning Himſelf away, with a diſdainful Abhorrence, as from the noiſome Steams of a Dunghill. —But CHRIST's immaculate Holineſs; in CHRIST's conſummate Obedience; in CHRIST's moſt precious Blood-ſhedding; with what unimaginable Complacency, does Juſtice reſt ſatisfied, and Vengeance acquieſce!—All thy *Works*, O Thou Surety for ruined Sinners! all thy *Sufferings*, O Thou ſlaughtered Lamb of GOD! as well as all thy *Garments*, O Thou Bridegroom of thy Church! *ſmell of Myrrh, Aloes, and Caſſia*†! They are infinitely more grateful to the eternal Godhead, than the choiceſt Exhalations of the Garden, than all the Odours of the ſpicy Eaſt, can be to the human Noſtrils.

*As the Altar of old ſanctified the Gift; ſo this is the great Propitiation, which recommends the obnoxious Perſons, and unprofitable Services of the believing World. In *this*, may my Soul be intereſted! By *this*, may it be reconciled to the Father!—There is ſuch a leprous Depravity cleaving to my Nature, as pollutes

* Amos v. 21, 22. † Pſalm xlv. 8.

whatever

whatever I perform. My moſt profound Adorations, and ſincereſt Acts of Religion, muſt not preſume to *challenge* a Reward, but humbly *implore* Forgiveneſs *. Renouncing, therefore, myſelf in every Inſtance of Duty; diſclaiming all Shadow of Confidence † in any Deeds of my own; may I now, and evermore, *be accepted through the Beloved!*

WHAT *Colours*, what charming Colours, are here! Theſe, ſo nobly bold; and Thoſe, ſo delicately languid. What a Glow is enkindled in ſome! what a Gloſs ſhines upon others! In one, methinks, I ſee the Ruby with her bleeding Radiance; in another, the Sapphire with her Sky-tinctured Blue; in all, ſuch an exquiſite Richneſs of Dyes; as no other Set of Paintings in the Univerſe can boaſt ‡.—With what a maſterly *Skill*, is every

* A Writer of diſtinguiſhed Superiority, *thus* addreſſes the great Obſerver of Actions, and Searcher of Hearts; and vindicates *my* Sentiments, while he ſo juſtly and beautifully utters his own;

Look down, great GOD, with Pity's ſofteſt Eye,
On a poor breathing Particle in Duſt.
His Crimes forgive; forgive his Virtues too,
Thoſe *ſmaller Faults*, *half Converts* to the Right.

Night-Thoughts, N° IX.

† See Page 44 and 45. in the *ſecond* Edition of a moſt *candid* and *evangelical* little Treatiſe, called CHRISTIANITY the Great ORNAMENT of Human Life.—"If Chriſtians happily "avoid the *dangerous* Extreme, and too often *fatal* Rock, of a "dead *fruitleſs* Faith on the one hand, He [*i. e.* Satan] will en- "deavour, by all kind of plauſible Inſinuations, to ſplit them on "the oppoſite, *viz.* Spiritual Pride, Oſtentation, and *Dependence* "*on their Works*, as if THESE were the *meritorious*, or *procuring* "Cauſe of all true Peace, Hope, Conſolation, and Divine Ac- "ceptance—Now this *Self Dependence* may be ranked among the "*moſt dangerous* of the infernal Foe's, becauſe the fatal Poiſon "lies *deep*, and too often *undiſcerned*."

‡ ——— *Who can paint*
Like Nature? *Can Imagination boaſt*,

every one of the varying Tints *diſpoſed!* Here, they ſeem to be thrown on with an eaſy Daſh, of Security and Freedom; there, they are adjuſted by the niceſt Touches, of Art and Accuracy. Thoſe which form the Ground, are always ſo judiciouſly choſen, as to heighten the Luſtre of the ſuperadded Figures; while the Verdure of the Impalement, or the Shadings of the Foliage, impart new Livelineſs to the Whole. Indeed; whether they are blended, or arranged; ſoftened, or contraſted; they are manifeſtly under the Conduct of a Taſte, that never miſtakes; a Felicity, that never falls ſhort of; the very Perfection of Elegance.—Fine, inimitably fine, is the *Texture* of the Web; on which theſe ſhining Treaſures are diſplayed. What are the Labours of the *Perſian* Looms, or the boaſted Commodities of *Bruſſels*, compared with theſe curious Manufactures of Nature? Compared with theſe, the moſt admired Chintſes loſe their Reputation; even ſuperfine Cambrics, appear coarſe as Canvaſs in their Preſence.

WHAT a cheering Argument does our Saviour derive from hence, to ſtrengthen our *Affiance* in GOD! He directs us to learn a Leſſon of Heaven-depending Faith, from every Bird, that wings the Air; and from every Flower, that bloſſoms in the Field. If Providence, with unremitted Care, ſupports thoſe inferior Creatures; and arrays theſe inſenſible Beings, with ſo much Splendor; ſurely, He will in no-wiſe with-hold, from his elect Children, "Bread to eat, and Raiment "to put on."—Ye faithful Followers of the Lamb,

Amid his gay Creation, Hues like theſe?
And can he mix them with that matchleſs Skill,
And lay them on ſo delicately fine,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In ev'ry Bud that blows?— THOMS. Spring.

diſmiſs

diſmiſs every low *Anxiety*, relating to the needful *Suſtenance* of Life. He that feeds the Ravens, from an inexhauſtible Magazine; He that paints the Plants, with ſuch ſurpaſſing Elegance; in ſhort, He that provides ſo liberally, both for the animal and vegetable Parts of His Creation; will not, cannot, neglect His own People.—*Fear not, little Flock*, ye peculiar Objects of Almighty Love! *it is your Father's good Pleaſure, to give you a Kingdom* *. And if He freely gives you, an everlaſting Kingdom hereafter; is it poſſible to ſuppoſe, that he will deny you any neceſſary Conveniencies here?

One cannot forbear reflecting, in this Place, on the too prevailing Humour, of being fond and oſtentatious of *Dreſs* †. What an abject and miſtaken Ambition is

* Luke xii. 32.

† Mr. *Addiſon* has a fine Remark on a female Warrior, celebrated by *Virgil*. He obſerves, that with all her other great Qualities, this *little Foible* mingled itſelf. Becauſe, as the Poet relates, an intemperate Fondneſs for a rich and ſplendid Suit of Armour, betrayed her into Ruin. In this Circumſtance our Critic diſcovers a *Moral* concealed; this He admires, as a neat, though oblique *Satire*, on that trifling Paſſion. *Spect.* Vol. I. N° 15.

I would refer it to the judicious Reader, whether there is not a Beauty of the *ſame* Kind, but touched with a *more* maſterly Hand, in the Song of *Deborah*.—Speaking of *Siſera*'s Mother, the ſacred euchariſtic Ode repreſents Her, as anticipating, in her fond Fancy, the Victory of her Son; and indulging the following Soliloquy—*Have they not ſped? Have they not divided the Prey? To* Siſera *a Prey of divers Colours; a Prey of divers Colours of Needle-work; of divers Colours of Needle-work on both Sides; meet for the Necks of them that take the Spoil?*—She takes no notice of the Signal Service, which her Hero would do to his Country, by quelling ſo dangerous an Inſurrection. She never reflects on the *preſent* Acclamations, the *future* Advancement, and the *eternal* Renown, which are the Tribute uſually paid to a Conqueror's Merit. She can conceive, it ſeems, nothing greater, than to be clad in an em-

is this! How unworthy the Dignity of *immortal*, and the Wiſdom of *rational* Beings! Eſpecially, ſince theſe little Productions of the Earth, have indiſputably the Pre-eminence, in ſuch outward Embelliſhments.—Go: cloathe thyſelf with Purple, and fine Linen; trick thyſelf up in all the gay Attire, which the Shuttle or the Needle can furniſh. Yet know, to the Mortification of thy Vanity, that the *native* Elegance of a common Daiſy*, eclipſes all this *elaborate* Finery.—Nay, wert thou decked like ſome illuſtrious Princeſs, on her Coronation-day, in all the Splendor of royal Apparel; couldſt thou equal even *Solomon*, in the Height of his Magnificence and Glory; yet, would the meaneſt among the *flowery Populace* outſhine thee. Every diſcerning Eye, would give the Preference, to theſe Beau-

broidered Veſture; and to trail along the Ground, a Robe of the richeſt Dyes. This is, in *her* Imagination, the moſt lordly Spoil, He can win; the moſt ſtately Trophy, He can erect.—It is alſo obſervable, how She *dwells* upon the trivial Circumſtance; reiterating it again and again. It has ſo charmed her ignoble Heart; ſo intirely engroſſed her little Views; that She can *think* of nothing elſe; *ſpeak* of nothing elſe, and can hardly ever *deſiſt* from the darling Topic.—Is not this a keen, tho' delicately couched Cenſure, on that poor, contemptible, groveling Taſte; which is enamoured with ſullen Finery, and makes the *Attributes* of a Butterfly the *Idol* of its Affections?

How conſpicuous, is the elevated and magnificent Spirit of that venerable *Mother in Iſrael*; when viewed in compariſon with the low, the deſpicable Turn of this *Canaanitiſh Lady!*—Such ſtrong and beautiful *Contraſts* are, I think, ſome of the moſt ſtriking Excellencies of poetic Painting: and in no Book are they more frequently uſed, or expreſſed with greater Life, than in the *ſacred* Volumes of Inſpiration.

* Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confeſs'd Magnificence deride
Our mean Arture, and Impotence of Pride.

PRIOR.

ties

ties of the * Ground.—Scorn then to borrow thy Recommendations, from a neat Diſpoſition of Threads, and a curious Arrangement of Colours. Aſſume a becoming Greatneſs of Temper. Let thy Endowments be of the immortal Kind. Study to be *all-glorious within*. Be cloathed with Humility. Wear the Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit †. To ſay all in a Word; *Put on the* LORD JESUS CHRIST ‡: Let His *Blood* be ſprinkled upon thy Conſcience, and it ſhall be whiter than the virgin Snows. Let His *Righteouſneſs*, like a ſpotleſs Robe, adorn thy inner Man; and thou ſhalt be amiable, even in the moſt diſtinguiſhing Eye of GOD. Let His bleſſed *Spirit* dwell in thy Heart; and, under His ſanctifying Operations, thou ſhalt be made Partaker of a Divine Nature.

THESE are real Excellencies; truly noble Accompliſhments theſe. In this Manner be arrayed, be beautified; and thou wilt not find a Rival, in the Feathers of a Peacock, or the Foliation of a Tulip. Theſe will exalt thee, far above the *vain Pretenſions* of Lace and Embroidery. Theſe will prepare thee to ſtand in the beatific Preſence, and to take thy Seat among the Angels of Light.

WHAT an inchanting *Situation* is this! One can ſcarce be melancholy within the Atmoſphere of Flowers. Such lively Hues, and delicious Odours, not only ad-

* Mr. Cowley with his uſual Brilliancy of Imagination, ſtiles them *Stars of Earth*.

† How beautifully does the Prophet deſcribe the Felicity of a renewed and heavenly Mind; under the Similitude of a rich and complete *Suit of Apparel! I will greatly rejoice in the* LORD; *my Soul ſhall be joyful in my* GOD; *for he hath cloathed me with the Garments of Salvation; he hath covered me with the Robe of Righteouſneſs, as a Bridegroom decketh himſelf with Ornaments, and as a Bride adorneth herſelf with her Jewels.* Iſa. lxi. 10.

‡ Rom. xiii. 14.

dreſs themſelves agreeably to the Senſes; but touch, with a ſurpriſing Delicacy, the ſweeteſt Movements of the Mind.

——To t' : Heart : ſpiring
Vernal Delight and Joy.* MILT. B. IV.

How often have I felt them diſſipate the *Gloom* of Thought, and transfuſe a ſudden Gaiety thro' the dejected ſpirit! I cannot wonder, that Kings deſcend from their *Thrones*, to walk amidſt blooming Ivory and Gold; or retire from the moſt ſumptuous Feaſt, to be recreated with the more refined Sweets of the Garden. I cannot wonder, that Queens forego, for a while, the Compliments of a Nation, to receive the Tribute of the Parterre; or withdraw from all the Glitter of a *Court*, to be attended with the more ſplendid *Equipage* of a Bed of Flowers.—But, if this be ſo pleaſing; what tranſporting Pleaſure muſt ariſe, from the Fruition of uncreated Excellency! O! what unknown Delight, to enter into thy *immediate Preſence*, moſt bleſſed LORD GOD! To ſee Thee†, Thou King of Heaven, and

* "I would have my Reader endeavour to MORALIZE this "natural Pleaſure of the Soul, and to improve this *vernal Delight* as *Milton* calls it, into a *Chriſtian Virtue*. When we find "ourſelves inſpired with this pleaſing Inſtinct, this ſecret Satisfaction and Complacency, ariſing from the Beauties of the Creation, let us conſider, to *Whom* we ſtand indebted for all theſe "Entertainments of Senſe; and *Who* it is, that thus opens his "Hand, and fills the World with Good.—Such an habitual Diſpoſition of Mind *conſecrates* every Field and Wood; turns an "*ordinary Walk* into a morning or evening Sacrifice; and will "improve thoſe tranſient Gleams, which naturally brighten up "and refreſh the Soul on ſuch Occaſions, into an inviolable and "perpetual State of Bliſs and Happineſs"

Spect. Vol. V. N° 394.

† *Iſaiah* repreſents the Felicity of the Righteous, in the everlaſting World, by this elegant and amiable Image; *Thine Eyes ſhall*

ſee

and LORD of Glory, no longer "through a Glaſs "darkly, but Face to Face!" To have all thy Goodneſs, all thy Greatneſs, ſhine before us; and be made glad for ever with the brighteſt Diſcovery of thy Perfections, with the ineffable Joy of thy Countenance!

THIS we cannot bear, in our preſent imperfect State. The Effulgence of unveiled Divinity would dazzle a mortal Sight. Our feeble Faculties, would be *overwhelmed* with ſuch a *Fulneſs* of ſuperabundant Bliſs; and muſt be *oppreſſed*, under ſuch an exceeding great, eternal *Weight* of Glory.—But, when this Corruptible hath put on Incorruption, the Powers of the Soul will be greatly invigorated; and theſe earthly Tabernacles, will be transformed into the Likeneſs of CHRIST's glorious Body. Then, though "the Moon "ſhall be confounded, and the Sun aſhamed*," when the LORD of Hoſts is revealed from Heaven; yet, ſhall his faithful People be enabled to *ſee Him as He is* †.

HERE then, my wiſhes, here be fixed. Be *this* your determined and invariable Aim.—Here my Affections, here give a Looſe to your whole Ardour. Cry out, in the Language of inſpiration; *This one Thing have I deſired of the* LORD, *which*, with inceſſant Earneſtneſs, *I will require*; *that I may dwell in the* celeſtial *Houſe of the* LORD, *all the Days of my* future *Life*; *to behold the*

ſee the King in his Beauty. Iſa. xxxiii. 17.—*Milton* touches the ſame Subject, with wonderful Elevation and Majeſty of Thought:

— — — They walk with GOD,
High in Salvation, and the Climes of Bliſs.

MILT. B. XI. v. 707.

Words, which, like the fiery Car, almoſt tranſport our Affections to thoſe glorious Abodes.

* Iſai. xxiv. 23. † 1 John iii. 2.

fair

fair Beauty of the LORD *, and to contemplate, with Wonder and Adoration—with unſpeakable and everlaſting Rapture—all the Attributes of the incomprehenſible Godhead.

SOLOMON, a moſt penetrating Judge of human Nature, knowing how highly Mankind is charmed, with the fine Qualities of Flowers; has figured out the bleſſed JESUS, that "faireſt among ten thouſand," by theſe lovely Repreſentatives. He ſtiles him † *The Roſe of Sharon*, and *The Lily of the Vallies* ‡; like the firſt, full of Delights and communicable Graces; like the laſt, exalted in Majeſty, and complete in Beauty.—In that ſacred Paſtoral, he ranges the Creation; borrows its moſt finiſhed Forms; and dips his Pencil in its choiceſt Dyes, to preſent us with a Sketch of the Amiableneſs of his Perſon. His Amiableneſs, who is the Light of the World; the Glory of his Church; the only Hope, the ſovereign Conſolation of Sinners; and exalted, infinitely exalted, not only above the ſublimeſt Compariſon, but even "above all Bleſſing and Praiſe."—May I alſo make the ſame heavenly Uſe, of all ſub-

* Pſal. xxvii. 4. † Cant. ii. 1.

Malus ut arboribus decori eſt, ut vitibus uva,
Utque Roſæ campus, ut lilia vallibus alba,
Sic CHRISTUS *decus omne ſuus.*—

‡ By the *Lily of the Vallies*, I apprehend, is meant, not the Flower which commonly paſſes under that Denomination, and is comparatively mean; but the grand, regalic, garden Lily; growing in a rich irriguous Soil, where it flouriſhes in the moſt ample Manner, and arrives at the higheſt Perfection. The Circumſtance of the Vallies, added by the ſacred Writer, is ſignificant not of the *Species*, but of the *Place*.—This is by far the nobleſt Interpretation, and moſt exactly ſuitable to the ſpiritual Senſe; which intimates, That the bleſſed JESUS delights to dwell, by the Communications of his Spirit, in *humble* Hearts.—שושנת העמקים *Lilium Vallibus gaudens.*

lunary

lunary Enjoyments! Whatever is pleaſureable, or charming *below*; let it raiſe my Deſire to thoſe delectable Objects, which are *above*. Which will yield, not partial, but perfect Felicity; not tranſient, but never ending, Satisfaction and Joy.—Yes, my Soul, let theſe Beauties in *Miniature*, always remind thee of that glorious Perſon; in whom "dwells all the *Fulneſs* of the "Godhead bodily." Let theſe little Emanations, teach thee to thirſt after the eternal Fountain. O! may the Creatures, be thy conſtant Clue to the Creator! For this is a certain Truth, and deſerves thy frequent Recollection, demands thy moſt attentive Conſideration; That the whole Compaſs of finite Perfection, is only a faint *Ray* *, ſhot from that immenſe Source—is only a ſmall *Drop*, derived from that inexhauſtible Ocean—of all Good.

WHAT a ſurpriſing *Variety* is obſervable, among the flowery Tribes! How has the bountiful Hand of Providence, diverſified theſe niceſt Pieces of his Workmanſhip! added the Charms of an endleſs Novelty, to all their other Perfections! A conſtant Uniformity would ſoon render the Entertainment tireſome, or inſipid; therefore, every Species is formed on a ſeparate Plan, and exhibits ſomething entirely *new*. The Faſhion ſpreads not from Family to Family; but every one has a Mode of its own, which is truly original. The moſt curſory Glance, perceives an apparent Difference, as well as a peculiar Delicacy, in the *Airs* and *Habits*, the *Attitude* and *Lineaments*, of every diſtinct Claſs.

* —Thou ſitt'ſt above all Heav'ns,
To Us inviſible, or *dimly ſeen*
In theſe thy loweſt Works; yet theſe declare
Thy Goodneſs beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.
MILT. Book V.

Some rear their Heads, with a majeſtic Mien; and overlook, like *Sovereigns* or *Nobles*, the whole Parterre. Others ſeem more moderate in their Aims, and advance only to the middle Stations; a Genius turned for Heraldry, might term them, the *Gentry* of the Border. While others, free from all aſpiring Views, creep unambitiouſly on the Ground, and look like the *Commonalty* of the Kind.—Some are interſected with elegant *Stripes*, or ſtudded with radiant *Spots*. Some affect to be genteelly *powdered*, or neatly *fringed*; while others are plain in their Air & unaffected in their Dreſs, and content to pleaſe with a naked *Simplicity*. Some aſſume the Monarch's *Purple*; ſome look moſt becoming in the Virgin's *White*; but *Black*, doleful Black, has no Admittance into the Wardrobe of Spring. The Weeds of Mourning would be a manifeſt indecorum, when Nature holds an univerſal Feſtival. She would, now, inſpire none but delightful Ideas; and therefore always makes her Appearance, in ſome * amiable Suit.—Here, *flames* a Warrior, clad with Crimſon; there, *ſits* a Magiſtrate, robed in Scarlet; and yonder, *ſtruts* a pretty Fellow, that ſeems to have dipped his Plumes in the Rainbow, and glitters in all the gay Colours of that reſplendent Arch. Some *riſe* into a curious Cup, or *fall* into a ſet of beautiful Bells. Some *ſpread* themſelves in a ſwelling Tuft, or *crowd* into a delicious Cluſter.—In ſome, the predominant Stain, ſoftens by the gentleſt *Diminutions*; till it has even ſtole away from itſelf. The Eye is amuſed at the agreeable Deluſion; and we wonder to find ourſelves inſenſibly decoyed, into a quite different Luſtre. In others, you would think, the fine Tinges were emulous of Pre-eminence. Diſdaining to mingle, they *confront* one another, with the Reſolution of Rivals, determined

* —*Nunc formoſſimus annus:* VIRG.

to

to diſpute the Prize of Beauty; while each is improved, by the Oppoſition, into the higheſt Vivacity of Complexion.

*HOW manifold are thy Works**, O LORD! Multiplied even to a Prodigy. Yet *in Wiſdom*, conſummate Wiſdom, *haſt thou made them all.*—How I admire the *Veſtneſs* of the Contrivance, and the *Exactneſs* of the Execution! Man, feeble Man, with Difficulty accompliſhes a ſingle Work. Hardly, and after many Efforts, does He arrive at a tolerable Imitation, of ſome one Production of Nature. But the Almighty Artiſt ſpoke Millions of Subſtances, into inſtantaneous Being; the whole Collection wonderfully various, and each Individual completely perfect.—Repeated Experiments generally, I might ſay, always diſcover Errors or Defects, in *our* happieſt Inventions. Nay, what wins our Approbation, at the preſent Hour, or in this particular Place, is very probably, in ſome remote Period or ſome diſtant Clime, treated with Contempt. Whereas, *theſe* fine Structures have pleaſed every Taſte, in every Country, for almoſt ſix thouſand Years. Nor has any † Fault been detected in the original Plan, nor any Room left for the leaſt Improvement upon the firſt Model.—All our Performances, the more *minutely* they are ſcanned, the more *imperfect* they appear. With regard to theſe delicate Objects, the more we ſearch into their Properties, the more we are raviſhed with their Graces. They are ſure to diſcloſe freſh Strokes of the moſt maſterly Skill; in Proportion to the Attention, with which they are examined.

* Pſal. civ. 24.

† Eccleſ. iii. 14. *I know, that whatſoever* GOD *doth, it ſhall be for ever; Nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it.*

NOR is the *Simplicity* of the *Operation* leſs aſtoniſhing, than the Accuracy of the Workmanſhip, or the Infinitude of the Effects. Should you aſk; "Where, "and what are the Materials, which beautify the "blooming World? What rich Tints; what pliant "Dyes; what Stores of ſhining Colours; plied by the "Heavenly Painter, when he paints the Robe of Na-"ture?" 'Tis anſwered, His powerful Pencil needs no ſuch coſtly Apparatus. A ſingle Principle, under his conducting Hand, branches out into an Immenſity of the moſt varied, and moſt finiſhed Forms. The *Moiſture* of the Earth, and of the circumambient Air, paſſed through proper Strainers, and diſpoſed in a Range of pellucid Tubes: This performs all the Wonders, and produces all the Beauties, of Vegetation. This *creeps* along the Fibres of the low ſpread Mots; and *climbs* to the very Tops of the lofty-waving Cedars. This, attracted by the Root, and circulating through inviſible Canals; this burſts into Gems; expands itſelf into Leaves; and cloaths the Foreſt, with all its verdant Honours.—This one *, *plain* and *ſimple*, Cauſe gives Birth to all the Charms; which deck the Youth, and Maturity, of the Year. This *kindles*, in the early Hepatica; and *flames*, in the late advancing Poppy. This *reddens* into blood, in the Veins of the Mulberry; and *attenuates* itſelf into leafen Gold, to create a Covering for the Quince. This *breathes*, in all the fragrant Gales of our Garden; and *weeps* odorous Gum,

* "When every ſeveral Effect has a particular ſeparate Cauſe, "this gives no Pleaſure to the Spectator, as not diſcovering Con-"trivance. But that Work is beheld with Admiration and De-"light, as the Reſult of deep Counſel, which is *complicated* in its "*Parts*, and yet *ſimple* in its *Operations*. Where a great Variety "of Effects are ſeen to ariſe from one Principle operating uni-formly." ABERNETHY *on the Attributes.*

in

in the Groves of *Arabia*.—So * *wonderful* is our Creator *in Counſel*, and ſo *excellent in Working!*

In a Grove of Tulips, or a Knot of Pinks, one perceives a Difference in almoſt every Individual. Scarce any two, are turned, and tinctured, exactly alike. Each allows himſelf a little *Particularity* in his *Dreſs*, though all belong to one Family: ſo that they are various, and yet the ſame.—A pretty Emblem this, of the *ſmaller Differences* between Proteſtant Chriſtians. There are Modes in Religion, which admit of Variation, without Prejudice to ſound Faith, or real Holineſs. Juſt as the Drapery, in theſe Pictures of the Spring, may be formed after a Variety of Patterns, without blemiſhing their Beauty, or altering their Nature.—Be it ſo then, that, in ſome Points of inconſiderable Conſequence, ſeveral of our Brethren diſſent: yet, let Us all live amicably and ſociably together; for we harmonize in *Principals*, though we vary in *Punctilios*. Let us join in Converſation, and intermingle Intereſts; diſcover no Eſtrangement of Behaviour, and cheriſh no Alienation of Affection. If any Striſe ſubſiſts, let it be to follow our Divine Maſter moſt cloſely, in Humility of Heart, and Unblameableneſs of Life. Let it be to ſerve one another moſt readily, in all the kind Offices of a cordial Friendſhip. Thus ſhall we be *united*, though *diſtinguiſhed*; united in the ſame grand Fundamentals, though diſtinguiſhed by ſome ſmall Circumſtantials; united in one important Bond of brotherly Love, though diſtinguiſhed by ſome ſlighter Peculiarities of Sentiment.

Between Chriſtians, whoſe Judgments diſagree only about a Form of Prayer, or Manner of Worſhip, I apprehend, there is no more *eſſential* Difference;

* Iſa. xxviii. 29.

than

than between Flowers which bloom from the ſame Kind of Seed, but happen to be ſomewhat diverſified in the Mixture of their Colours.—Whereas, if *one* denies the Divinity of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and degrades the incarnate GOD to the Meanneſs of a mere Creature; if *another* cries up the Worthineſs of human Works, and depreciates the alone-meritorious Righteouſneſs of the glorious Mediator; if a *third* addreſſes the incommunicable Honours to a finite Being, and bows to the Image, or prays to the Saint—Theſe are Errors, extremely derogatory to the REDEEMER's Dignity, and not a little prejudicial to the Comfort of his People. Againſt theſe to remonſtrate; againſt theſe to urge every Argument, and uſe every Diſſuaſive; beſpeaks not the cenſorious Bigot, but the Friend of Truth, and the Lover of Mankind.—Whereas, to ſtand neuter and ſilent, while ſuch Principles are propagated, would be an Inſtance of criminal Remiſſneſs, rather than of Chriſtian Moderation.—For the *Perſons*, we will not fail to maintain a tender Compaſſion: we will not ceaſe to put up earneſt Interceſſions: we will alſo acknowledge and love, whatever is excellent and amiable in their Character. Yet, we dare not ſubſcribe their *Creed*; we cannot remit our aſſiduous, but kind Endeavours; if by any Means we may reconcile them to a more *ſcriptural* Belief, and a *purer* Worſhip *.

* In ſome former Editions, I expreſſed myſelf, on this Point, *unwarily* and *harſhly*. But my Meaning, and real Sentiments, were no other than thoſe repreſented above.—The Reader, from ſuch unguarded Intimations, might too naturally be led to conclude, That the Author avows, and would ſtir up, a Spirit of *Perſecution*. But, this is a Method of dealing with Opponents in religious Doctrines, which He diſclaims, as abſurd; and abhors, as iniquitous. He is for no Force, but that of rational Conviction; for no Conſtraint, but that of affectionate Perſuaſion. *Thus*, If You pleaſe, *compel them to come in*, Luke xiv. 23.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER Circumſtance, recommending and endearing the flowery Creation, is their *regular Succeſſion*. They make not their Appearance all at once, but in an orderly Rotation. While a proper Number of theſe obliging Retainers are in waiting, the others abſcond; but hold themſelves in a Poſture of Service, ready to take their Turn, and fill each his reſpective Station, the Inſtant it becomes vacant.—The *Snowdrop*, foremoſt of the lovely Train, breaks her Way through the frozen Soil, in order to preſent her early Compliments to her Lord. Dreſſed in the Robe of Innocency, ſhe ſteps forth, fearleſs of Danger; long before the Trees have ventured to unfold their Leaves, even while the Icicles are pendent on our Houſes.—Next, peeps out the *Crocus*; but cautiouſly, and with an Air of Timidity. She hears the howling Blaſts, and ſkulks cloſe to her low Situation. Afraid ſhe ſeems, to make large Excurſions from her Root; while ſo many ruffian Winds are abroad, and ſcouring along the Æther.—Nor is the *Violet* laſt, in this ſhining Embaſſy of the Year. Which, with all the Embelliſhments, that would grace a Royal Garden, condeſcends to line our Hedges, and grow at the Feet of Briars. Freely, and without any Solicitation, ſhe diſtributes the Bounty of her emiſſive Sweets: while herſelf, with an exemplary Humility, retires from Sight; ſeeking rather to adminiſter Pleaſure, than to win Admiration *. Emblem, expreſſive Emblem, of thoſe *modeſt* Virtues, which delight to bloom in Obſcurity: which extend a chearing Influence to Multitudes, who are ſcarce acquainted with the Source of their Comforts! Motive, engaging Motive, to that *ever-active* Beneficence; which ſtays not for the Importunity of the Diſtreſſed, but anticipates their Suit, and prevents them with the Bleſſings of its Goodneſs!—The poor

* *Prodeſſe quam conſpici.*

Polyanthus, that lately adorned the Border with her ſparkling Beauties; and, tranſplanted into our Windows, gave us a freſh Entertainment; is now no more. I ſaw her Complexion fade; I perceived her Breath decay; till at length ſhe expired, and dropt into her Grave.—Scarce have we ſuſtained this Loſs, but in comes the *Auricula*, and more than retrieves it. Arrayed ſhe comes, in a ſplendid Variety of amiable Forms; with an Eye of Cryſtal, and Garments of the moſt gloſſy Sattin; exhaling Perfume, and powdered with Silver. A very diſtinguiſhed Proceſſion this! The favourite Care of the Florift! Scarce one among them, but is dignified with a Character of Renown; or has the Honour to repreſent, ſome celebrated Toaſt. But theſe alſo, notwithſtanding their illuſtrious Titles, have exhauſted their whole Stock of Fragrance, and are mingled with the meaneſt Duſt.—Who could forbear grieving at their Departure, did not the *Tulips* begin to raiſe themſelves on their fine Wands, or ſtately Stalks? They fluſh the Parterre with one of the gayeſt Dreſſes, that blooming Nature wears. Did ever *Beau* or *Belle* make ſo gaudy an Appearance, in a Birth-night Suit? Here, one may behold the innocent Wantonneſs of Beauty. Here, ſhe indulges a Thouſand Freaks, and ſports herſelf in the moſt charming Diverſity of Colours. Yet, I ſhould wrong her, were I to call her a *Coquet*; becauſe, ſhe plays her lovely Changes, not to enkindle diſſolute Affections, but to diſplay her Creator's Glory.—Soon ariſes the *Anemone*; incircled at the Bottom, with a ſpreading Robe; and rounded, at the Top, into a beautiful Dome. In its looſely-flowing Mantle, you may obſerve a noble Negligence; in its gently-bending Tufts, the niceſt Symmetry. I would term it, the *fine Gentleman* of the Garden; becauſe, it ſeems to have learnt the ſingular Addreſs, of uniting Simplicity with Refinement, of reconciling Art and

Eaſe.—The ſame Month has the Merit of producing the *Ranunculus*. All bold and graceful, it expands the Riches of its Foliage; and acquires, by Degrees, the loveliеſt Enamel in the World. As Perſons of intrinſic Worth, diſdain the ſuperficial Arts of Recommendation, practiſed by *Fops*; ſo, this lordly Flower ſcorns to borrow any of its Excellence, from Powders and Eſſences. It needs no ſuch Attractives, to render it the Darling of the Curious; being ſufficiently engaging from the Elegance of its Figure, the radiant Variety of its Tinges, and a certain ſuperior Dignity of Aſpect. —Methinks, Nature improves in her Operations. Her lateſt Strokes are moſt maſterly. To crown the Collection, ſhe introduces the *Carnation*. Which captivates every Eye, with a noble Spread of Graces; and charms another Senſe, with a Profuſion of exquiſite Odours. This ſingle Flower has centred in itſelf, the Perfections of all the preceding. The Moment it appears, it ſo commands our Attention, that we ſcarce regret the Abſence of the reſt.—The *Gilly-flower*, like a real Friend, attends you through all the Viciſſitudes and Alterations of the Seaſon. While others make a tranſient Viſit only, this is rather an Inhabitant, than a Gueſt in your Gardens; adds *Fidelity* to *Complaiſance*.

It is in vain to attempt a Catalogue of theſe amiable Gifts. There is an endleſs *Multiplicity*, in their Characters; yet an invariable *Order*, in their Approaches. Every Month, almoſt every Week, has its peculiar Ornaments; not ſervilely copying the Works of its Predeceſſor, but forming, ſtill forming, and ſtill executing ſome new Deſign. So laviſh is the Fancy, yet ſo exact is the Proceſs, of Nature!

Here, let me ſtand awhile, to contemplate this *Diſtribution* of Flowers, through the ſeveral Periods of the Year.—Were they all to bloſſom together; there would be at once a promiſcuous *Throng*, and at once a total

Privation. We ſhould ſcarce have an Opportunity, of adverting to the dainty Qualities of Half; and muſt ſoon loſe the agreeable Company of them All. But now, ſince every Species has a ſeparate Poſt to occupy; and a diſtinct Interval for appearing; we can take a leiſurely and minute Survey of each ſucceeding Set. We can view and review their Forms; enter into a more intimate Acquaintance with their charming Accompliſhments; and receive all thoſe pleaſing Services, which they are commiſſioned to yield.—This remarkable Piece of Oeconomy, is productive of another very valuable Effect. It not only places, in the moſt advantageous Light, every particular Community; but is alſo a ſure provifionary Reſource, againſt the Frailty of the whole Nation. Or, to ſpeak more truly, it renders the flowery Tribes a Sort of * *Immortal* Corps. For, though ſome are continually dropping; yet, by this Expedient, others are as continually riſing, to beautify our Borders, and prolong the Entertainment.

WHAT *Goodneſs* is this, to provide ſuch a Series of Gratifications for Mankind! *Both* to diverſify, and perpetuate, the fine Collation! To take care, that our Paths ſhould be, in a Manner, inceſſantly ſtrewed with Flowers!—And what *Wiſdom*, to bid every one of theſe inſenſible Beings, know the preciſe Juncture for their coming forth! Inſomuch that no Actor on a Stage, can be more exact in performing his Part; can make a more regular Entry, or a more punctual Exit.

WHO imboldens the *Daffodil*, to venture abroad in *February*; and to truſt her Flowering Gold, with incle-

* In Alluſion to the celebrated Practice of the *Perſian* Kings; "who maintained, for their Safeguard, a Body of Troops, called "*Immortal*; becauſe it perpetually ſubſiſted: For as ſoon as any "of the Men died, another was immediately put into his Place." ROLLIN's *Antient Hiſtory*, VOL. II.

ment

ment and treacherous Skies? Who informs the various Tribes of *Fruit-bearing Bloſſoms*; that vernal Suns, and a more genial Warmth, are fitteſt for their delicate Texture? Who teaches the *Clove* to ſtay; till hotter Beams are prepared, to infuſe a ſpicy Richneſs into her Odours, and tinCture her Complexion with the deepeſt Crimſon?—Who diſpoſes theſe beautiful Troops, into ſuch orderly Bodies; *retarding* ſome and *accelerating* others? Who has inſtructed them to *file off*, with ſuch perfect Regularity; as ſoon as the Duty of their reſpective Station is over? And, when one Detachment retires, Who gives the Signal, for another immediately to *advance?* Who, but that unerring Providence, which, from the higheſt Thrones of Angels, to the very loweſt Degrees of Exiſtence, orders all Things in "Number, Weight and Meaſure!"

THESE, O my Soul, are the Regulations of that moſt adorable, that moſt beneficent Being, who bowed the Heavens; came down to dwell on Earth; and united the *Frailty* of thy mortal Nature, to all the *Glories* of His Godhead. All the Honour of this admirable Eſtabliſhment, belongs to thy Ranſom, thy Surety, thy Saviour. To HIM it belongs, who ſuſtained the *Vengeance*, which thou haſt deſerved, and waſt doomed to ſuffer; who fulfilled the *Obedience*, which thou waſt obliged, but unable, to perform; and who humbled himſelf (ſtupendous, ineffable Loving-Kindneſs!) humbled Himſelf to Death, even the Death of the Croſs.—HE formed this vaſt Machine, and adjuſted its nice Dependencies. The Pillars, that ſupport it; the Embelliſhments, that adorn it; and the Laws, that govern it; are the Reſult of his unſearchable Counſels. O! the *Heights* of His Majeſty, and the *Depths* of his Abaſement!

WHICH ſhall we admire moſt, His eſſential *Greatneſs*, or His free *Grace?* He created the exalted Seraph,

that ſings in Glory; and every the minuteſt Inſect, that flutters in Air, or crawls in Duſt. He marks out a Path, for all thoſe Globes of Light, which travel the Circuit of the Skies; and diſdains not to rear the Violet from its lowly Bed, or to plait the Daiſy which dreſſes our Plains. So *grand* are his Operations; yet ſo *condeſcending* his Regards!—If Summer, like a ſparkling Bride, is brilliant and glorious in her Apparel; what is this, but a feeble Reflection of his uncreated *Effulgence?* If Autumn, like a munificent Hoſt, opens her Stores, and gives us all Things richly to enjoy; what is this but a little Taſte of his inexhauſtible *Liberality?* If Thunders roar, you hear the Sound of his Trumpet: If Lightnings glare, you ſee the Launching of his glittering Spear: If "the perpetual Hills be "ſcattered, and the everlaſting Mountains bowed," you behold a *Diſplay*—No, ſays the Prophet, you have rather * *The Hiding of his Power.* So immenſe is His Power;

* *Hab.* iii. 4. Nothing can be more magnificently conceived, than the *Imagery* of this whole Chapter; and upon the Foot of our Interpretation, nothing was ever more delicately and nobly turned, than the *Sentiment* of this Clauſe. Other Senſes of the Paſſage, I acknowledge, may be aſſigned with equal Propriety. But none, I think can be imagined ſo *majeſtic* and *ſublime.* As the Original will fairly admit of it; as it carries no Diſagreement with the Context; and expreſſes a moſt important, as well as undoubted Truth; I hope, I may be permitted to uſe it, at leaſt by way of Accommodation.—Eſpecially, as it ſuggeſts one of the fineſt *Mottos* imaginable; wherewith to inſcribe all the viſible Productions of the Creator's Hand. When, ſtruck with Aſtoniſhment, we conſider their Grandeur, Beauty, and conſummate Perfections; let us, in Juſtice to their Author, apply the exalted Reflection of this ſacred Ode: "In all theſe *is the Hiding*, rather than an adequate Diſplay, *of his* "matchleſs *Power.* Tho' they challenge our Praiſe, and ſurpaſs "our Comprehenſion; yet are they by no means the utmoſt Exertions, but rather ſome ſlighter Eſſays, of omnipotent Skill."—*Milton*, relating the Overthrow of the fallen Angels, introduces a grand

Power; ſo uncontroulable and inconceivable; that all theſe mighty Works are but a *Sketch*, in which more is concealed than diſcovered.

THUS, I think, we ſhould always view the viſible Syſtem; with an Evangelical *Teleſcope* (if I may be allowed the Expreſſion,) and with an Evangelical *Microſcope*. Regarding CHRIST JESUS, as the great Projector and Architect; who planned, and executed, the amazing Scheme. Whatever is magnificent or valuable; tremendous or amiable; ſhould ever be aſcribed to the Redeemer. This, is the Chriſtian's *Natural Philoſophy*. With Regard to this Method of conſidering the Things that are ſeen; we have an inſpired Apoſtle, for our Preceptor and Precedent. Speaking of CHRIST, He ſays; "Thou, LORD, in the Begin-"ning, haſt laid the Foundation of the Earth; and "the Heavens are the Work of thy Hands."—Did we carefully attend to this leading Principle, in all our Examinations of Nature; it would, doubtleſs, be a moſt powerful Means of *enkindling* our Love, and **ſtrengthening* our Faith. When I look round upon Millions

grand Circumſtance, not much unlike the preceding. *Meſſiah*, unaided and alone, had routed an innumerable Hoſt of apoſtate Spirits. This was great and marvellous. But to create a juſter Idea of the illuſtrious Conqueror, our Poet beautifully adds;

Yet half his Strength he put not forth.

If we forget to make the ſame Remark, when we contemplate GOD in his Works; we muſt neceſſarily form very ſcanty Conceptions of that SUPREME BEING, before whom all Nations are as a "Drop of a Bucket, and are counted as the ſmall Duſt "of the Balance."

* The Apoſtles, I obſerve, delight to uſe this Method, of diſplaying the *Honours* of the Redeemer, and eſtabliſhing the *Faith* of his People.—The beloved Diſciple, teaching that moſt precious Doctrine, "of a Lamb ſlain to take away the Sins of the World;"

Millions of noble Subſtances, and carry with me this tranſporting Reflection, "The Maker of them all, ex-"pired on a Croſs for me;" how can I remain any longer indifferent? Muſt not the *coldeſt* Heart, begin to glow with Gratitude?—When I ſurvey an Immenſity of the fineſt Productions imaginable; and remember, That the Author of them all, is my "Righteouſneſs "and my Redemption;" how can I chooſe but repoſe the moſt *chearful* Confidence, in ſuch a Mediator!

Let me add one more Remark, upon the admirable *Adjuſtment* of every Particular, relating to theſe fine Colonies planted in the Parterre.—With ſuch Accu-

in order to evince the Sufficiency of Christ's Sacrifice for this bleſſed Purpoſe, affirms, That *All things were made by Him: And without him was not any thing*, no, not ſo much as one ſingle being, *made*, John i. 3.—St. *Paul*, preaching the ſame glad Tidings to the *Coloſſians*, and expreſsly maintaining That we have Redemption through his Blood; foreſees an Objection of this kind. "To expiate Tranſgreſſion againſt an infinite Majeſty, is a moſt "prodigious Act. It muſt coſt vaſtly more than any common Surety "can pay, to reſcue a ſinful World. What Reaſon have we to "believe, that Jesus is equal to this mighty Undertaking?" All poſſible Reaſon, replies the Apoſtle, from the Dignity of his Perſon, for He is *the Image of the invisible God*; and from the Greatneſs of his Works, for *by Him all things were made*. Conſider the Operations of his Hands, and you cannot doubt the atoning Efficacy of his Death, *Col.* i. 15, 16.—The Author of the Epiſtle to the *Hebrews*, falls exactly into the ſame Train of arguing. Declaring, that Christ Jesus has purged our Sins, by the Sacrifice of Himſelf; he proves His ample Ability for this tremendous Office, from His eſſential Excellence becauſe He is the *Brightneſs of his Father's Glory*; and from His admirable Works, becauſe *He made the Worlds, and upholdeth all Things by the Word of his Power*, Heb. i. 2, 3.—Which Truth, as it is ſo important in itſelf; of ſuch ſignal Comfort to Chriſtians; and ſo particularly inſiſted on, by the inſpired Writers; I hope, I ſhall need no Apology, for an Attempt to illuſtrate and enforce it, in a kind of evangelical *Deſcant upon Creation*, annexed to theſe Reflections.

racy

racy and Correctneſs, is their Structure finiſhed; that any the leaſt conceivable Alteration, would very much impair their Perfection. Should you ſee, for Inſtance, the nice Diſpoſition of the *Tulip*'s Attire fly abroad, diſorderly and irregular, like the flaunting *Woodbine:* Should the *Jeſſamine* rear her diminutive Head, on thoſe grand Columns which ſupport the *Hollihock:* Should the erect and manly Aſpect of the *Piony*, hang down with a penſive Air, like the flexile Bells of the *Hyacinth:* Should that noble Plainneſs, which diſtinguiſhes the *Lily*, be exchanged for the glittering Fringes, which edge the *Pink*; or the gaudy Stains, which bedrop the *Iris:* Should thoſe tapering Pillars, which ariſe in the Middle of its Vaſe, and, tipt with golden Pendants, give ſuch a Luſtre to the ſurrounding Panels of Alabaſter.—Should thoſe ſink and diſappear, like the Chives which cover the Heart of the Anemone:—In many of theſe Caſes, would not the Tranſpoſition be fantaſtical and aukward? In all, to the apparent *Prejudice* of every Individual?

AGAIN; with regard to the *Time* of their appearing; this Circumſtance is ſettled, by a remarkable Foreſight and Precaution. What would become of the *Sailor*; if, in very ſtormy Weather, he ſhould raiſe a lofty Maſt, and croud it with all his Canvaſs! Such would be the ill Effect; if the moſt ſtately Species of Flowers, ſhould preſume to come abroad, in the bluſtering Months. Ah! how would they rue the imprudent Boldneſs! Therefore, thoſe only that ſhoot the ſhorteſt Stems, and diſplay the ſmalleſt Spread of Leaves, or (if you pleaſe) carry the leaſt Sail, are launched amidſt the blowing Seaſons.—How injudiciouſly would the *Perfumer* act; if he ſhould unſeal his fineſt Eſſences, and expoſe them to the Northern Winds, or Wintry Rains! Our blooming Artiſts of the aromatic Profeſſion, at leaſt the moſt delicate among them, ſeem perfectly

fectly aware of the Conſequences of ſuch a Procedure. Accordingly, they poſtpone the Opening of their odoriferous Treaſures; till a ſerener Air, and more * unclouded Skies, grant a Protection to their amiable Traffic: till they are under no more Apprehenſions, of having their ſpicy Cells rifled by rude Blaſts, or drowned in inceſſant Showers!

WHAT a ſtriking Argument is here for *Reſignation*; unfeigned Reſignation, to all the Diſpoſals of *Providence!* Too often are our diſſatisfied Thoughts apt to find Fault with Divine Diſpenſations. We tacitly arraign our Maker's Conduct, or queſtion his Kindneſs with regard to ourſelves. We fanſy our Lot, not ſo

* *Caſimir*, in a very poetical Manner, addreſſes himſelf to the dormant Roſe; and moſt prettily invites her to *venture abroad*, by the Mention of theſe two Circumſtances:

Siderum ſacros imitata vultus,
Quid lates dudum, Roſa? Delicatum
Effer e terris caput. O tepentis
Filia cœli.

Jam tibi nubes *fugiunt* aquoſæ,
Quas fugant albis Zephyri *quadrigis*;
Jam tibi mulcet Boream *jocantis*
Aura Favoni.

Child of the Summer, charming Roſe,
No longer in Confinement lie,
Ariſe to Light; thy Form diſcloſe;
Rival the Spangles of the Sky.

The *Rains* are gone; the Storms are o'er;
Winter retires to make thee way:
Come then, thou ſweetly bluſhing Flow'r;
Come, lovely Stranger, come away.

The *Sun* is 'dreſs'd in beaming *Smiles*,
To give thy Beauties to the Day:
Young *Zephyrs* wait, with gentleſt *Gales*,
To fan thy Boſom, as they play,

commo-

commodiouſly ſituated; or our Condition, not ſo happily circumſtanced; as if we had been placed in ſome other Station of Life.—But, let us behold this exquiſitely nice Regulation of the *minuteſt* Plants; and be aſhamed of our *repining* Folly. Could any Fibre in their Compoſition, be altered; or one Line in their Features be tranſpoſed; without clouding ſome of their Beauties? Could any Fold in their Veſtments, be varied; or any Link in their orderly Succeſſion, be broken; without injuring ſome delicate Property? And does not that All-ſeeing Eye, which preſerves ſo exact a Harmony, among theſe *pretty Toys*! maintain as watchful a Care, over His *rational Creatures*? Does He chooſe the propereſt Seaſon, for the Cowſlip to ariſe, and drink the Dews? And can He neglect the Concerns, or misjudge the Conveniencies, of His Sons and Daughters? He, who has ſo completely diſpoſed, whatever pertains to the vegetable Oeconomy; that the leaſt Diminution or Addition, would certainly hurt the finiſhed Scheme; does, without all Peradventure, preſide, with equal Attention, over the Intereſts of his own People.

Be ſtill, then, thou uneaſy Mortal *; know, that God is unerringly wiſe; and be aſſured, that, amidſt the

* *Permittas ipſis expendere numinibus, quid*
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris.
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima *quæque dabunt dii:*
Carior eſt illis homo, quam ſibi.— JUV.

Since all the downward Tracts of Time
God's watchful Eye ſurveys;
O! who ſo wiſe to chooſe our Lot,
And regulate our Ways?

Since none can doubt his equal Love,
Unmeaſurably kind;
To his *unerring, gracious* Will,
Be ev'ry Wiſh reſign'd.

Good

the greateſt Multiplicity of Beings, He does not overlook thee. Thy Saviour has given me Authority to aſſert, That thou art of far ſuperior Value, in the Eſtimate of Omnipotence, than all the Herbage of the Field.—If His ſacred Will, ordains *Sickneſs* for thy Portion; never dare to imagine, That uninterrupted Health would be more advantageous. If He pleaſes to with-hold, or take away, *Children*; never preſume to conclude, That thy Happineſs is blaſted, becauſe thy Hopes of an increaſing Family are diſappointed. He, that marſhals all the Starry Hoſt, and ſo accurately arranges every the meaneſt Species of Herbs; HE orders all the *Peculiarities*, all the *Changes* of thy State, with a Vigilance, that nothing can elude; with a Goodneſs, that endureth for ever.—Bow thy Head, therefore, in humble Acquieſcence. Reſt ſatisfied, That *whatever is*, by the Appointment of Heaven *, *is right*, is beſt.

AMONG

Good when He gives, ſupremely Good;
Nor leſs, when he denies;
Ev'n Croſſes, from his ſov'reign Hand,
Are Bleſſings in Diſguiſe

* *Whatever is, is right*—If Mr *Pope* underſtands the Maxim, according to the *Imitation* ſuggeſted above, he ſpeaks a moſt undeniable and glorious Truth. But if that great Poet includes whatever comes to paſs, through the wild and extravagant Paſſions of Men; ſurely no thinking Perſon, at leaſt no Chriſtian, can accede to his Opinion.—What GOD orders, is *juſt*, beyond all Poſſibility of Contradiction; and *good*, above all that we can aſk or think. His Decrees, are the Reſult of infinite Diſcernment; and his Diſpenſations, the Iſſues of unbounded Benevolence.—But Man, fallen Man, is hurried away, by his Luſts, into a thouſand Irregularities; which are deplorable evil *in themſelves*, and attended with *Conſequences* manifeſtly pernicious to Society.—Let the Sentiment, therefore, be reſtrained to the Diſpoſals of Heaven, and I moſt readily ſubſcribe it. But, if it be extended to the Conduct of Men, and the Effects of their Folly; I think myſelf obliged, to enter my Proteſt againſt it. For, whatever kindles

AMONG all the Productions of the Third Creating-Day, this of Flowers ſeems to be peculiarly deſigned for Man. Man has the *Monopoly* of this Favour: it is conferred on Him, by a Sort of excluſive Charter. See the *Imperial Crown*, ſplendid and beautifully grand! See the *Tuberoſe*, delicate and languiſhingly fair! See all the Pomp and Glory of the Parterre; where Paint and Perfume do Wonders. Yet the inferior Animals are neither ſmit with their Beauties, nor regaled with their Odours. The Horſe never ſtands ſtill, to gaze upon their Charms; nor does the Ox turn aſide, to browſe upon their Sweets. Senſes they have, to diſcern theſe curious Objects in their *groſs*; but no Taſte, to *diſtinguiſh* or reliſh their fine Accompliſhments.—Juſt ſo, carnal and unenlightened Men, may underſtand the literal Meaning of Scripture; may comprehend the Evidences of its Divine Inſpiration. Yet have no ardent *Longing* for the ſpiritual Bleſſings, it offers; ſee "no Form or Comelineſs" in the Saviour, it deſcribes, ſo as to render Him the *ſupreme* Deſire of their Souls.

THE *chief* End of theſe beautiful Appearances, Philoſophers ſay, is to enfold and cheriſh the Embryo Seed; or to ſwathe the tender Body, during its infant State.—But, whatever is the chief End of Nature; 'tis certain ſhe never departs from the Deſign, of adminiſtering *Delight* to Mankind*. This is inſeparably connected with

the Divine Indignation—is Cauſe of final Ruin to the Author—is ſtrictly forbidden by GOD's holy Word—is contrary to the whole Deſign of his revealed Will, and the very Reverſe of his eſſential Attributes—*This*, cannot poſſibly be right. *That*, is moſt undoubtedly wrong. Omnipotence, indeed, can overrule it, and educe Good from it. But the very Notion of *overruling*, ſuppoſes it to be abſolutely *wrong* in itſelf.

* "We find that the moſt important Parts in the Vegetable "World, are thoſe which are the moſt beautiful. These are the Seeds,

with her other Views.—Were it only to ſecure a reproductive Principle, what need of ſuch *elegant Complications?* Why ſo much Art employed, and ſo many Decorations added? Why ſhould Veſtments be prepared, richer than Brocades; more delicate than Lawns; and of a finer Glow, than the moſt admired Velvets?—If the great Mother had no other Aim, than barely to accommodate her little Offſpring; warm Flannel, or homely Fuſtian, would have ſerved her Turn. Served it, full as well as the moſt ſumptuous Tiſſues, or all the Furniture of the Mercer's Shop.

EVIDENT then it is, that Flowers were endued with ſuch enchanting Graces, for the *Pleaſure* of *Man*. In Purſuance of this original Intention, they have always paid their Court to the Human Race; they ſtill ſeem particularly ſolicitous of recommending themſelves to our Regard. The fineſt of each Species croud about our Habitations; and are rarely to be ſeen, at a Diſtance from our Abodes. They *thrive* under our cultivating Hand, and obſerving Eye; but degenerate, and *pine away*, if unregarded by their Lord.—To win his Attention, and deck his Retreats, they hide their Deformities under Ground; and diſplay nothing but the moſt *graceful* Forms and *engaging* Colours, to his Sight.—To merit a farther Degree of his Eſteem, the Generality of them diſpenſe a delightful Perfume. What is ſtill more obliging, they * reſerve their *richeſt*

" Seeds by which the ſeveral Races of Plants are propagated and
" continued, and which are always lodged in Flowers or Bloſſoms.
" Nature ſeems to hide her principal Deſign, and to be induſtrious
" in making the Earth gay and delightful, while ſhe is carrying on
" her great Work, and intent upon her own Preſervation."
Spect. Vol. V. N° 387.

* — — — — The Flow'rs,
That open *now* their choiceſt boſom'd Smells,
Reſerv'd from Night, and *kept for thee in Store.* MILT.

Exhalations,

Exhalations, to embalm his Morning and Evening Walks *. Becauſe He uſually chooſes thoſe cool Hours, to recreate himſelf among their blooming Ranks; therefore, at thoſe Hours, they are moſt laviſh of their Fragrance, and breathe out their choiceſt Spirits.

O MAN, greatly beloved by thy Creator! The Darling of Providence! Thou art diſtinguiſhed by *his Goodneſs*; diſtinguiſh thyſelf alſo by *thy Gratitude*. Be it thy one undivided Aim, to glorify him; who has been at ſo much Expence, to gratify thee!—While all theſe inferior Creatures, in *ſilent* Eloquence, declare the Glory of GOD; do thou lend them thy *Tongue*. Be thou the High-Prieſt of the mute Creation. Let their Praiſes become vocal in thy Songs.—Adore the ſupreme Benefactor, for the Bleſſings He ſhowers down, upon every Order of Beings. Adore him for numberleſs Mercies, which are appropriated to thyſelf. But, above all, adore Him, for that noble Gift of a *rational*, and *immortal* Soul.—This conſtitutes us Maſters of the Globe, and gives us the real Enjoyment of its Riches. This diſcovers ten thouſand Beauties, which otherwiſe had been loſt; and renders them both a Source of Delights, and a Nurſery of Devotion.—By Virtue of this exalted Principle, we are qualified to admire our Maker's Works, and capable of *bearing* his illuſtrious *Image:* bearing his illuſtrious Image, not only when theſe Ornaments of the Ground, have reſigned their Honours; but, when the great Origin of Day, is extinguiſhed in the Skies; and all the flaming Orbs on

* The twining Jaſmine, and the bluſhing Roſe,
With laviſh Grace their *Morning* Scents diſcloſe:
The ſmelling Tub'roſe and Jonquil declare
The ſtronger Impulſe of an *Ev'ning* Air.

PRIOR's Sol.

high,

high, are put out in obſcure Darkneſs.—*Then* to ſurvive; to ſurvive the Ruins of one World, and to enjoy GOD—to reſemble GOD—to be "filled with all the "Fulneſs of GOD," in another—What a Happineſs, what an ineſtimable Happineſs, is this! Yet, *this* is thy Privilege, (barter it not, for Trifles of an Hour!) this thy glorious Prerogative, O Man!

O! THE Goodneſs, the *exuberant Goodneſs*, of our GOD! I cannot forbear celebrating it once more, before I paſs to another Conſideration.—How much ſhould we think ourſelves obliged, to a generous Friend; who ſhould *build* a ſtately Edifice *, purely for our Abode! But, how greatly would the Obligation be increaſed; if

* I cannot perſuade myſelf, that the Compariſon is ſtretched beyond proper Bounds, when carried to this Pitch. It is my ſtedfaſt Opinion, That the World, at leaſt this lower World, with its various Appurtenances, was intended *purely* for Man; that it is *appropriated* to him; and that he (in Subordination to GOD's Glory) is the *End* of its Creation.—Other Animals, 'tis true, partake of the Creator's Benefits: but then, they partake under the Notion of Man's Domeſticks, or on the Foot of Retainers to Him; as Creatures, which bear ſome Relation to his Service, and ſome Way or other contribute to his Good. So that ſtill He is the *Centre* of the Whole; or, as our incomparable *Milton*, equally Maſter of Poetry and Divinity, expreſſes himſelf, *All Things live for Man. Par. Loſt.* B. XI. 161.

Mr. *Pope*, in his Ethic Epiſtles, is pleaſed to explode this Tenet, as the Height of *Pride*, and a groſs *Abſurdity*.—For my Part, I ſee no Reaſon for ſuch a Charge. With all Submiſſion to ſo ſuperior a Genius, it ſeems very remote from Pride, to be duly ſenſible of Favours vouchſafed: to contemplate them in all the Extent of their Munificence, and acknowledge them accordingly. I ſhould rather imagine, That to contract their Size, when they are immenſely large; to ſtint their Number, when they are altogether innumerable; that ſuch a Procedure favours more of *Inſenſibility*, than our Hypotheſis of Preſumption; and has more in it of *Ingratitude*, than that of Arrogance.

And

if the Hand that built, ſhould alſo *furniſh* it! And not only furniſh it, with all that is commodious and comfortable;

And how can it be deemed an Abſurdity, To maintain that GOD gave us *a World*, for our Poſſeſſion; when it is our Duty to believe, That he gave us his *only Son*, for our Propitiation? Sure, it can be neither difficult, nor extravagant to ſuppoſe, That he deſigned the habitable Globe, with its whole Furniture, for our preſent Uſe; ſince he with-held not his holy Child JESUS, but freely delivered him up, for our final Salvation.

Upon the Whole; I cannot but conclude, That the Attempt of our famous Poet is neither *kind*, with regard to his Fellow-creatures—nor *grateful*, with regard to his Creator—neither is his Scheme, in Fact, *true*. The Attempt not *kind*, with regard to Man; becauſe, it robs him of one of the moſt delightful and raviſhing Contemplations imaginable. To conſider the great Author of Exiſtence as having *me* in his Eye, when he formed univerſal Nature; as contriving all Things, with an immediate View, to the Exigencies of my particular State; and making them all in ſuch a Manner, as might be moſt conducive to my particular Advantage; this muſt occaſion the ſtrongeſt Satisfactions, whenever I caſt a Glance on the Objects that ſurround me—Not *grateful* with regard to GOD; becauſe it has the moſt direct Tendency to diminiſh our Senſe of his Kindneſs, and by that Means, to throw a Damp upon our Gratitude. It teaches us to look upon ourſelves, as almoſt loſt among a Croud of other Beings, or regarded only with an occaſional and incidental Beneficence. Which muſt certainly weaken the Diſpoſition, and indeed ſlacken the Ties, to the moſt adoring Thankfulneſs.—To which, I apprehend, we may juſtly add; Neither is the Scheme, in Fact, *true*. For, not to mention what might be urged from the ſure Word of Revelation, this one Argument appears ſufficiently concluſive. The World began with Man; the World muſt ceaſe with Man; conſequently, the grand Uſe, the principal End of the World, is, to ſubſerve the Intereſt of Man. It is on all Sides agreed, That the Edifice was erected, when Man was to be furniſhed with an Habitation; and that it will be demoliſhed, when Man has no farther Need of its Accommodations. When he enters into the Houſe not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens, "the Earth, and all the Works "that are therein, ſhall be burnt up." From which it ſeems a

fortable; but *ornament* it alſo, with whatever is ſplendid and delightful! *This*, has our moſt indulgent Creator done; in a Manner infinitely ſurpaſſing, all we could wiſh, or imagine.

THE *Earth* is aſſigned us for a Dwelling.—The *Skies* are ſtretched over us, like a magnificent Canopy, dyed in the pureſt Azure; and beautified, now with Pictures of floating Silver, now with Colourings of reflected Crimſon.—The *Graſs* is ſpread under us, as a ſpacious Carpet; wove with ſilken Threads of Green, and damaſked with Flowers of every Hue.—The *Sun*, like a golden Lamp, is hung out in the ethereal Vault; and poure his Effulgence, all the Day, to lighten our Paths.—When Night approaches, the *Moon* takes up the friendly Office; and the *Stars* are kindled in twinkling Myriads, to chear the Darkneſs with their milder Luſtre, not diſturb our Repoſe by too intenſe a Glare.—The *Clouds*, beſides the rich Paintings they hang around the Heavens, act the Part of a ſhifting Screen; and defend us, by their ſeaſonable Interpoſition, from the ſcorching Beams of Summer. May we not alſo regard them, as the great Watering-pots of the Globe? Which, wafted on the Wings of the

very obvious and fair Deduction, That Man is the *final Cauſe* of this inferior Creation.

So that I think my Readers and myſelf, *privileged* (not to ſay, on the Principles of Gratitude, *obliged*) to uſe thoſe lovely Lines of our Author, with a Propriety and Truth, equal to their Elegance and Beauty;

For me kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,
Suckles each Herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry Flow'r!
Annual, for me, the Grape, the Roſe renew
The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew;
For me, the Mine a thouſand Treaſures brings;
For me, Health guſhes from a thouſand Springs.

Eth. Ep. I. ver. 129.

Wind

Wind, diſpenſe their Moiſture * evenly through the univerſal Garden; and fructify, with their Showers, whatever our Hand plants.—The *Fields* are our exhauſtleſs Granary.—The *Ocean* is our vaſt Reſervoir.—The *Animals* ſpend their Strength, to diſpatch our Buſineſs; reſign their Cloathing, to repleniſh our Wardrobe; and ſurrender their very Lives, to provide for our Tables.—In ſhort, every *Element* is a Storehouſe of Conveniencies; every *Seaſon* brings us the choiceſt Productions; all *Nature* is our Caterer.—And, which is a moſt endearing Recommendation of theſe Favours, they are all as lovely, as they are uſeful. You obſerve nothing mean or inelegant. All is clad in *Beauty*'s faireſt Robe †, and regulated by *Proportion*'s niceſt

* This Circumſtance, amidſt Abundance of other delicate and edifying Remarks upon the Wonders of Nature, is finely touched in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions* recorded in the Book of *Job*, Chap. xxxviii. ver. 25.—מי פלג לשטף תעלה *Who hath divided a Watercourſe for the Overflowing of Waters?*—The *Hebrew* is ſo pregnant and rich with Senſe, that no *Tranſlation* can do it Juſtice. The following *Paraphraſe*, perhaps, may repreſent the principal Ideas comprehended in the expreſſive Original.—Who has *branched out*, and with admirable Judgment, *diſpoſed* a Variety of *Aqueducts*; for that immenſe Collection of Waters, which float in the Sky? Who *diſtributes* thoſe pendulous Floods, through all the Borders of the Earth? Diſtributes them, not in dreadful Cataracts, or *promiſcuous* Gluts of Rain; but in kindly Drops, and refreſhing Showers; with as much *Regularity* and *Oeconomy*, as if they were conveyed by *Pipes* from a *Conduit*?—To WHOM ſhall we aſcribe that Niceneſs of Contrivance, which now emits, now reſtrains them: ſometimes derives their humid Train to one Place, ſometimes to another: diſpenſes them to *this* Soil in larger, to *that* in ſmaller Communications: and, in a Word, ſo manages the mighty Fluid, that every Spot is *ſupplied*, in exact Proportion to its Wants; none *deſtroyed*, by an undiſtinguiſhing Deluge?

† Perhaps, it was from ſuch an Obſervation, that the *Greeks*, thoſe critical and refined Judges of Things, expreſſed the *Mundane Syſtem* by a Word, which ſignifies *Beauty*—κοσμος.

Rule. The whole Scene, exhibits a Fund of Pleaſures to the Imagination, at the ſame Time, that it more than ſupplies all our Wants *.

THEREFORE thou art *inexcuſable*, O Man, whoſoever thou art, that *rebelleſt* againſt thy Maker. He ſurrounds thee, with unnumbered Benefits; and follows thee, with an Effuſion of the richeſt, nobleſt Gifts. He courts thy Affections; He ſolicits thy Gratitude; by Liberalities which are never intermitted, by a Bounty which knows no Limits.—Moſt Bleſſed LORD, let this thy Goodneſs, thy unwearied Goodneſs, lead us to Repentance. *Win* us to thyſelf, Thou Fountain of Felicity, by theſe ſweet Inducements. *Draw* us to our Duty, Thou GOD of our Salvation, by theſe "Cords of Love."

WHAT a living Picture is Here, of the *beneficial* Effects of *Induſtry!* By Induſtry and Cultivation, this neat Spot is an Image of *Eden*. Here, is all that can entertain the Eye, or † regale the Smell. Whereas, without Cultivation, this ſweet Garden had been a deſolate Wilderneſs. Vile Thiſtles had made it loathſome, and tangling Briers inacceſſible. Without Cultivation, it might have been a Neſt for Serpents, and the horrid Haunt of venomous Creatures. But, the Spade and Pruning-knife in the Hand of Induſtry, have improved it into a Sort of Terreſtrial Paradiſe.

HOW naturally does this lead our Contemplation, to the Advantages which flow from a virtuous *Educa-*

* "Thoſe ſeveral living Creatures, which are made for our "Service or Suſtenance, at the ſame Time either fill the Woods "with their Muſic, furniſh us with Game, or raiſe pleaſing Ideas "in us by the Delightfulneſs of their Appearance. Fountains, "Lakes, and Rivers, are as refreſhing to the Imagination, as to "the Soil through which they paſs." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 387.

† *Omnis copia narium.* HOR.

tion;

tion; and the Miſeries, which enſue from the * *Neglect* of it!—The Mind, without early Inſtruction, will, in all Probability, become like the "Vineyard of the "Sluggard." If left to the Propenſities of its own depraved Will; what can we expect, but the moſt luxuriant Growth of unruly Appetites; which, in Time, will break forth into all Manner of ſcandalous Irregularities? What?—but that *Anger*, like a prickly Thorn, arm the Temper with an untractable Moroſeneſs: *Peeviſhneſs*, like a ſtinging Nettle, render the Converſation irkſome and forbidding: *Avarice*, like ſome choaking Weed, teach the Fingers to gripe, and the Hands to oppreſs: *Revenge*, like ſome poiſonous Plant, replete with baneful Juices, rankle in the Breaſt, and meditate Miſchief to its Neighbour: While unbridled *Luſts*, like Swarms of noiſome Inſects, taint each riſing Thought; and render "every Imagination "of the Heart, only evil continually."—Such, are the uſual Products of ſavage Nature!—Such, the Furniture of the uncultivated Soul!

WHEREAS, let the Mind be put under the "Nur-"ture and Admonition of the LORD;" Let holy Diſcipline clear the Soil: Let ſacred Inſtructions ſow it with the beſt Seed: Let Skill and Vigilance dreſs the riſing Shoots; direct the young Ideas, how to ſpread; the wayward Paſſions, how to move.—Then, what a different State of the inner Man, will quickly take place! *Charity* will breathe her Sweets, and *Hope* expand her Bloſſoms: The *perſonal* Virtues diſplay their Graces, and the *ſocial* ones their Fruits †: The Sentiments

* *Neglectis urenda filix innaſcitur agris.* HOR.

† This Transformation of the *Heart*, and Renewal of the *Life*, are repreſented in Scripture, by Similitudes very nearly allied to the Images uſed above.—GOD, by his ſanctifying Spirit, *will make the Soul as a watered Garden.* Under the Operation of this divine Principle,

timents become generous; the Carriage endearing; the Life honourable and uſeful *.

O! THAT Governors of *Families*, and Maſters of *Schools*, would watch, with a conſcientious Solicitude, over the Morals of their tender Charge! What Pity it is, that the advancing Generation ſhould loſe theſe invaluable Endowments, through any Supineneſs in their Inſtructors!—See! with what Aſſiduity, the *curious Floriſt* attends his little Nurſery! He viſits them early and late; furniſhes them with the propereſt Mould; ſupplies them with ſeaſonable Moiſture; guards them from the Ravages of Inſects; ſcreens them from the Injuries of the Weather; marks their ſpringing Buds; obſerves them attentively, through their whole Progreſs; and never intermits his Anxiety, till he beholds them blown into full Perfection.—And ſhall a Range of *painted Leaves*, which flouriſh To-day, and To morrow fall to the Ground—Shall theſe be tended, with more zealous Application, than the exalted Faculties of an *immortal* Soul!

YET truſt not in Cultivation *alone*. It is the Bleſſing of the Almighty Huſbandman, which imparts *Succeſs* to ſuch Labours of Love. If GOD "ſeal up the "Bottles of Heaven," and command the Clouds to

Principle, *The Deſert ſhall rejoice, and bloſſom as the Roſe*. Wherever it exerts the refining and ennobling Energy, *inſtead of the Thorn, ſhall come up the Fir-tree; and, inſtead of the Brier, the Myrtle-tree*, Jerem. xxxi. 12. Iſa. xxxv. 1. lv. 13.

* — — *A teneris aſſueſcere multùm eſt!* VIRG.

— — — — ὁ γαρ μικρὸν διαφερει, το ὡδως ἡ ὡδως ευθυς εκ νεου ἐθιζεσθαι, ἀλλα. παμπολυ, μαλλον δε το πασι. ARISTOT.

The Principles we imbibe, and the Habits we contract, in our early Years, are not Matters of *ſmall Moment*, but of the *utmoſt Conſequence* imaginable. They not only give a tranſient or ſuperficial Tincture, to our *firſt* Appearance in Life; but moſt commonly ſtamp the Form, of our *whole* future Conduct, and even of our *eternal* State.

with-

with-hold their Fatneſs, the beſt manured Plot becomes a barren Deſart. And if HE reſtrain the Dew of his Heavenly Benediction, all human Endeavours miſcarry; the rational Plantation languiſhes; our moſt pregnant Hopes, from Youths of the moſt promiſing Genius, prove abortive. *Their Root will be as Rottenneſs, and their Bloſſom will go up as Duſt* *.—Therefore, let *Parents* plant; let *Tutors* water; but let both look up to the Father of *Spirits*, for the deſired Increaſe.

ON every Side, I eſpy ſeveral *budding* Flowers. As yet, they are like Bales of Cloth from the Packer's Warehouſe. Each is wrapt within a ſtrong Encloſure, and its Contents are tied together by the firmeſt Bandages. So that all their Beauties lie concealed, and all their Sweets are locked up.—Juſt ſuch is the *niggardly* Wretch; whoſe Aims are all turned inward, and meanly terminated upon *Himſelf*. Who makes his own private Intereſts, or perſonal Pleaſures, the ſole Centre of his Deſigns, and the ſcanty Circumference of his Actions.

ERE long, the ſearching Beams will open theſe ſilken Folds, and draw them into a graceful *Expanſion*. Then, what a lovely Bluſh will glow in their Cheeks; and what a balmy Odour exhale from their Boſoms! —So, when Divine Grace ſhines upon the Mind, even *the Churl becomes bountiful*. The Heart of Stone is taken away; and a Heart of Fleſh, a Heart ſuſceptible of the ſofteſt, moſt compaſſionate Emotions, is introduced in its Stead. O! how ſweetly do the ſocial Affections dilate themſelves, under ſo benign an Influence! Juſt like theſe diſcloſing Gems, under the powerful Eye of Day. The tender Regards, are no longer

* Iſa. v. 24.

confined to a ſingle Object; but *extend* themſelves into a generous Concern for Mankind, and ſhed liberal Refreſhments on all within their Reach *.

ARISE then, Thou Sun of Righteouſneſs; ariſe, with Healing under thy Wings; and transfuſe thy gentle, but penetrating Ray, through all our intellectual Powers. Inlarge every *narrow* Diſpoſition, and fill us with a *diffuſive* Benevolence. Make Room in our Breaſts, for the whole human Race; and teach us to love all our Fellow-creatures, for their amiable Creator's Sake. May we be pleaſed with their Excellencies, and rejoice in their Happineſs; but feel their Miſeries as our own, and, with a Brother's Sympathy, haſten to relieve them!

DISPOSED at proper Diſtances, I obſerve a Range of ſtrong and *ſtately Stalks*. They ſtand like Towers, along the Walls of a fortified City; or riſe like lofty Spires, amidſt the Group of Houſes. They part, at the Top, into ſeveral penſile ſpiky Pods. From each of which, We ſhall ſoon ſee a fine Figure diſplaying itſelf: *rounded* into a Form, which conſtitutes a perfect Circle; *ſpread wide* open, into the moſt frank and

* The Prophet, deſcribing the *charitable* Temper, very beautifully ſays; *If thou draw out thy Soul to the Hungry!*—This, I think, may not improperly be Illuſtrated by the Circumſtances obſerved above: The Opening of thoſe Buds into a large and extenſive Spread, is a pretty Pourtrait of the *Amplitude* of a *generous* Heart; which cannot ſhut up its Compaſſion, or remain unconcerned at any human Calamity. The Freeneſs and Copiouſneſs, with which the expanded Flowers are continually pouring out their choiceſt Eſſences, may repreſent the various Acts of an unwearied Liberality; together with thoſe endearing Words, and that cordial Affection, which *embalm*, as it were, a Gift; double its value; and conſtitute what the ſacred Penman ſtiles, *Drawing out the Soul*, נפש תפק *Depromſeris Animam tuam*. Iſa. lviii. 10.

communicative Air; and tinged with the Colour, which is ſo peculiarly captivating to the Miſer's Eye.

BUT the Property I chiefly admire, is its paſſionate *Fondneſs* for the *Sun*. When the Evening Shades take place, the poor Flower droops, and folds up its Leaves. It mourns all the long Night, and pines amidſt the Gloom, like ſome forlorn Lover, baniſhed from the Object of his Affections. No ſooner does Providence open "the Eyelids of the Morning," but it meets * and welcomes the returning Light; courts and careſſes it, all the Day; nor ever loſes Sight of the refulgent Charmer, ſo long as he continues above the Horizon! —In the Morning, you may perceive it, preſenting a golden Boſom to the Eaſt; at Noon, it points upward, to the middle Sky; in the Evening, follows the ſame attractive Influence to the Weſt.

SURELY, Nature is a Book, and every Page rich with ſacred Hints. To an attentive Mind, the *Garden* turns *Preacher*; and its blooming Tenants, are ſo many lively Sermons. What an engaging Pattern, and what an excellent Leſſon, have we here!—*So*, let the Redeemed of the LORD *look unto* JESUS †, and be conformed to their Beloved. Let us all be *Heliotropes* (if I may uſe the Expreſſion) to the *Sun* of *Righteouſneſs*. Let our Paſſions riſe and fall; take this Courſe or that; as his Word determines, as his holy Example guides. Let us be ſo accommodated, both to his commanding and providential Will, as the Wax is turned to the imprinted Seal; or, as the Aſpect of this enamoured Flower, to the ſplendid Star, which creates our Day.

IN every *Enjoyment*, O thou watchful Chriſtian, look unto JESUS; receive it as proceeding from his Love,

* —— *Illa ſuum, quamvis Radice teneatur,*
Vertitur ad Solem.—— OVID.

† Heb. xii. 2.

and

and purchaſed by his Agonies *.—In every *Tribulation* look unto JESUS; mark his gracious Hand, managing the Scourge, or mingling the bitter Cup; attempering it to a proper Degree of Severity; adjuſting the Time of its Continuance; and ready to make theſe ſeeming Diſaſters, productive of real Good.—In every Infirmity and *Failing*, look unto JESUS, thy merciful High-Prieſt; pleading his atoning Blood, and making Interceſſion for Tranſgreſſors.—In every *Prayer* look unto JESUS, thy prevailing Advocate; recommending thy Devotions, and "bearing the Iniquity of thy holy "Things †."—In every *Temptation* look unto JESUS, the Author of thy Strength, and Captain of thy Salvation; who alone is able to lift up the Hands which hang down, to envigorate the enfeebled Knees, and make thee more than Conqueror over all thy Enemies.—But eſpecially, when the *Hour* of thy *Departure* approaches; when "thy Fleſh and thy Heart fail;" when all the Springs of Life are irreparably breaking; *then* look unto JESUS with a believing Eye ‡. Like expiring *Stephen*, behold him ſtanding at the Right-hand of GOD, on purpoſe to ſuccour his People, in this their laſt Extremity. Yes, my Chriſtian Friend; when thy Journey through Life is finiſhed, and thou art arrived on the very Verge of Mortality; when thou art juſt launching out into the inviſible World, and all before thee is vaſt Eternity; Then, O theſt, be ſure to look ſtedfaſtly unto JESUS! "See by Faith the LORD'S

* He ſunk beneath our heavy Woes,
To raiſe us to his Throne;
There's not a Gift his Hand beſtows,
But coſt his Heart a Groan. WATTS.

† Exod. xxviii. 38.

‡ *Look unto ME, and be ye ſaved, all the Ends of the Earth.* Iſa. xlv. 22.

"CHRIST."

"CHRIST." View him, as the only *Way* *, to the everlasting Manſions; as the only *Door* †, to the Abodes of Bliſs.

YONDER Tree, which faces the South, has ſomething too remarkable, to paſs without Obſervation.—Like the fruitful, though feeble Vine, She brings forth a large Family of Branches: but, unable to ſupport them herſelf, commits them to the Tuition of a ſunny Wall. As yet, the tender Twigs have ſcarce gemmed their future Bloſſoms. However, I may anticipate the well-known Productions; and picture to myſelf the *Paſſion-Flower*. Which will, in due Time, with a long and copious Succeſſion, adorn the Boughs.

I HAVE read, in a *Latin* Author, of Flowers inſcribed with the Names of Kings ‡; but here is One, imblazoned with the Marks of the bleeding Prince of Life. I read, in the inſpired Writings, of Apoſtolic Men; who bore about in their Bodies, the Dying of the LORD JESUS §; but, here is a *blooming Religioſa*, that carries apparent Memorials of the ſame tremendous and fatal Cataſtrophe.—Who would have expected to find ſuch a Tragedy of Woe, exhibited in a Collection of the moſt delicate Delights? Or to ſee *Calvary*'s horrid Scene, pourtrayed on the ſofteſt Ornaments of the Garden?—Is Nature then actuated by the noble Ambition, of paying *commemorative* Honours, to her agnizing Sovereign? Is She kindly officious to *remind* forgetful Mortals, of that Miracle of Mercy; which it is their Duty to contemplate, and their Happineſs to believe?—Or, is a *ſportive* Imagination my Inter-

* John xiv. 6. † John x. 9.

‡ *Dic, quibus in terris inſcripti Nomina Regum*
Naſcantur Flores?—— VIRG.

§ 2 Cor. iv. 10.

preter;

preter; and all the ſuppoſed Reſemblance, no more than the precarious Gloſs of Fancy? Be it ſo: yet even Fancy has her Merit, when ſhe ſets forth, in ſuch pleaſing Imagery, the crucified JESUS. Nor ſhall I refuſe a willing Regard, to Imagination herſelf; when ſhe employs her creative Powers, to revive the Senſe of ſuch unparalleled Love, and prompt my Gratitude to ſo divine a Friend.

THAT *ſpiral Tendril*, ariſing from the Bottom of the Stalk; is it a Repreſentation of the *Scourge*, which laſhed the Redeemer's unſpotted Fleſh; and inflicted thoſe Stripes, by which our Souls are healed? Or, is it twiſted for the *Cord*, which bound his Hands in painful and ignominious Confinement: thoſe beneficent Hands, which were inceſſantly ſtretched out to unlooſe the heavy Burdens, and to impart Bleſſings of every choice Kind? —Behold the *Nails*, which were drenched in his ſacred Veins, and riveted his Feet to the accurſed Tree: thoſe beautiful Feet *, which always went about doing Good; and travelled far and near, to ſpread the glad Tidings of everlaſting Salvation.—See the *Hammer* ponderous and maſſy, which drove the rugged Irons through the ſhivering Nerves; and forced a Paſſage for thoſe dreadful Wedges, between the diſlocated Bones.—View the *Thorns*, which incircled our Royal Maſter's Brow, and ſhot their keen afflictive Points into his bleſſed Head. O the Smart! the racking Smart! when, inſtead of the triumphal Laurel, or the odoriferous Garland, that pungent and ragged Wreath, was planted on the meek Meſſiah's Forehead! When violent and barbarous Blows of the ſtrong Eaſtern Cane †, ſtruck the

* *How beautiful are the Feet of him that bringeth good Tidings, that publiſheth Peace, that bringeth good Tidings of Good, that publiſheth Salvation!* Iſa. lii. 7.

† *They took the Reed*, ſays the ſacred Hiſtorian, *and ſmote Him on the Head*; " and ſo, as it were, nailed down the Thorns into his " Forehead

the prickly Crown, and fixed every Thorn deep in his throbbing Temples*—There ſtand the *Diſciples*, ranged in the green Impalement; and forming a Circle, round the Inſtruments of their great-Commander's Death. They appear like ſo many faithful Adherents, who breathe a gallant Reſolution, either of defending their LORD to the laſt Extremity, or of dropping honourably by his Side. But did they give ſuch Proofs of Zeal and Fidelity in their Conduct, as their ſteady Poſture, and determined Aſpect, ſeem to promiſe? Alas! what is all human Firmneſs, when deſtitute of Succours from above, but an expiring *Vapour*? What is every Saint, if unſupported by powerful Grace, but an abandoned *Traitor*?—Obſerve the *Glory*, delineated in double Rays, grand with imperial Purple, and rich with æthereal Blue. But ah! how incapable are Threads, though ſpun by Summer's fineſt Hand; though dyed in Snows, or dipped in Heaven; to diſplay the immaculate Excellency of his human, or the ineffable Majeſty of

" Forehead and Temples, and occaſioned thereby exquiſite Pain, " as well as a great Effuſion of Blood." *Family Expoſitor*, Vol. II. Sect. 188.—" It is moſt probable, *adds the ſame judicious Critic*, " this was a Walking-Staff, which they put into his Hand as a " Sceptre; for a *Blow* with a *ſlight Reed* would ſcarce have been " felt, or have deſerved a Mention in a Detail of ſuch dreadful " Sufferings."

* The Smart, attending this unparalleled Piece of Contempt and Barbarity, muſt be *inexpreſſibly ſevere*: not only, on account of the many painful Punctures made in the Fleſh; but principally, becauſe the *Periöſteum*, an exquiſitely ſenſible Tegument of the Bones; lying, in thoſe Parts, very near the external Skin; muſt receive a *Multitude* of terrible Wounds. The Anguiſh of which, could not fail of being inflamed to an Exceſs of Rage, by the *Continuance* of ſo many thorny Lancets, in that extremely tender Membrane; which in ſuch a Caſe,

—tremblingly alive all o'er
Muſt ſmart and agonize at ev'ry Pore.

his

his Divine Nature! Compared with theſe ſublime Perfections, the moſt *vivid* Aſſemblage of Colours, fades into an *unmeaning* Flatneſs; the moſt charming Effects of Light and Shade, are not only mere Daubings, but an abſolute Blank.

AMONG all the Beauties, which ſhine in ſunny Robes, and ſip the ſilver Dews; this, I think, has the *nobleſt Import*, if not the *fineſt Preſence*. Where they all in Review, and expect the Award of Superiority from my Deciſion; I ſhould not heſitate a Moment. Be the Prize aſſigned to this amiable Candidate; which, has ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed, and ſo highly dignified herſelf by bearing ſuch a remarkable Reſemblance to "The righteous Branch; The Plant of Renown *." While Others appoint it a Place in the Parterre; I would tranſplant the Paſſion-Flower, or rather tranſfer its ſacred Significancy, to my Heart. *There* let it bloom, both in Summer and in Winter; bloom, in the moſt impreſſive Characters, and with an undecaying Luſtre. That I alſo may wear—wear on my very Soul, the Traces of IMMANUEL; pierced for my Sins, and bruiſed for my Tranſgreſſions. That I alſo may *be crucified with* CHRIST †; at leaſt in penitential Remorſe, and affectionate Sympathy. That I may *know the Fellowſhip of his Sufferings* ‡; and feel all my evil Affections, wounded by his Agonies, mortified by his Death.

THERE is another Subject of the verdant Kingdom, which, on Account of its very uncommon Qualities, demands my particular Notice. One, ſo extremely diffident in her Diſpoſition, and delicate in her Conſtitution; that She dares not venture herſelf abroad in the

* So the bleſſed JESUS is deſcribed, *Jerem.* xxiii. 5. *Ezek.* xxxiv. 29.

† Gal. ii. 20. ‡ Phil. iii. 10.

oper

open Air: but is nurſed up in the Warmth of a *Hot-bed*, and lives cloiſtered in the Cells of a *Green-houſe*. But, the moſt curious Peculiarity is, That, of all her kindred Species, ſhe alone partakes of *perceptive* Life; at leaſt advances neareſt to this more exalted State of Being; and may be looked upon as the Link, which connects the animal and the vegetable World. A Stranger, obſerving her Motions, would almoſt be induced to ſuſpect; that ſhe is endued with ſome inferior Degrees of Conſciouſneſs and Caution. For, if You offer to handle this *Senſitive Plant*, She immediately takes an Alarm; haſtily contracts her Fibres; and, like a Perſon under Apprehenſions of Violence, *withdraws* from your Finger, in a Kind of precipitate *Diſorder*. Perhaps, the Beauty of her Aſpect might be ſullied, or the Niceneſs of her Texture diſcompoſed, by the human Touch. Therefore, like a coy Virgin, ſhe recedes from all unbecoming Familiarities; and will admit no ſuch improper, if not pernicious, Freedoms.

WHATEVER be the Cauſe of this unuſual Effect; it ſuggeſts an inſtructive Admonition to the Chriſtian. *Such* ſhould be our apprehenſive timorous Care, with Regard to Sin; and all, even the moſt diſtant, Approaches of Vice. *So* ſhould we avoid the very Appearance of Evil, and ſtand aloof from every Occaſion of falling.—If Sinners entice; if forbidden Pleaſures tempt; or if Opportunity beckon, with the Gain of Injuſtice in her Hand: O! turn from the gilded Snare; touch not the beauteous Bane; but fly, fly with Haſte, fly without any Delay, from the bewitching Ruin.—Does *Anger* draw near with her lighted Torch, to kindle the Flame of Reſentment in our Breaſts? Does *Flattery* ply our Ears, with her inchanting and intoxicating Whiſpers? Would *Diſcontent* lay her leaden Hand upon our Temper, and mould into our Minds her ſour Leaven; in order to make Us a Burden to

ourſelves, and unamiable to Others? Inſtantly let us divert our Attention from the dangerous Objects; and not ſo much endeavour to *antidote*, as to *ſhun*, the moral Contagion. Let us revolve in our Meditations, that wonderful *Meekneſs* of our diſtreſſed Maſter; which, amidſt the moſt abuſive and provoking Inſults, maintained an uniform Tenour of unſhaken Serenity. Let us contemplate that prodigious *Humiliation*; which brought Him, from an infinite Height above all Worlds, to make his Bed in the Duſt of Death. Let us ſooth our jarring, our uneaſy Paſſions, with the Remembrance of that *Chearfulneſs* and *Reſignation*; which rendered him, in the deepeſt Poverty, unfeignedly thankful; and, under the heavieſt Tribulations, moſt ſubmiſſively patient.

HARBOUR not, on any Conſideration, the Betrayer of your Virtue. Be deaf, inflexibly deaf, to every beguiling Solicitation. If it obtrude into the unguarded Heart; give it Entertainment, no, not for a Moment. To parley with the Enemy, is to open a Door for Deſtruction. Our Safety conſiſts in Flight: and, in this Caſe, *Suſpicion* is the trueſt *Prudence*; *Fear*, the greateſt *Bravery*.—Play not on the Brink of the Precipice. Flutter not round the Edges of the Flame. Dally not with the Stings of Death. But reject, with a becoming Mixture of Solicitude and Abhorrence, the very firſt Inſinuations of Iniquity: as cautiouſly, as the *ſmarting Sore* ſhrinks even from the ſofteſt Hand; as conſtantly, as this *jealous Plant* recoils at the approaching Touch*.

NOT

* The Prophet *Iſaiah*, in an elegant and lively Deſcription of the *upright Man*, ſays *He ſhaketh his Hands from holding of Bribes*; and, I may add, from practiſing any kind of Iniquity. The Image, exceedingly beautiful, and equally expreſſive, both illuſtrates and enforces

NOT long ago, theſe curious Productions of the Spring, were *coarſe* and miſ-ſhapen *Roots*. Had we opened the Earth, and beheld them in their Seed, how uncouth and contemptible had their Appearance been! But now, they are the Boaſt of Nature; the Delight of the Sons of Men; finiſhed Patterns for Enamelling and Embroidery; outſhining even the happieſt Strokes of the Pencil. They are taught to bloom, but with a very inferior Luſtre*, in the richeſt Tapeſtries, and moſt magnificent Silks. Art never attempts to *equal* their incomparable Elegancies; but places all her Merit, in *copying* after theſe delicate Originals. Even thoſe, who glitter in Silver, or whoſe Cloathing is of wrought Gold; are deſirous to borrow additional Or-

enforces the Doctrine of this whole Section.—*Shaketh his Hands*; juſt as a Perſon would do, who happens to have *burning Coals* fall into his Lap, or ſome *venomous Creature* faſtening upon his Fleſh. In ſuch a Caſe, none would ſtand a Moment to conſider, or to debate with Himſelf the Expediency of the Thing. He would inſtantly fling off the pernicious Incumbrance; inſtantly endeavour to diſengage Himſelf, from the clinging Miſchief.—*Iſa.* xxxiii. 15.

I have repreſented the Danger, of not extinguiſhing immediately the *very firſt* Sparks of Temptation, in a Variety of Views. Becauſe a proper Behaviour, in this Conjuncture, is of ſuch vaſt Importance to the Purity, the Safety, and the Comfort of our Minds.—Becauſe, I had the *Royal Moraliſt* in my Eye; who, deterring his Pupils from the Path of the Wicked, cries; with an Air of deep Concern, and in the Language of vehement Importunity, cries; *Avoid it; paſs not by it; turn from it; and paſs away.* How ſtrongly is the Counſel urged, by being ſo *frequently* repeated; in ſuch a remarkable *Diverſity* of conciſe and abrupt, conſequently of forcible and preſſing Admonitions! *Prov.* iv. 15.

* The Cowſlip ſmiles in *brighter Yellow* dreſt,
Than that which veils the nubil Virgin's Breaſt:
A *fairer Red* ſtands bluſhing in the Roſe,
Than that which on the Bridegroom's Veſtments flows.
PRIOR's *Sol.*

 naments

naments, from a Sprig of Jeſſamine, or a little Aſſemblage of Pinks.

WHAT a fine Idea may we form, from hence, of the *Reſurrection* of the *Juſt*, and the State of their reanimated Bodies! As the Roots even of our choiceſt Flowers, when depoſited in the Ground, are rude and ungraceful; but, when they ſpring up into blooming Life, are moſt elegant and ſplendid: ſo, the Fleſh of a Saint, when committed to the Duſt, alaſs! what is it? A Heap of Corruption; a Maſs of putrefying Clay. But, when it obeys the great Archangel's Call, and ſtarts into a new Exiſtence; what an aſtoniſhing Change enſues! What a moſt ennobling Improvement takes place!—That which was ſown in *Weakneſs*, is raiſed in all the Vivacity of *Power*. That which was ſown in *Deformity*, is raiſed in the Bloom of celeſtial *Beauty*. Exalted, refined, and glorified, it will ſhine "as the Brightneſs of the Firmament," when it darts the inimitable Blue, through the Fleeces—the ſnowy Fleeces of ſome cleaving Cloud.

FEAR not, then, thou faithful Chriſtian; fear not, at the appointed Time, to deſcend into the Tomb. Thy *Soul* thou mayeſt truſt with thy omnipotent Redeemer, who is LORD of the unſeen World; "Who "has the Keys of Hell, and of Death." Moſt ſafely mayeſt thou truſt thy better Part, in thoſe beneficent Hands, which were pierced with Nails, and faſtened to the ignominious Tree, for thy Salvation.—With regard to thy *earthly Tabernacle*, be not diſmayed. It is taken down, only to be rebuilt upon a diviner Plan, and in a more heavenly Form. If it retires into the Shadow of Death, and lies immured in the Gloom of the Grave; it is only to return, from a ſhort Confinement, to endleſs Liberty. If it falls into Diſſolution, it is in order to riſe more illuſtrious from its Ruins;

and

and wear an infinitely brighter Face of Perfection, and of Glory.

HAVING, now, made my *Panegyric*; let me, next, take up a *Lamentation*, for theſe lovelieſt Productions of the vegetable World.—For, I foreſee their approaching Doom. Yet a little while, and all theſe pleaſing Scenes vaniſh. Yet a little while, and all the Sweets of the breathing, all the Beauties of the blooming Spring, are no more. Every one of theſe amiable Forms, muſt be ſhriveled to Deformity, and trodden to the Earth.—Significant Reſemblance this, of all created Beauty. *All Fleſh is Graſs*; like the green Herbage, liable and prone to fade. Nay, *all the Goodlineſs thereof*, its fineſt Accompliſhments and what the World univerſally admires, *is as the Flower of the Field* *; which loſes its Gloſs, decays and periſhes, more ſpeedily than the Graſs itſelf.—Behold then, ye brighteſt among the Daughters of *Eve*; behold yourſelves, in this Glaſs. See the Charms of your *Perſon* eclipſed, by the Luſtre of theſe little Flowers; and the Frailty of your *State* repreſented, † by their tranſient

* Iſa. xl. 6.

† Και το ροδον καλον εϛι, και ο χλοερος αυλο μαραινει·
Και το ιον καλον εϛιν εν ειαρι, κ᾽ ταχυ γηρᾳ·
Λευκον το κρινον εϛι, μαραινεται αινικα πιπλη·
Α δι χιων λευκα, και ταχεως αινικα παχθη·
Και καλλος καλον εϛι το παιδικον, αλλ᾽ ολιγον ζη.

The Reader will excuſe me, if I *imitate*, rather than *tranſlate*, theſe Lines from *Theocritus*. If I vary one Image, add another, and give a new Turn to the whole.

When Snows deſcend, and robe the Fields
In *Winter*'s bright Array;
Touch'd by the Sun, the Luſtre fades,
And weeps itſelf away.

ſient Glories. A Fever may ſcorch thoſe poliſhed Veins; a Conſumption may emaciate the dimpling Cheeks; and a Load of unexpected Sorrows, depreſs thoſe lively Spirits. Or ſhould theſe Diſaſters, in Pity, ſpare the tender Frame; yet Age, inexorable Age and Wrinkles, will aſſuredly come at laſt; will wither all the fine Features, and blaſt every ſprightly Grace.

THEN, ye *Fair*, when thoſe ſparkling Eyes are darkened, and ſink in their Orbs; when they are rolling in Agonies, or ſwimming in Death; How will you ſuſtain the Affliction? How will you repair the Loſs?—Apply your Thoughts to *Religion*. Attend to the *One Thing needful*. Believe in, and imitate, the bleſſed JESUS. Then ſhall your Souls mount up to the Realms of Happineſs; when the well proportioned Clay, is mingling with its mean Original. The Light of GOD's

When *Spring* appears; when Violets blow,
And ſhed a rich Perfume;
How ſoon the Fragrance breathes its laſt!
How ſhort-liv'd is the Bloom!

Freſh in the Morn, the *Summer* Roſe
Hangs withering ere 'tis Noon;
We ſcarce enjoy the balmy Gift,
But mourn the Pleaſure gone.

With gliding Fire, an Evening Star
Streaks the *Autumnal* Skies;
Shook from the Sphere, it darts away,
And, in an Inſtant, dies.

Such are the Charms, that fluſh the Cheek,
And ſparkle in the Eye:
So, from the lovely finiſhed Form
The tranſient Graces fly.

To this the *Seaſons*, as they roll,
Their Atteſtation bring:
They warn the Fair; their ev'ry Round
Confirms the Truth I ſing.

Countenance

Countenance will irradiate, with matchleſs and conſummate Perfection, all their exalted Faculties. Cleanſed intirely from every Dreg of Corruption, like ſome unſullied Mirror, they will reflect the complete Image of their Creator's Holineſs.—O! that you would thus *dreſs* your *Minds*, and prepare for the immortal State! Then, from ſhining among your Fellow-creatures on Earth; you ſhall be tranſlated, to ſhine around the Throne of GOD. Then, from being the Sweeteners of our Life, and the Delight of our Eyes, here below; you ſhall paſs, by an eaſy Tranſition, into Angels of Light; and become "an everlaſting Excellency, the "Joy of all Generations."

YES; *Ye flowery Nations, Ye muſt all decay.*—Yonder *Lily*, that looks like the Queen of the gay Creation—See, how gracefully it erects its majeſtic Head! What an Air of Dignity and Grandeur ennobles its Aſpect! For elevated Mien, as well as for incomparable Luſtre, juſtly may it be preferred to the magnificent Monarch of the Eaſt *. But, all ſtately and charming as it is, it will hardly ſurvive, a few more Days. That unſpotted Whiteneſs, muſt quickly be tarniſhed; and the ſnowy Form, defiled in the Duſt.

As the Lily pleaſes, with the noble Simplicity of its Appearance; the *Tulip* is admired, for the Gaiety and Multiplicity of its Colours. Never was Cup, either painted, or enamelled, with ſuch a Profuſion of Dyes. Its Tinges are ſo glowing; its Contraſts ſo ſtrong; and the Arrangement of them both, ſo elegant and artful!—'Twas lately the Pride of the Border, and the reigning Beauty of the delightful Seaſon. As exquiſitely fine as the Rainbow, and almoſt as extremely tranſient. It ſpread, for a little Moment, its glittering

* Mat. vi. 29.

Plumage; but has, now, laid all its variegated and ſuperior Honours down. Theſe radiant Stripes are blended, alas! rudely blended with common Mold.

To a graceful Shape, and blooming Complexion, the *Roſe* adds the moſt agreeable Perfume. Our Noſtrils make it repeated Viſits, and are never weary of drinking in its Sweets. A Fragrance, ſo peculiarly rich and reviving, tranſpires from its opening Tufts; that every one covets it Acquaintance. How have I ſeen even the accompliſhed *Chariſſa*, for whom ſo many Votaries languiſh, fondly careſſing this little Flower! That lovely Boſom, which is the Seat of Innocence and Virtue; whoſe leaſt Excellency it is, to rival the Delicacy of the pureſt Snows; among a thouſand Charms of its own, thinks it poſſible to adopt another from the Damaſk Roſe-bud.—Yet, even this univerſal Favourite muſt fail. Its native Balm cannot preſerve it from Futrefaction. Soon, ſoon, muſt it reſign all thoſe endearing Qualities; and hang neglected on its Stem, or drop deſpiſed to the Ground.

One could wiſh, methinks, theſe moſt amiable of the inanimate Race, a longer Exiſtence: But in vain. They *fade*, almoſt as ſoon as they *flouriſh*. Within leſs than a Month, their Glories are extinct. Let the Sun take a few more Journeys through the Sky; then viſit this inchanting Walk; and you will find nothing, but a wretched Wilderneſs of ragged or naked Stalks.—But (my Soul exults in the Thought) the *Garment* of celeſtial *Glory*, which ſhall ere long array the reanimated Body, will never wax old. The illuſtrious *Robes* of a Saviour's conſummate *Righteouſneſs*, which even now adorn the juſtified Spirit, are incorruptible and immortal. No Moth can corrode their Texture; no Number of Ages ſully their Brightneſs. The Light of Day may be quenched, and all the Stars ſink in Obſcurity; but, the Honours of "Juſt Men made per-

"fect,"

"fect," are ſubject to no Diminution. Inextinguiſhable and unfading, is the Luſtre of their Crown.

YES; *Ye flowery Nations, Ye muſt all decay.*—Winter, like ſome enraged and irreſiſtible Conqueror, that carries Fire and Sword, where-ever he advances: that demoliſhes Towns; depopulates Countries; ſpreads Slaughter and Deſolation, on every Side—So, juſt ſo, will *Winter*, with his ſavage and unrelenting Blaſts, invade this beautiful Proſpect. The Storms are gathering, and the Tempeſts muſtering their Rage, to fall upon the Vegetable Kingdoms. They will ravage through the Dominions of Nature; and plunder her *Riches*, and lay waſte her *Charms*.—Then, ye Trees, muſt ye ſtand ſtript of your verdant Apparel; and, ye Fields, be ſpoiled of your waving Treaſures. Then, the Earth, diſrobed of all her gay Attire, muſt ſit in Sables, like a diſconſolate Widow. The Sun too, who now rides in Triumph round the World, and ſcatters Gaiety from his radiant Eye, will then look faintly from the Windows of the South; and, caſting a ſhort Glance on our dejected World, will leave us to the uncomfortable Gloom of tedious Nights.—Then, theſe pretty *Choriſters* of the *Air*, will chant no more to the gentle Gales. The Lark, the Linnet, and all the feathered Songſters, abandon their Notes, and indulge their Woes. The Harmony of the Woods is at an End; and Silence, (unleſs it be interrupted by howling Winds) a ſullen Silence, ſits brooding upon the Boughs; which are now made vocal, by a thouſand warbling Throats.

BUT (ſweet Recollection! raviſhing Expectation!) the *Songs* of *Saints* in Light, never admit a Pauſe for Sadneſs. All Heaven will reſound with the Melody of their Gratitude; and all Eternity echo to their triumphant Acclamations. The *Hallelujahs* of that

World; and the harmonious Joy of its Inhabitants; will be as laſting, as the Divine Perfections, they celebrate.—Come then, Holy Love, and *tune* my *Heart*; deſcend, Celeſtial Fire, and *touch* my *Tongue*; that I may ſtand ready to ſtrike up, and bear my Part, in that great Hoſanna, that everlaſting Hymn.

YES; *yes*; *Ye flowery Nations, Ye muſt all decay.*—And, indeed, could you add the Strength of an Oak, or the Stability of a Pyramid *, to all the Delicacy of your Texture; yet ſhort, exceeding ſhort, even then, would your Duration be. For *I ſee, that all Things come to an End.* The Pillars of Nature are tottering. The Foundations of the round World are falling away. "The Heavens themſelves wax old like a Garment."—But, amidſt theſe Views of general Ruin, Here is our Refuge; This is our Conſolation; *We know, that our Redeemer liveth.* Thy Years, bleſſed JESUS, ſhall not fail. From Everlaſting to Everlaſting, Thou art ſtill the ſame: the ſame moſt excellent and adorable

* I know not any Performance, in which the *tranſitory* Nature, of theſe moſt *durable* Monuments of human Grandeur, is hinted with ſuch a modeſt Air of Inſtruction; or their hideous Ruin deſcribed, in ſuch a Pomp of pleaſing Horror; as in a ſmall, but ſolemn, picturesque, and majeſtic Poem, intitled—THE RUINS OF ROME, written by the Rev. Mr. DYER. Whom the Reader (if He has the Pleaſure of peruſing that beautiful Piece) will eaſily perceive, to have taken his Draughts from the *Originals* themſelves; as nothing but the *Sight* of theſe magnificent Remains, could have inſpired his Lines with ſuch Vivacity.—As a Specimen of the Work, and a Confirmation of the Remark ſuggeſted above, I take Leave to tranſcribe the following Paſſage:

——— *The Pilgrim oft,*
At dead of Night, mid his Oraiſon hears
Aghaſt the Voice of Time, diſparting Tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down daſhed,
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the Moon:

Perſon;

Perſon; the ſame omnipotent and faithful Friend; the ſame all-ſufficient and ineſtimable Portion. O! may we but partake of thy Merits; be ſanctified by thy Grace; and received into thy Glory!—Then periſh, if ye will, all inferior Delights. Let all that is *ſplendid* in the Skies, expire; and all that is *amiable* in Nature, be expunged. Let the whole Extent of Creation, be turned again into one undiſtinguiſhable Void; one univerſal Blank.—Yet, if GOD be ours, we ſhall have *enough*. If GOD be ours, we ſhall have *all*, and abound *. All that our Circumſtances can want, or our Wiſhes crave, to make us inconceivably bleſſed and happy. Bleſſed and happy, not only through this little Interval of Time, but through the unmeaſureable Revolutions of Eternity.

THE *Sun* is, now, come forth in his Strength; and beats fiercely, upon my throbbing Pulſe.—Let me retire to yonder inviting *Arbour*. There, the Woodbines retain the lucid Drop; there, the Jeſſamines, which line the verdant Alcove, are ſtill impearled, and deliciouſly wet with Dews.—Welcome, ye *refreſhing Shades!* I feel, I feel, your chearing Influence. My languid Spirits revive; the ſlackened Sinews are new ſtrung; and Life bounds briſker, through all her crimſon Channels.

RECLINED on this moſſy Couch; and ſurrounded by this fragrant Coldneſs; let me renew my Aſpirations, to the ever-preſent Deity. Here, let me remember, and imitate, the pious *Auguſtine*, and his Mother *Monica*. Who, being engaged in Diſcourſe on the Beauties of the viſible Creation; roſe, by theſe Ladders, to the Glories of the inviſible State. Till

* His Hand the good Man faſtens on the Skies,
And bids Earth roll, nor feels the idle Whirl.
Night Thoughts, N° IV.

they were inſpired with the moſt *affecting Senſe*, of their ſupereminent Excellency; and actuated with the moſt *ardent Breathings*, after their full Enjoyment. Inſomuch, that they were almoſt rapt up into the Bliſs they contemplated; and ſcarce "knew, whether they were "in the Body, or out of the Body."

WHEN *Tempeſts* toſs the Ocean: when plaintive Signals of Diſtreſs, are heard from the bellowing Deep; and melancholy Tokens of Shipwreck, come floating on the foaming Surge; then, how delightful to ſtand ſafe on Shore, and hug one's ſelf in conſcious Security*! —When a *Gust* of *Waters*, burſts from ſome mighty Torrent; ruſhes headlong over all the neighbouring Plains; ſweeps away the helpleſs Cattle; and drives the affrighted Shepherd from his Hut: then, from the Top of a diſtant Eminence, to deſcry the Danger, we need not fear; how pleaſing!—Such, methinks, is my *preſent Situation*. For, now, the Sun blazes from on high: The Air glows with his Fire: The Fields are rent with Chinks: The Roads are ſcorched to Duſt: The Woods ſeem to contract a ſickly Aſpect, and a ruſſet Hue: The Traveller, broiled as he rides, haſtens to his Inn, and intermits his Journey: The Labourer, bathed in Sweat, drops the Scythe, and deſiſts from his Work: The Cattle flee to ſome ſhady Covert, or elſe pant and toſs under the burning Noon. Even the ſtubborn Rock, ſmit with the piercing Beams, is ready to cleave. All Things *languiſh*, beneath the dazzling

* As *Lucretius* gave the Hint for theſe Obſervations; ſo He aſſigns the Reaſon of the Pleaſure ſpecified. It ariſes, not from the Conſideration of *Another's Miſery*; this would argue the rankeſt Malevolence: but from the agreeable Contemplation of our *own* perſonal *Safety*. Which, while We view Circumſtances, that are pernicious to Others, but harmleſs to Ourſelves, is not a little heightened by the Contraſt. *Suave Mari magno*, &c.

Deluge—

Deluge—While I ſhall enjoy a *cool* Hour, and *calm* Reflection; amidſt the Gloom of this bowery Receſs, which ſcarce admits one Speck of Sunſhine.

THUS, may both the Flock, and their Shepherd, *dwell beneath the Defence of the Moſt High*, and *abide under the Shadow of the Almighty**. Then, though † the *Peſtilence* walketh in Darkneſs, and the *Sickneſs* deſtroyeth at Noon-day; though Thouſands fall beſide us, and ten Thouſands at our Right-hand; we need fear no Evil. Either, the deſtroying Angel ſhall paſs over our Houſes; or elſe, He ſhall diſpenſe the Corrections of a Friend, not the Scourges of an Enemy; which, inſtead of hurting us, ſhall work for our Good. —Then, though *Profaneneſs* and *Infidelity*, far more malignant Evils, breathe deadly Contagion, and taint the Morals of Multitudes around us; yet, if the great Father of Spirits "hide us in the Hollow of his Hand," we ſhall hold faſt our Integrity, and be faithful unto Death.

LET then, deareſt LORD, O! let thy Servant, and the People committed to his Care, be received into thy Protection. Let us take ſanctuary under that *Tree of Life*, erected in thy ignominious Croſs. Let us fly for Safety to that *City* of *Refuge*, opened in thy bleeding Wounds. Theſe ſhall be a ſacred Hiding-place, not to be pierced by the Flames of Divine Wrath, or the fiery Darts of Temptation. Thy dying Merits, and perfect Obedience, ſhall be to our Souls, *as Rivers of Water in a dry Place*, or *as the Shadow of a great Rock in a weary Land*‡.

* Pſalm xci. 1.

† This was written, when a very infectious and mortal Diſtemper, raged in the Neighbourhood.

‡ Iſa. xxxii. 2.

BUT moſt of all, in that *laſt tremendous* Day, when the Heavens are rent aſunder, and wrapped up like a Scroll: when thy Almighty Arm ſhall arreſt the Sun in his Career, and daſh to Pieces the Structure of the Univerſe: when the Dead, both Small and Great, ſhall be gathered before the Throne of thy Glory; and the Fates of all Mankind, hang on the very Point of a final irreverſible Deciſion:—Then, bleſſed JESUS, let us be owned by Thee, and we ſhall not be *aſhamed*; defended by Thee, and we ſhall not be *afraid*. O! may we, at that awful, that unutterably important Juncture, be covered with the Wings of thy Redeeming Love; and we ſhall behold all the horrible Convulſions of expiring Nature, with Compoſure, with Comfort! We ſhall even welcome the Diſſolution of all Things as the *Times of Refreſhing from the Preſence of the* LORD*.

THERE are, I perceive, who ſtill attend the Flowers; and, in Defiance of the Sun, ply their Work on every expanded Bloſſom. The *Bees* I mean. That Nation of Chymiſts! To whom Nature has communicated the rare and valuable Secret, of enriching themſelves, without impoveriſhing others. Who extract the moſt delicious Syrup, from every fragrant Herb; without wounding its Subſtance, or diminiſhing its Odours.—I take the more Notice of theſe ingenious Operators; becauſe, I would willingly make them my Pattern†. While the gay *Butterfly*, flutters her painted Wings; and ſips a little tantaliſing Delight, only for the preſent Moment. While the gloomy *Spider*, worſe than idly buſied, is preparing his inſidious Nets for Deſtruc-

† ——— *Ego apis matinæ*
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma. HOR.

tion;

tion; or ſucking Venom, even from the moſt wholeſome Plants. This frugal Community, are wiſely employed in providing for Futurity; and collecting a copious Stock of the moſt balmy Treaſures.—And O! might theſe Meditations ſink into my Soul! Would the GOD, who ſuggeſted each heavenly Thought; vouchſafe to convert it, into an *eſtabliſhed Principle*; to determine all my Inclinations, and regulate my whole Conduct! I ſhould, then, gather Advantages from the ſame blooming Objects; more precious than your golden Stores, ye induſtrious Artiſts. I alſo ſhould go home, laden with the *richeſt Sweets*, and the *nobleſt Spoils*; though I crop not a Leaf, nor call a ſingle Flower my own.

HERE I behold, aſſembled in *one View*, almoſt all the various Beauties, which have been ſeverally entertaining my Imagination. The *Viſtas*, ſtruck through an ancient Wood, or formed by Rows of venerable Elms; conducting the Spectator's Obſervation, to ſome remarkable Object; or leading the Traveller's Footſteps, to this delightful Seat:—The *Walls*, enriched with Fruit-trees, and faced with a Covering of their leafy Extenſions; I ſhould rather have ſaid, hung with different Pieces of Nature's nobleſt Tapeſtry:—The *Walks*, neatly ſhorn, and lined with Verdure; or finely ſmoothed, and coated with Gravel:—The *Alleys*, arched with Shades, to embower our Noon-tide Repoſe; or thrown open for the free Acceſſion of Air, to invite us to our Evening Recreation:—The decent *Edgings* of Box, which incloſe, like a plain Selvage, each beautiful Compartment, and its ſplendid Figures:——The ſhapely *Evergreens*, and *flowering Shrubs*; which ſtrike the Eye, and appear with peculiar Dignity, in this diſtant Situation:—The *Baſon*, with its cryſtal Fount, floating in the Centre; and diffuſing an agree-

able

able Freſhneſs, through the Whole:—The Waters, falling from a remote *Caſcade*; and gently murmuring, as they flow along the Pebbles;—*Theſe*, added to the reſt; and all ſo diſpoſed, that each recommends, and endears each; render the *Whole*, a moſt ſweet raviſhing Scene, of Order and Variety, of Elegance and Magnificence.

FROM ſo many lovely Proſpects, cluſtering upon the Sight, it is impoſſible not to be reminded of *Heaven*. That World of Bliſs; thoſe Regions of Light; where the Lamb that was ſlain manifeſts his beatific Preſence, and his Saints live for evermore.—But O! what Pencil can ſketch out a Draught of that goodly Land! What Colours, or what Style, can expreſs the Splendors of IMMANUEL's Kingdom! Would ſome celeſtial Hand draw aſide the Veil, but for one Moment; and permit us to throw a ſingle Glance, on thoſe Divine Abodes; how would all ſublunary Poſſeſſions, become tarniſhed in our Eyes, and grow flat upon our Taſte! A Glimpſe, a tranſient Glimpſe of thoſe unutterable Beatitudes, would captivate our Souls, and engroſs all their Faculties. *Eden* itſelf, after ſuch a Viſion, would appear a chearleſs *Deſart*; and all earthly Charms, intolerable *Deformity*.

VERY *excellent Things are ſpoken of Thee, Thou City of* GOD*. Volumes have been written, and thoſe by inſpired Men, to diſplay the Wonders of thy Perfections. All that is rich and reſplendent in the viſible Creation, has been called in to aid our Conceptions, and elevate our Ideas. But, indeed, no Tongue can utter; no Pen can deſcribe; no Fancy can imagine; what GOD, of his unbounded Munificence, has prepared for them that love Him.—Seeing then, that all terreſtrial Things muſt come to a ſpeedy End; and there remaineth a Reſt,

* Pſalm lxxxvii. 2.

a bliſsful

a bliſsful and everlaſting Reſt, for the People of GOD; let me never be too fondly attached, to any preſent Satisfactions. Weaned from whatever is temporal, may I maintain a ſuperior Indifference, for ſuch tranſitory Enjoyments; but long, long earneſtly, for the Manſions that are above; the Paradiſe, "which the "LORD hath planted, and not Man." Thither, may I tranſmit the Chief of my *Converſation*; and from thence expect the Whole of my *Happineſs*. Be that the ſacred, powerful Magnet, which ever influences my Heart; ever attracts my Affections. *There*, are ſuch tranſcendent Glories, as Eye has not ſeen: *There*, are ſuch tranſporting Pleaſures, as Ear has not heard: *There*, is ſuch a Fulneſs of Joys, as the Thought of Man cannot conceive.

INTO that conſummate Felicity; thoſe eternal Fruitions; permit me, Madam, to wiſh You, in due Time, an *abundant Entrance*; and to aſſure You, that this Wish [illegible], with the ſame Sincerity and Ardour [illegible], honoured Correſpondent, as it is,

MADAM, &c.

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

J. HERVEY.

A

DESCANT

UPON

CREATION.

With Joy, with Grief, that healing Hand I see;
The Skies *it form'd, and yet it* bled *for me.*

Night-Thoughts, N° IV.

A

DESCANT

UPON

CREATION.

IF the Reader pleaſes to look back on Page 136; He will find me engaged by a *promiſſory* Note, to ſubjoin a *DESCANT* upon *CREATION*.

To *know the Love of* CHRIST; to have ſuch a deep Apprehenſion of his unſpeakable Kindneſs, as may produce in our Hearts an adoring Gratitude, and an unfeigned Faith; this, according to St. *Paul*'s Eſtimate, is the higheſt and happieſt Attainment in the ſacred Science of Chriſtianity *. What follows, is an Attempt to aſſiſt the attentive Mind, in learning a Line or two of that beſt and greateſt Leſſon. It introduces the moſt conſpicuous Parts of the viſible Syſtem, as ſo many *Prompters* to our dull Affections; each ſuggeſting a *Hint*, adapted to the important Occaſion, and ſuited to its reſpective Character.

* Eph. iii. 19.

CAN there be a more powerful Incentive to devout *Gratitude*; than to conſider the magnificent and delicate Scenes of the Univerſe, with a particular Reference to CHRIST, as the Creator?—Every Object, viewed in this Light, will ſurely adminiſter inceſſant Recruits, to the languiſhing Lamp of Divine Love. Every Production in Nature, will ſtrike a Spark into the Soul; and the whole Creation concur, to raiſe the ſmoking Flax into a Flame.

CAN any thing impart a ſtronger *Joy* to the Believer; or more effectually confirm his *Faith* in the crucified JESUS; than to behold the Heavens declaring his Glory, and the Firmament ſhewing his Handy-work? Surely, it muſt be Matter of inexpreſſible Conſolation to the poor Sinner; to obſerve the Honours of his Redeemer, written with Sun-beams, over all the Face of the World.

WE delight to read an Account of our incarnate JEHOVAH; as He is revealed in the Books of *Moſes* and the Prophets, as He is diſplayed in the Writings of the Evangeliſts and Apoſtles. Let us alſo endeavour to ſee a Sketch of his Perfections; as they ſtand delineated in that ſtately Volume, where every *Leaf*, is a ſpacious Plain—every *Line*, a flowing Brook—every *Period*, a lofty Mountain.

SHOULD any of my Readers be unexerciſed in ſuch Speculations, I beg Leave (in purſuance of my Promiſe) to preſent them with a *Specimen*: or to offer a Clue, which may poſſibly lead their Minds, into this moſt improving and delightful Train of Thinking.

SHOULD any be inclined to ſuſpect the Solidity of the following Obſervations; or to condemn them, as the Voice of Rant, and the lawleſs Flight of Fancy; I muſt entreat ſuch Perſons to recollect, That the grand Doctrine, the Hinge on which they all turn, is warranted and eſtabliſhed by the unanimous Teſtimony of the

the inſpired Penmen. Who frequently celebrate IMMANUEL, or CHRIST JESUS, as the great Almighty Cauſe of all; aſſuring Us, that *All Things were created by Him, and for Him; and that in Him all Things conſiſt* *.

On ſuch a Subject, what is wonderful, is far from being *extravagant*. To be wonderful, is the inſeparable Characteriſtic of God and his Works; eſpecially, of that moſt diſtinguiſhed and glorious Event of the Divine Works, REDEMPTION. So glorious, that "all the Miracles in *Egypt*, and the marvellous "Acts in the Field of *Zoan*;" all that the *Jewiſh* Annals have recorded, or the human Ear has heard; all dwindle into *trivial Events*, are ſcarce worthy to be *remembered* †, in compariſon of this infinitely grand and infinitely gracious Tranſaction.—Kindled, therefore, into pleaſing Aſtoniſhment, by ſuch a Survey, let me give full Scope to my Meditations. Let me pour out my whole Soul on the boundleſs Subject; not much regarding the Limits, which cold Criticiſm, or colder Unbelief, might preſcribe.

O ye *Angels*, that ſurround the Throne; ye Princes of Heaven, "that excel in Strength," and are cloathed with tranſcendant Brightneſs; He, who placed You in thoſe Stations of exalted Honour, and dignified your Nature with ſuch illuſtrious Endowments; He, whom You all obey, and all adore: HE took not on Him the Angelic Form, but was made Fleſh, and found in Faſhion as a Man. Like us wretched Mortals, He was ſubject to Wearineſs, Pain, and every Infirmity, Sin only excepted.—That We might, one Day, be raiſed to your ſublime Abodes; be adopted into your

* *Col.* i. 16, 17. Before my Reader enters upon the following Deſcant, he is deſired to peruſe the Note, pag. 106, 107.

† Iſa. xliii. 18.

bliſsful Society; and join with your tranſported Choir, in giving Glory to HIM that ſitteth upon the Throne, and to the LAMB for ever and ever *.

O YE *Heavens*; whoſe azure Arches riſe immenſely high, and ſtretch unmeaſurably wide. Stupendous Amphitheatre! amidſt whoſe vaſt expanſive Circuit, Orbs of the moſt dreadful Grandeur are perpetually running their amazing Races. Unfathomable Depths of Æther! where Worlds unnumbered float; and, to our limited Sight, Worlds unnumbered are loſt.—He, who adjuſted your Dimenſions with his Span, and formed the magnificent Structure with his Word; HE was once wrapt in Swaddling-cloaths, and laid in a Manger.—That the Benefits accruing to his People, through his moſt meritorious Humiliation, might have no other Meaſure of their Value than Immenſity; might run parallel, in their Duration, with Eternity.

YE *Stars*; that beam with inextinguiſhable Brilliancy, through the Midnight Sky. Oceans of Flame, and Centres of Worlds, though ſeemingly little Points of Light!—He, who ſhone, with eſſential Effulgence, innumerable Ages, before your twinkling Tapers were kindled; and will ſhine with everlaſting Majeſty and Beauty, when your Places in the Firmament ſhall be known no more. HE was involved, for many Years, in the deepeſt Obſcurity; lay concealed in the contemptible City *Nazareth*; lay diſguiſed, under the mean Habit of a Carpenter's Son.—That He might plant the Heavens †, as it were, with new Conſtellations; and array theſe Clods of Earth, theſe Houſes of Clay, with a Radiancy, far ſuperior to yours. A Radiancy which will adorn the very Heaven of Hea-

* Rev. v. 13. † Iſai. li. 16.

vens, when you ſhall vaniſh away like Smoke *; or expire, as momentary Sparks from the ſmitten Steel.

COMETS; that ſometimes ſhoot into the illimitable Tracts of Æther, farther than the Diſcernment of our Eye is able to follow; ſometimes, return from the long, long Excurſion, and ſweep our affrighted Hemiſphere with your enormous fiery Train. That ſometimes make near Approaches to the Sun, and burn almoſt in his immediate Beams; ſometimes, retire to the remoteſt Diſtance, and freeze, for Ages, in the exceſſive Rigours of Winter.—He, who at his ſovereign Pleaſure, withdraws the blazing Wonder: or leads forth the portentous Stranger, to ſhake Terror over guilty Kingdoms. HE was overwhelmed with the moſt ſhocking Amazement, and plunged into the deepeſt Anxiety; was chilled with Apprehenſions of Fear, and ſcorched by the Flames of avenging Wrath. —That I, and other depraved rebellious Creatures, might not be eternally agitated, with the Extremes of jarring Paſſions; oppoſite, yet, on either Side, tormenting. Far more tormenting to the Soul, than the ſevereſt Degrees of your Heat and Cold to the human Senſe.

YE *Planets*; that, winged with unimaginable Speed, traverſe the Regions of the Sky. Sometimes climbing

* Alluding to a Paſſage in *Iſaiah*, which is, I think, grand and elevated beyond all Compariſon.—*Liſt up your Eyes to the Heavens, and look upon the Earth beneath: for the Heavens ſhall vaniſh away like Smoke, and the Earth ſhall wax old like a Garment, and they that dwell therein ſhall die* like the feeble Inſect: *but my Righteouſneſs ſhall be for ever, and my Salvation ſhall not be aboliſhed*, Iſa. li. 6.—With the great *Vitringa*, I tranſlate the Words כמו כן not, *in like manner*; but, *like the feeble Inſect*. Which renders the Period more complete; the Senſe more emphatical; and is more agreeable to the Genius of the ſacred Original.

Millions and Millions of Miles above, ſometimes deſcending as far below, the great Axle of your Motions. Ye, that are ſo minutely faithful, to the Viciſſitudes of Day and Night; ſo exactly punctual, in bringing on the Changes of your reſpective Seaſons.—He, who launched You, at firſt, from his mighty Arm; who continually impels you, with ſuch wonderful Rapidity; and guides you, with ſuch perfect Regularity. Who fixes "the Habitation of his Holineſs and his Glory," infinite Heights above your ſcanty Rounds. HE once became a helpleſs Infant; ſojourned in our inferior World; fled from the Perſecutor's Sword; and wandered as a Vagabond in a foreign Land.—That He might lead our Feet into the Way of Peace; that He might bring us Aliens near to GOD, bring Us Exiles home to Heaven.

THOU *Sun*; inexhauſted Source of Light, and Heat, and Comfort! Who, without the Aſſiſtance of any other Fire, ſheddeſt Day through a thouſand Realms; and, not confining thy Munificence to Realms only, extendeſt thy enlightening Influences to ſurrounding Worlds. Prime Chearer of the Animal, and great Enlivener of the Vegetable Tribes! So beautiful in thyſelf, ſo beneficial in thy Effects, that erring Heathens addreſſed thee with Adorations, and miſtook thee for their Maker!—He, who filled thy Orb with a Profuſion of Luſtre; before whom thy meridian Splendors are but a Shade.—HE diveſted Himſelf of his all-tranſcending Diſtinctions, and drew a Veil over the Effulgence of his Divinity; that, by ſpeaking to Us, Face to Face, as a Man ſpeaketh unto his Friend, He might diſpel our intellectual Darkneſs. His "Viſage was marred *," and He became the Scorn of Men, the

* Iſa. lii. 14.

Outcaſt

Outcaſt of the People; that, by this Manifeſtation of his unutterably tender Regard for our Welfare, He might diffuſe many a Gleam of Joy through our dejected Minds. That, in another State of Things, He might clothe even our fallen Nature, with the Honours of that magnificent Luminary; and give all the Righteous to ſhine forth as the Sun, in the Kingdom of their Father.

THOU *Moon*; that walkeſt among the Hoſt of Stars, and, in thy lucid Appearance, art ſuperior to them all. Fair Ruler of the Night! Sometimes, half-reſtoring the Day, with thy waxing Brightneſs; ſometimes, waning into Dimneſs, and ſcarcely ſcattering the nocturnal Gloom; ſometimes, covered with Sackcloth, and alarming the gazing Nations.—He, who dreſſes thy opake Globe, in beaming, but borrowed Silver; He, whoſe Dignity is unchangeable, underived, and all his own; He vouchſafed to wear a Body of Clay. HE was content to appear as in a bloody Eclipſe, ſhorn of his reſplendent Beams, and ſurrounded with a Night of Horror, which knew not one reviving Ray. —Thus, has He impowered his Church, and all Believers, to tread the Moon under their Feet *. Hence, inſpired with the Hope of brighter Glory, and of more enduring Bliſs, are they enabled to triumph over all the vain Anxieties, and vainer Amuſements, of this ſublunary, precarious, mutable World.

YE *Thunders*; that, awfully grumbling in the diſtant Clouds, ſeem to meditate Indignation, and form the firſt Eſſays of a far more frightful Peal; or, ſuddenly burſting over our Heads, rend the Vault above, and ſhake the Ground below, with the hideous, horrid

* Rev. xii. 1.

Crack.

Crack. Ye, that ſend your tremendous Vollies from Pole to Pole, ſtartling the ſavage Herds *, and aſtoniſhing the human Race.—He, who permits Terror to ſound her Trumpet, in your deep, prolonged, inlarging, aggravated Roar: HE uttered a feeble infantile Cry in the Stable, and ſtrong expiring Groans on the accurſed Tree.—That He might, in the gentleſt Accents, whiſper Peace to our Souls; and, at length, tune our Voices to the Melody of Heaven.

O YE *Lightnings*; that brood, and lie couchant, in the ſulphurcous Vapours; that glance, with forked Fury, from the angry Gloom, ſwifter and fiercer than the Lion ruſhes from his Den; or open into vaſt expanſive Sheets of Flame, ſublimely waved over the proſtrate World, and fearfully lingering in the frighted Skies. Ye, that formerly laid in Aſhes the licentious Abodes of Luſt and Violence; that will, ere long, ſet on fire the Elements, and co-operate in the Conflagration of the Globe.—He, who kindles your Flaſh, and directs You when to ſally, and where to ſtrike: He, who commiſſions your whirling Bolts, whom to kill, and whom to ſpare: HE reſigned his ſacred Perſon to the moſt barbarous Indignities; ſubmitted his beneficent Hands to the ponderous Hammer, and the piercing Nail; yea, with-held not his Heart, his very Heart, from the Stab of the Executioner's Spear. And, inſtead of flaſhing Confuſion on his outrageous Tormentors; inſtead of plunging them to the Depths of Hell with his Frown; He cried—in his laſt Moments, and with his agonizing Lips, He cried; FATHER, FORGIVE THEM; FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!—O! what a Pattern of Patience for his Saints! What an Object of Admiration for Angels! What a

* Pſal. xxix. 8.

Conſtel-

Conſtellation of every mild, amiable, and benign Virtue; ſhining, in this Hour of Darkneſs, with ineffable Splendor and Beauty * !—Hence, hence it is, that We are

* One can hardly forbear animadverting upon the *diſingenuous* Temper, and perverſe Taſte of *Celſus*; who attempts to turn, this moſt diſtinguiſhing and ornamental Part of our LORD's Life, into Ridicule and Reproach.—Having ſpoken of CHRIST, as deſpitefully uſed, and arrayed in a purple Robe; crowned with Thorns; and holding, by Way of mock Majeſty, a Reed inſtead of a Sceptre (for he enters into all theſe Circumſtances, which is a Teſtimony to their Truth even from the Mouth of an Enemy) He adds—Τι ουκ, ει μη προσθεν, αλλα νυν γουν θειον τι επιδειξασθαι; και της αισχυνης ταυτης ταυτον ρυεσθαι, και της υβριζοντας εις εαυτον τε και τον παντα δικαιον; Orig. contra CELS. p. 81. i. e. *Why, in the Name of Wonder, does He not, on this Occaſion, at leaſt, aſſert the* GOD? *Why does He not deliver himſelf from this ſhocking Ignominy; or execute ſome ſignal Vengeance, on the Authors of ſuch injurious and abuſive Inſults, both of Himſelf and his Father?*—Why, *Celſus?* Becauſe, HE was Meekneſs and Gentleneſs itſelf: Whereas *your* Deities were Slaves to their own turbulent and reſentful Paſſions. Becauſe, *they* were little better than Savages in human Shape; who too often made a Merit of Slaughter, and took a horrid Pride in ſpilling Blood. While CHRIST was the Prince of Peace, and came not to deſtroy Mens Lives, but to ſave. Becauſe, any Madman on Earth, or Fury from Hell, is capable of venting his Rage. But Who, amidſt ſuch unſufferable Provocations and Barbarities; Who, having in his own Hand, the Power to reſcue himſelf, the Power to avenge himſelf; could ſubmit to all, with an unruffled Serenity of Patience; and not only not be exaſperated, but *overcome*, in ſo triumphant a Manner, *Evil with Good?* None but CHRIST! None but CHRIST! This was Compaſſion worthy of a GOD; Clemency and Charity *truly divine*.

Therefore, the Calumny raiſed by the ſame virulent Objector, in another Place, carries its own Confutation: or rather, falls with a Weight of *Infamy* on his dunghill Deities, while it bears a moſt *honourable* Teſtimony, to the majeſtic and invincible Meekneſs of our Saviour.—Συ μεν, ſays he to the Chriſtian, τα αγαλματα τιθης λοιδορων καλαγελας, ος αυτον γε τον Διονυσον η τον Ηρακλεα παροντα αν λοιδορησας, ουκ αν ισως χειρων απηλλαξας τον γε σον Θεον παροντα καλαζονευτης και κολακευτης. ουδεν οι ταυτα

are not trembling under the Lightnings of Mount *Sinai*; that we are not blaſted by the Flames of Divine Vengeance; or doomed to dwell with everlaſting Burn-

YE frowning *wintry Clouds*; Oceans pendent in the Air, and burdening the Winds. He, in whoſe Hand, You are an overflowing Scourge; or, by whoſe Appointment, an Arſenal * of warlike Stores. He, who opens your Sluices, and a Flood guſhes forth; to deſtroy the Fruits of the Earth, and drown the Huſbandman's Hopes: Who moulds you into frozen Balls, and You are ſhot, linked with Death †, on the Troops of his Enemies. HE, inſtead of diſcharging the Furiouſneſs of his Wrath upon this guilty Head; poured out his Prayers; poured out his Sighs; poured out his very Soul; for me and my Fellow-tranſgreſſors.—That,

δραστικὸς σεσωφρόνικεν, ibid. p. 103. i. e. *You, indeed, take upon You, to deride the Images of our Deities; but if* Bacchus *himſelf, or* Hercules *had been preſent, You would not have dared to offer ſuch an Affront; or if you had been ſo preſumptuous, would have ſeverely ſmarted for your Inſolence. Whereas, they who tormented the very Perſon of your* GOD, *and even extended him with mortal Agony on the Croſs, ſuffered no Effects of his Diſpleaſure.*

* *Juvenal* ſeems to conſider the Clouds, under this ſame Character, in that beautiful Line,

Quicquid habent Telorum Armamentaria Cœli.

† *Job* has informed Us, for what Purpoſe the Magazines of the Firmament are ſtocked with Hail. That they may be ready, *againſt the Day of Battle and War.* Job xxxviii. 23.—*Joſhua* has recorded, what terrible Slaughter has been made, by thoſe *miſſive Weapons* of the Almighty. *Joſh.* x. 11.—Modern Hiſtorians relate, that, when *Edward* III. invaded *France*, a Shower of Hail-ſtones deſcended, of ſuch a prodigious Size; that ſix thouſand Horſes, and one thouſand Men, were ſtruck dead inſtantaneouſly.—But, the moſt dreadful Deſcription of this *great Ordnance* of the Heavens, is given us in *Rev.* xvi. 21. *There fell upon Men a great Hail out of Heaven, every Stone about the Weight of a Talent.*

by virtue of his ineſtimable Propitiation, the Overflowings of Divine Good-will might be extended to ſinful Men; that the Skies might pour down Righteouſneſs; and Peace on her downy Wings, Peace with her balmy Bleſſings, deſcend to dwell on Earth.

YE *vernal Clouds*; Furls of finer Air, Folds of ſofter Moiſture. He, who draws you in copious Exhalations, from the briny Deep; bids you leave every diſtaſteful Quality behind; and become floating Fountains of ſweeteſt Waters. He, who diſſolves You into gentle Rain, and diſmiſſes You in fruitful Showers; who kindly commiſſions You, to drop down Fatneſs, as You fall, and to ſcatter Flowers over the Field.—HE, in the unutterable Bitterneſs of his Spirit, was without any comforting Senſe of his Almighty Father's Preſence. He, when his Bones were burnt up like a Firebrand, had not one Drop of that ſacred Conſolation, which, on many of his afflicted Servants, has been diſtilled as the Evening Dews, and has "given Songs in the Night" of Diſtreſs.—That, from this unallayed and inconſolable Anguiſh of our all-gracious Maſter, We, as from a Well of Salvation, might derive large Draughts of ſpiritual Refreſhment.

THOU grand *etherial Bow*; whoſe Beauties flaſh the Firmament, and charm every Spectator. He, who paints thee on the fluid Skirts of the Sky; who decks thee with all the Pride of Colours; and bends thee into that graceful and majeſtic Figure. At whoſe Command, thy vivid Streaks ſweetly riſe, or ſwiftly fade.—HE, through all his Life, was arrayed in the humble Garb of Poverty; and, at his Exit, wore the gorgeous Garment of Contempt. Inſomuch, that even his own familiar Friends, aſhamed or afraid to own Him,

Him, "hid as it were their Faces from Him *."—To teach us a becoming Diſdain, for the unſubſtantial and tranſitory Glitter of all worldly Vanities. To introduce Us, in Robes brighter than the Tinges of thy reſplendent Arch; even in the Robes of his own immaculate Righteouſneſs, to introduce Us before that auguſt and venerable Throne, which the peaceful Rainbow ſurrounds. Surrounds, as a Pledge of inviolable Fidelity, and infinite Mercy.

YE *Storms* and *Tempeſts*, which vex the Continent, and toſs the Seas; which daſh Navies on the Rocks, and drive Foreſts from their Roots. He, whoſe Breath rouſes You into ſuch reſiſtleſs Fury, and whoſe Nod controuls You in your wildeſt Career. He, who holds the rapid and raging Hurricane in ſtreightened Reins; and walks, dreadfully ſerene, on the very Wings of the Wind. HE went, all meek and gentle, like a Lamb to the Slaughter for Us; and, as a Sheep before her Shearers is dumb, ſo he opened not his Mouth.—Thus, are we inſtructed to bear, with decent Magnanimity, the various Aſſaults of Adverſity; and to paſs, with a becoming Tranquillity of Temper, through all the rude Blaſts of injurious Treatment. Thus, are We delivered from the unutterably fiercer Storms, of incenſed and inexorable Juſtice; from the "Fire, the "Brimſtone, and the horrible Tempeſt, which will be "the final Portion of the Ungodly."

THOU *Peſtilence*, that ſcattereſt ten Thouſand Poiſons from thy baleful Wings; tainting the Air, and infect-

* *Iſa.* liii. 3. כמסתר פנים ממנו *Fuit tanquam aliquis, a quo quiſque faciem occultorat. He was as ſome* flagitious and *abandoned Wretch, from whom every one,* diſdaining ſuch a Character, and diſclaiming ſuch an Acquaintance, ſtudiouſly *hid his Face.*

ing

ing the Nations. Under whoſe malignant Influence, Joy is blaſted, and Nature ſickens; mighty regions are depopulated, and once crouded Cities are left without Inhabitants. He, who arms thee with inevitable Deſtruction, and bids thee march before * his angry Countenance; to ſpread Deſolation among the Tents of the Wicked, and be the Forerunner of far more fearful indignation. HE, in his holy Humanity, was arraigned as a Criminal; and, though Innocence itſelf, yea, the very Pattern of Perfection, was condemned to die, like the moſt execrable Miſcreant. As a Nuiſance to Society, and the very Bane of the public Happineſs, He was hurried away to Execution, and hammered to the Gibbet.—That by his Blood, He might prepare a ſovereign Medicine, to cure Us of a more fatal Diſtemper, than the Peſtilence which walketh in Darkneſs, or the Sickneſs which deſtroyeth at Noon-day. That he might himſelf ſay to our laſt Enemy, "O Death, I will be thy Plague! "O Grave, I will be thy Deſtruction †."

HEAT; whoſe burning Influence parches the *Libyan* Wilds; tans into Soot, the *Ethiopian*'s Complexion; and makes every Species of Life pant, and droop, and languiſh. *Cold*, whoſe icy Breath glazes yearly the *Ruſſian* Seas; often glues the frozen Sailor to the Cordage; and ſtiffens the Traveler into a Statue of rigid Fleſh.—HE, who ſometimes blends You both, and produces the moſt agreeable Temperature; ſometimes, ſuffers You to act ſeparately, and rage with intolerable Severity. That King of Heaven, and Controuler of univerſal Nature, when dwelling in a Tabernacle of Clay, was expoſed to chilling Damps,

* *Before him went the Peſtilence*, Hab. iij. 5.
† Hoſ. xiii. 14.

and

and ſmitten by ſultry Beams. The Stars, in their Midnight Watches, heard him pray; and the Sun, in his meridian Fervours, ſaw Him toil.—Hence are our frozen Hearts diſſolved, into a mingled Flow of Wonder, Love, and Joy: being conſcious of a Deliverance from thoſe inſufferable Flames, which, kindled by divine Indignation, burn to the loweſt Hell.

THOU *Ocean*, vaſt World of Waters! He, who ſunk that capacious Bed for thy Reception, and poured the liquid Element into unfathomable Chanels; before Whom, all thy foaming Billows, and floating Mountains, are as the ſmall Drop of a Bucket. Who, by the leaſt Intimation of his Will, ſwells thy fluid Kingdoms, in wild Confuſion, to mingle with the Clouds; or reduces them, in calm Compoſure, to ſlumber on the Shores. He, who once gave thee a Warrant to overwhelm the whole Earth, and bury all its degenerate Inhabitants in a watery Grave; but has, now, laid an everlaſting Embargo on thy boiſterous Waves; and bound thee, all fierce and raging as thou art, in Chains ſtronger than Adamant, yet formed of deſpicable Sand.—All the Waves of Vengeance and Wrath, of Tribulation and Anguiſh, paſſed over HIS crucified Body, and HIS agonizing Soul. That We might emerge from thoſe Depths of Miſery, from that Abyſs of Guilt, into which we were plunged by *Adam*'s Fall, and more irretrievably ſunk by our own Tranſgreſſions. That, at the laſt, we might be reſtored to that happy World, which is repreſented, in the Viſion of GOD, as having "no Sea *;" to denote its perpetual Stability, and undiſturbed Serenity.

YE *Mountains*, that overlook the Clouds, and project a Shade into diſtant Provinces. Everlaſting Pyra-

* Rev.

mids

mids of Nature, not to be ſhaken by conflicting Elements; not to be ſhattered by the Bolts of Thunder; nor impaired even by the Ravages of Time.—He, who bid your Ridges riſe ſo high, and your Foundations ſtand ſo faſt. He, in whoſe Scale, You are lighter than Duſt; in whoſe Eye, You are leſs than nothing. —HE ſunk, beneath a Load of Woes; Woes inſupportable, but not his own; when He took our Iniquities upon Himſelf, and heaved the more than mountainous Burden from a guilty World.

Ye verdant *Woods*, that crown our Hills, and are crowned yourſelves with leafy Honours. Ye humble *Shrubs*, adorned, in Spring, with opening Bloſſoms; and fanned, in Summer, by gentle Gales. Ye, that in diſtant Climes, or in cultivated Gardens, breathe out ſpicy Odours, and embalm the Air with delightful Perfumes.—Your all-glorious and ever-bleſſed Creator's Head, was incircled with the thorny Wreath; his Face was defiled with contumelious Spitting; and his Body bathed in a bloody Sweat. That we might wear the Crown, the Crown of Glory, which fadeth not away; and live for evermore, ſurrounded with Delights, as much ſurpaſſing yours, as yours exceed the rugged Deſolations of Winter.

Thou mantling *Vine*; He who hangs on thy ſlender Shoots, the rich, tranſparent, weighty Cluſter. Who, under thy unornamented Foliage, and amidſt the pores of thy otherwiſe worthleſs Bough, prepares the Liquor—the refined and exalted Liquor, which chears the Nations, and fills the Cup of Joy. *Trees*, whoſe Branches are elevated and waving in Air; or diffuſed, in eaſy Confinement, along a ſunny Wall. He, who bends You with a lovely Burden of delicious Fruits; whoſe genial Warmth beautifies their Rind, and mellows their

Taſte.—HE, when voluntarily ſubject to our Wants, inſtead of being refreſhed with your generous juices, or regaled with your luſcious Pulp; had a loathſome Potion of Vinegar, mingled with Gall, addreſſed to his Lips.—That we might ſit under the Shadow of his Merits, with great Tranquility and the utmoſt Complacency. That, ere long, being admitted into the Paradiſe of GOD, We might eat of the Tree of Life*; and drink new Wine with Him, in his Father's Kingdom.

YE luxuriant *Meadows*; He who, without the Seedſman's Induſtry, repleniſhes your irriguous Lap, with never-failing Crops of Herbage; and enamels their chearful Green, with Flowers of every Hue.—Ye fertile *Fields*; He, who bleſſes the Labours of the Huſbandman; enriches your well-tilled Plains with waving Harveſts, and calls forth the Staff of Life from your Furrows. He, who cauſes both Meadows and Fields to laugh and ſing, for the Abundance of Plenty.—HE was no Stranger to corroding Hunger, and parching Thirſt. He, alas! eat the bitter Bread of Woe, and had "Plenteouſneſs of Tears to drink."—That we might partake of richer Dainties, than thoſe which are produced by the Dew of Heaven, and proceed from the Fatneſs of the Earth. That we might feed on "the hidden Manna," and eat the Bread which giveth Life, eternal Life, unto the World.

YE *Mines*, rich in yellow Ore, or bright with Veins of Silver; that diſtribute your ſhining Treaſures, as far as Winds can waft the Veſſel of Commerce; that beſtow your Alms on Monarchs, and have Princes for your Penſioners.—Ye Beds of *Gems*, Toy-ſhops of Nature! Which form, in dark Retirement, the glit-

* Rev. ii. 7.

tering

tering Stone. *Diamonds*, that ſparkle with a brilliant Water; *Rubies*, that glow with a crimſon Flame; *Emeralds*, dipped in the freſheſt Verdure of Spring; *Sapphires*, decked with the faireſt Drapery of the Sky; *Topaz*, emblazed with a golden Gleam; *Amethyſt*, impurpled with the Bluſhes of the Morning.—He, who tinctures the metallic Duſt, and conſolidates the lucid Drop; HE, when ſojourning on Earth, had no Riches, but the Riches of diſintereſted Benevolence; had no Ornament, but the Ornament of unſpotted Purity. Poor he was in his Circumſtances, and mean in all his Accommodations; that WE might be rich in Grace, and "obtain Salvation with eternal "Glory." That We might inhabit the new *Jeruſalem*: that ſplendid City! Whoſe Streets are paved with Gold; whoſe Gates are formed of Pearl; and the Walls garniſhed with all manner of precious Stones *.

YE guſhing *Fountains*, that trickle potable Silver through the matted Graſs. Ye fine tranſparent *Streams*, that glide, in cryſtal Waves, along your fringed Banks. Ye deep and ſtately *Rivers*, that wind and wander in your Courſe, to ſpread your Favours wider; that gladden Kingdoms in your Progreſs, and augment the Sea with your Tribute.—He, who ſupplies all your Currents, from his own ever-flowing and inexhauſtible Liberality: HE, when his Nerves were racked with exquiſite Pain, and his Blood inflamed by a raging Fever, cried, I THIRST; and was denied (unparalleled Hardſhip!) in this his great Extremity, was denied the poor Refreſhment of a ſingle Drop of Water.—That We, having all Sufficiency in all Things, might abound to every good Work; might be filled with the Fulneſs of ſpiritual Bleſſings Here, and Hereafter be ſatisfied

* Rev. xxi. 19, 21.

with that Fulneſs of Joy, which is at GOD's right Hand for evermore.

YE *Birds*, chearful Tenants of the Bough, gaily dreſſed in gloſſy Plumage; who wake the Morn, and ſolace the Groves, with your artleſs Lays. Inimitable Architects! Who, without Rule or Line, build your penſile Structures, with all the Nicety of Proportion. You have each his commodious Neſt, roofed with Shades, and lined with Warmth, to protect and cheriſh the callow Brood.—But He, who tuned your Throats to Harmony, and taught You that curious Skill; HE was a Man of Sorrows, and had not where to lay his Head. Had not where to lay his Head, till he felt the Pangs of Diſſolution, and was laid in the ſilent Grave.—That We, dwelling under the Wings of Omnipotence, and reſting in the Boſom of infinite Love, might ſpend an harmonious Eternity, in "ſinging the Song of *Moſes*, and of the LAMB."

BEES, induſtrious Workmen! That ſweep, with buſy Wing, the flowery Garden; and ſearch the blooming Heath; and ſip the melliſluous Dews. Strangers to Idleneſs! That ply, with inceſſant Aſſiduity, your pleaſing Taſk; and ſuffer no opening Bloſſom to paſs unexplored, no ſunny Gleam to ſlip away unimproved. Moſt ingenious Artificers! That cling to the fragrant Buds; drain them of their treaſured Sweets; and extract (if I may ſo ſpeak) even the odoriferous Souls of Herbs, and Plants, and Flowers.—You, when you have compleated your Work; have collected, refined, and ſecurely lodged the ambroſial Stores: when you might reaſonably expect the peaceful Fruition of your Acquiſitions; You, alas! are barbarouſly deſtroyed, and leave your hoarded Delicacies to others: leave them to be enjoyed by your very Murderers. I cannot but

pity

pity your hard Deſtiny!—How then ſhould my Bowels melt with Sympathy, and my Eyes flow with Tears *; when I remember, that *thus*, *thus* it fared with your and our incarnate Maker! After a Life of the moſt exemplary and exalted Piety; a Life, filled with Offices of Beneficence, and Labours of Love; HE was, by wicked Hands, crucified and ſlain. He left the Honey of his Toil, the Balm of his Blood, and the Riches of his Obedience, to be ſhared among others: to be ſhared even among Thoſe, who too often crucify Him afreſh, and put him to open Shame.

SHALL I mention the Animal †, which *ſpins* her ſoft, her ſhining, her exquiſitely fine *ſilken* Thread? Whoſe matchleſs Manufactures lend an Ornament to Grandeur, and make Royalty itſelf more magnificent.—

* Can'ſt Thou, ungrateful Man, his Torments ſee,
Nor *drop a Tear* for HIM, who *pour'd* his *Blood* for Thee?
PITTS's *Poems*.

† No One, I hope, will be offended at my introducing, on *ſuch* an Occaſion, Creatures of ſo low a Rank. Since, even the Volumes of Inſpiration ſeem to lend me the Sanction of their ſacred Authority. As they diſdain not to compare the bleſſed JESUS to a *Door*, a *Highway*, &c. And, perhaps, all Compariſons, which reſpect a Being of *infinite* Dignity, are not only mean, but *equally* mean and unworthy.

I am ſenſible, likewiſe, that in this Paragraph, and ſome others, *all* the Circumſtances are not completely correſpondent. But if, in *ſome* grand Particulars, the Reddition anſwers to the Deſcription; this, I truſt, will be ſufficient for my Purpoſe, and ſatisfactory to my Readers.—Perhaps, it would be no miſtaken Caution, to apply the ſame Obſervation to many of the beautiful Similitudes, Parables, and Allegories, uſed by our LORD; ſuch as the *brazen Serpent*, the *unjuſt* Steward, the *Thief* in the Night, *&c.* Which, if ſcrupulouſly ſifted, or rigorouſly ſtrained, for an intire Coincidence in *every* Circumſtance, muſt appear to great Diſadvantage, and lead into palpable Inconveniences.

Shall I take Notice of the Cell, in which, when the Gaiety and Buſineſs of Life are over, the little Recluſe immures herſelf, and ſpends the Remainder of her Days in Retirement?—Shall I rather obſerve the Sepulchre, which, when cloyed with Pleaſure, and weary of the World, ſhe prepares for her own Interment? Or how, when a ſtated Period is elapſed, She wakes from a death-like Inactivity; breaks the Incloſure of her Tomb; throws off the duſky Shroud; aſſumes a new Form; puts on a more ſumptuous Array; and, from an Inſect creeping on the Ground, becomes a winged Inhabitant of the Air?—No: this is a poor *Reptile*; and therefore unworthy to ſerve as an Illuſtration, when any Character of the Son of God comes under Conſideration. But let me correct myſelf. Was not CHRIST (to uſe the Language of his own bleſſed Spirit) *a Worm and no Man**? In Appearance ſuch, and treated as ſuch.—Did he not alſo bequeath the fine Linen of his own moſt perfect Righteouſneſs, to compoſe the Marriage-Garment † for our diſarrayed and defiled Souls? Did He not, before his Fleſh ſaw Corruption, emerge triumphant from the Grave; and not only mount the lower Firmament, but aſcend the Heaven of Heavens; taking Poſſeſſion of thoſe ſublime Abodes, in our Name, and as our Forerunner?

YE *Cattle*, that reſt in your incloſed Paſtures; Ye *Beaſts*, that range the unlimited Foreſt; Ye *Fiſh*, that rove

* Pſalm xxii. 6.

† This, and ſeveral other Hints, interſperſed in this Work refer to the *active* and *paſſive* Righteouſneſs of CHRIST, *imputed* to Believers, for their Juſtification. Which, in the Opinion of many great Expoſitors, is the myſtical and the moſt ſublime Meaning of the *Wedding-Garment*, ſo emphatically and forcibly recommended by the Teacher ſent from GOD, *Matt.* xxii. 11.

A Doc-

rove through trackleſs Paths of the Sea. *Sheep*, clad in Garments, which, when left by You, are wore by Kings. *Kine*, who feed on Verdure, which, tranſmuted in your Bodies, and ſtrained from your Udders, furniſhes a Repaſt for Queens. *Lions*, roaring after your Prey; *Leviathan*, taking your Paſtime in the great Deep; with all that wing the Firmament, or tread the Soil, or ſwim the Wave.—He, who ſpreads his ever-hoſpitable Board; who admits You all to be his continual Gueſts; and ſuffers You to want no manner of Thing that is good.—HE was deſtitute

A Doctrine, which Some of Thoſe who honour my Meditations with a Peruſal, probably may not receive with much, if any, Approbation. I hope, the *whole* Performance will not be caſhiered, for *one* Difference in Sentiment. And I beg, that the Sentiment itſelf may not haſtily be rejected, without a ſerious Hearing. For, I have the Pleaſure of being intimately acquainted with a Gentleman of good Learning, and diſtinguiſhed Senſe, who had *once* as ſtrong Prepoſſeſſions *againſt* this Tenet, as can well be imagined. Yet *now*, He not only admits it, as a Truth; but embraces it, as the Joy of his Heart; and cleaves to it, as the Rock of his Hopes.

A clear and cogent Treatiſe, intitled *Submiſſion to the Righteouſneſs of* GOD, was the Inſtrument of removing his Prejudices, and reducing him to a better Judgment.—In which he has been happily confirmed, by the Authority of the moſt *illuſtrious* Names, and the Works of the moſt *eminent* Pens, that have ever adorned our Church and Nation. In this Number are—Biſhop *Jewel*, one of our great Reformers; and the other venerable Compilers of our Homilies—Archbiſhop *Uſher*, that Oracle of Univerſal Learning—Biſhop *Hall*, the devout and ſprightly Orator of his Age—the copious and fervent Biſhop *Hopkins*—the ſingularly good and unaffected Biſhop *Beveridge*—that everlaſting Honour of the Bench of Judicature, Lord Chief Juſtice *Hales*—the nervous, florid, and perſuaſive Dean *Stanhope*—the practical and perſpicuous Mr. *Burkit*—and, to ſummon no other Evidence, that *matchleſs* Genius *Milton*; who, in various Parts of his divine Poem, inculcates this *comfortable* Truth; and, in *one* Paſſage, repreſents it under the very ſame Image, which is made uſe of above, *Book* X. *line* 222.

deſtitute, afflicted, tormented: He endured all that was miſerable and reproachful; in order to exalt a degenerate Race, who had debaſed themſelves to a Level with the Beaſts that periſh, unto Seats of diſtinguiſhed and immortal Honour; in order to introduce the Slaves of Sin, and Heirs of Hell, into Manſions of conſummate and everlaſting Bliſs.

SURELY, the Contemplation of ſuch a Subject, and the diſtant Anticipation of ſuch a Hope, may almoſt turn Earth into Heaven, and make even inanimate Nature vocal with Praiſe. Let it, then, break forth from every Creature. Let the *meaneſt* feel the inſpiring Impulſe; let the *greateſt* acknowledge themſelves unable, worthily to expreſs the ſtupendous Goodneſs.

I had almoſt forgot to mention that the Treatiſe intitled *Submiſſion*, &c. was written by Mr. *Benjamin Jenks*.—Whoſe Book of *Devotions* has deſervedly paſſed through *Eleven* Editions; is truly admirable for the Sublimity, Spirituality, and Propriety of the Sentiments; as well as for the conciſe Form, and pathetic Turn of the Expreſſion.—Whoſe Book of *Meditations*, though no leſs worthy of general Acceptance, has, for a conſiderable Time, been almoſt unknown and extinct. But was revived, and republiſhed, in Two Octavo Volumes, by Mr. *James Rivington*. For which Service, He has my Thanks: I flatter myſelf, He will have the Thanks of the Public: as I am perſuaded, could Religion and Virtue ſpeak, He would have *their* Acknowledgments alſo. Since few Treatiſes are more happily calculated, to repreſent Religion in its native Beauty, and to promote the Intereſts of genuine Virtue.—On which Account, I truſt, the *Candid* will excuſe me, and the *Judicious* will not condemn me, even though the Recommendation of thoſe Devotions and of theſe Meditations, may appear to be a Digreſſion from my Subject.

N. B. *Should the Reader be inclined to examine the aforementioned Tenet, He will find it ſtated, diſcuſſed, and applied to its due Improvement, in a Piece intitled* THERON *and* ASPASIO.

PRAISE HIM, ye *Inſects* that crawl on the Ground; who, though high above all Height, humbled himſelf to dwell in Duſt. *Birds* of the Air, waſt on your Wings, and warble in your Notes, HIS Praiſe; who, though LORD of the celeſtial Abodes, while ſojourning on Earth, wanted a Shelter commodious as your Neſts.—Ye rougher World of *Brutes*, join with the gentle Songſters of the Shade, and howl to HIM your hoarſe Applauſe; who breaks the Jaw-Bones of the infernal Lion; who ſoftens into Mildneſs the ſavage Diſpoſition; and bids the Wolf lie down, in amicable Agreement, with the Lamb. *Bleat* out, ye Hills; let broader *Lows* be reſponſive from the Vales; ye Foreſts catch, and ye Rocks retain, the inarticulate Hymn; becauſe MESSIAH the Prince *feeds his Flock, like a Shepherd. He gathers the Lambs with his Arm; He carries them in his Boſom; and gently leads thoſe that are with Young* *.—Wave, ye ſtately *Cedars*, in Sign of Worſhip, wave your branching Heads to HIM; who meekly bowed his own, on the accurſed Tree. Pleaſing *Proſpects*, Scenes of Beauty, where niceſt Art conſpires with laviſh Nature, to form a Paradiſe below; lay forth all your Charms, and in all your Charms confeſs Yourſelves a mere Blank; compared with his Amiableneſs, who is "faireſt among ten Thouſand, "and altogether lovely."—Drop down, ye *Showers*; and teſtify, as you fall; teſtify of HIS Grace, which deſcends more copiouſly than the Rain, diſtils more ſweetly than the Dew. Let ſighing *Gales* breathe, and murmuring *Rivulets* flow; breathe and flow, in harmonious Conſonance to HIM; whoſe Spirit is far more reviving, than the cooling Breeze; who is Himſelf the Fountain of living Waters.

* Iſa. xl. 11.

YE *Lightnings*, blaze to HIS Honour; ye *Thunders*, ſound HIS Praiſe; while reverberating *Clouds* return the Roar, and bellowing *Oceans* propagate the tremendous Anthem.—*Moteſt* of Creatures, add your ſilent Oratory, and diſplay the Triumphs of HIS Meekneſs; who, though He maketh the Clouds his Chariot, and treadeth upon the Waves of the Sea; though the Thunder is his Voice, and the Lightning his Sword of Juſtice; yet, amidſt the moſt abuſive and cruel Injuries, was ſubmiſſive and lifted not his Hand, was "dumb "and opened not his Mouth."—Great *Source* of *Day*, addreſs thy radiant Homage to a far ſublimer Sun. Write, in all thy ample Round, with every lucid Beam, O! write a Teſtimony to HIM, who is the Brightneſs of his Father's Glory. Who is the Sun of Righteouſneſs to a ſinful World; and is riſen, never to go down; is riſen, to be our everlaſting Light.—Shine clear, ye *Skies*; look gay, thou *Earth*; let the *Floods* clap their Hands; and let *every* Creature wear a Smile: for He cometh, the CREATOR Himſelf cometh, to be manifeſted in the Fleſh; and with Him comes Pardon, Peace, and Joy; every Virtue and all Felicity comes in his Train.—*Angels* and *Archangels*, let your Songs be of JESUS, and teach the very Heavens to echo with his adored and majeſtic Name. Ye beheld Him, with greater Tranſports of Admiration, when you attended his Agony in the Garden, and ſaw Him proſtrate on the Ground; than when You beheld univerſal Nature riſing at his Call, and ſaw the Wonders of his creating Might. Tune to loftieſt Notes your golden Harps, and waken Raptures, unknown before even in heavenly Breaſts: while all that has *Breath*, ſwells the Concert of Harmony; and all that has *Being*, unites in the Tribute of Praiſe.

CHIEFLY,

CHIEFLY, let *Man* exalt his Voice; let Man, with diſtinguiſhed Hoſannas, hail the REDEEMER. For Man, He was ſtretched on the racking Croſs; for Man, He was conſigned to the gloomy Sepulchre; for Man, He procured Grace unmeaſurable, and Bliſs inconceivable.—However *different*, therefore, in your Age, or more different in your Circumſtances, be *unanimous*, O Men, in magnifying a Saviour, who is no Reſpecter of Perſons; who gave Himſelf a Ranſom for all.—Bend, ye *Kings*, from your Thrones of Ivory and Gold; in your Robes of imperial Purple, fall proſtrate at HIS Feet; who forſook a nobler Throne, and laid aſide more illuſtrious Enſigns of Majeſty; that You might reign with GOD for ever and ever.—*Children* of *Poverty*, meaneſt of Mortals (if any can be called poor, who are *thus* enriched; if any can be accounted mean, who are *thus* ennobled); rejoice, greatly rejoice, in GOD your Saviour. Who choſe to be indigent, was willing to be contemned; that you might be intitled to the Treaſures, and be numbered with the Princes, of Heaven.—*Sons* of *Affliction*, though haraſſed with Pain, and inured to Anguiſh, O! change your Groans into Songs of Gratitude. Let no complaining Voice, no jarring String be heard, in the univerſal Symphony; but *glorify* the LAMB even *in the Fires* *. Who Himſelf bore greater Torment, than You feel; and has promiſed You a Share in the Joy, which He inherits: who has made your Sufferings ſhort, and will make your Reſt eternal.—*Men* of *hoary* Locks, bending beneath a Weight of Years, and tottering on the Brink of the Grave; let CHRIST be your Support, under all Infirmities; lean upon CHRIST, as the Rock of your Salvation. Let his Name, his precious Name, form the laſt Accents, which quiver on your pale ex-

* Iſa. xxiv. 15.

piring

piring Lips.—And let this be the firſt, that liſps on your Tongues, ye tender *Infants*. Remember your REDEEMER, in your earlieſt Moments. Devote the Choice of your Hours, to the learning of his Will; and the Chief of your Strength, to the glorifying of HIS Name. Who, in the Perfection of Health, and the very Prime of Manhood, was content to become a motionleſs and ghaſtly Corpſe; that You might be girt with the Vigour, and cloathed with the Bloom of eternal Youth.

YE *Spirits* of *juſt* Men made *perfect*, who are releaſed from the Burden of the Fleſh; and freed from all the vexatious Solicitations of Corruption in Yourſelves; delivered from all the injurious Effects of Iniquity in others. Who ſojourn no longer in the Tents of Strife, or the Territories of Diſorder; but are received into that pure, harmonious, holy Society, where every one acts up to his amiable and exalted Character; where GOD Himſelf is pleaſed *graciouſly* and *immediately* to preſide.—You find, not without pleaſing Aſtoniſhment, your Hopes improved into actual Enjoyment, and your Faith ſuperſeded by the Beatific Viſion. You feel all your former Shyneſs of Behaviour, happily loſt in the Overflowings of unbounded Love: and all your little Differences of Opinion, intirely born down by Tides of invariable Truth. Bleſs, therefore, with all your inlarged Powers, bleſs *His* infinitely larger Goodneſs; who, when He had overcome the Sharpneſs of Death, opened the Gates of Paradiſe, opened the Kingdom of Heaven, to all Generations, and to every Denomination, of the Faithful.

YE Men of *holy* Converſation, and *humble* Tempers, think of HIM, who *loved You, and waſhed You from your Sins in his own Blood.* Think of Him, on your ſilent Couch; talk of Him, in every ſocial Interview.

Glory

Glory in his Excellencies; make your Boaſt of his Obedience; and add, ſtill continue to add, the Incenſe of a dutiful Life, to all the Oblations of a grateful Tongue.—*Weakeſt* of *Believers*, who go mourning under a Senſe of Guilt, and conflicting with the ceaſeleſs Aſſaults of Temptation; put off your Sack-cloth, and be girded with Gladneſs. Becauſe JESUS, is as merciful to hear, as He is mighty to help. Becauſe, He is touched with the tendereſt ſympathizing Concern, for all your Diſtreſſes; and He lives, ever lives, to be your *Advocate* with the FATHER. Why then ſhould uneaſy Doubts ſadden your Countenances? Why ſhould deſponding Fears oppreſs your Souls? Turn, turn thoſe diſconſolate Sighs into chearful Hymns; ſince you have His *powerful Interceſſion*, and his *ineſtimable Merits*, to be your Anchor in all Tribulations, to be your Paſſport into eternal Bleſſedneſs.

MOST of all, Ye *Miniſters* of the *Sanctuary*; Heralds commiſſioned from above; Lift, every One, his Voice like a Trumpet, and loudly proclaim the REDEEMER. Get Ye up, Ye Ambaſſadors of Peace, get Ye up into the high Mountains; and ſpread far and wide the Honours of the LAMB, "that was ſlain, "but is alive for evermore." Teach every ſacred Roof, to reſound with his Fame; and every human Heart, to glow with his Love. Declare, as far as the Force of Words will go, declare the inexhauſtible Fulneſs of that great Atonement; whoſe Merits are commenſurate with the Glories of the DIVINITY *. Tell the

* If in this Place and others, I have ſpoken magnificently of the Blood of CHRIST, and its inſuperable Efficacy to expiate Guilt; I think, it is no more than is expreſſed, in a very celebrated Hymn; written by one of the greateſt *Wits*, who had alſo been one of the greateſt *Libertines*, and afterwards commenced one of

the ſinful Wretch, what Pity yearns in IMMANUEL's Bowels; what Blood he has ſpilt, what Agonies he has endured, what Wonders He has wrought, for the Salvation of his Enemies. Invite the Indigent, to become rich; intreat the Guilty, to accept of Pardon; becauſe, with the crucified JESUS is plenteous Redemption, and All-ſufficiency to ſave.—While you, placed in conſpicuous Stations, pour the joyful Sound; may I, as I ſteal through the Vale of human Life, catch the pleaſing Accents! For *me*, the Author of all Bleſſings became a Curſe: for *me*, his Bones were diſlocated, and his Fleſh was torn: He hung, with ſtreaming Veins, and an agonizing Soul, on the Croſs for *me*. O! may I, in my little Sphere, and amidſt the ſcanty Circle of my Acquaintance, at leaſt whiſper theſe glad tranſporting Tidings; whiſper them from my own Heart, that they may ſurely reach, and ſweetly penetrate theirs.

BUT, when Men and Angels raiſe the grand Hymn; when all Worlds, and all Beings, add their *collective*

of the moſt remarkable *Penitents*, in *France*. A Hymn, which even Mr. *Bayle* confeſſes to be a *very fine* one; which another great Critic calls an *admirable* one; and which, a Genius ſuperior to them both, recommends as a *noble* one. (See *Spect.* Vol. VII. N° 513.)

The Author, having acknowledged his Crimes to be, beyond Meaſure heinous, and almoſt beyond Forgiveneſs provoking:—ſo provoking, as to render Tears from ſuch Eyes offenſive, and Prayers from ſuch Lips abominable:—compoſes himſelf to ſubmit, without the leaſt repining Sentiment; to ſubmit, even with Praiſe and Adoration, to the moſt dreadful Doom. Accordingly, he ſtands in reſigned Expectation of being inſtantly ſtruck by the Bolts of Vengeance: but—with a Turn of Thought equally ſurpriſing and ſprightly; with a Faith properly founded, and happily firm; He adds,

Yet where! O where! *can* ev'n thy Thunders fall?
CHRIST's Blood o'erſpreads and ſhields me from them *all*.

Acclamations; this full, fervent, and univerſal Chorus, will be ſo *inferior* to the Riches of the REDEEMER's Grace; ſo *diſproportionate* to the Magnificence of his Glory; that it will ſeem but to *debaſe* the unutterable Subject, it attempts to exalt. The loud Hallelujah will *die away*, in the ſolemn mental Eloquence of proſtrate, rapturous, *ſilent* Adoration.

O Goodneſs infinite! Goodneſs immenſe!
And Love that paſſeth Knowledge!—*Words are vain;*
Language is loſt in Wonders ſo divine.
"*Come then, expreſſive* SILENCE, *muſe his Praiſe.*"

THE

THE FRONTISPIECE

Exhibits a View of the nocturnal Heavens.—On the Top of an OBSERVATORY, two Perſons examine the celeſtial Bodies with their Teleſcopes: Inſtruments, which gave Riſe to the moſt important Improvements in the Science of *Aſtronomy*.

An aged Philoſopher is repreſented, inſtructing his Pupils. He deſcribes, with his Compaſſes, the Order and Courſes of the Planets; according to the *Newtonian* Hypotheſis, intimated by a Book bearing that great Author's Name.—The whole Tenour of the Lecture, in Concert with the whole Structure and Œconomy of the Skies, ENARRANT GLORIAM DEI, profeſſedly *declare the Glory of GOD*.—Behind the Philoſopher ſtands one of his Scholars, with an Air of cloſe Attention, computing on his Fingers the Diſtances, the Magnitudes, the Velocities of the planetary Orbs.—Another at his Right-hand, attending to the Deſcription of the ſtupendous Syſtem, is ſtruck with Surprize, and impreſſed with Awe.—A third, with conſcious Humilia-

tion in his Countenance, holds a Scroll, inſcribed with a Diagram; expreſſing the joint Action of the *centrifugal* and *centripetal* Forces. As by the one, the Planets are continually endeavouring to fly off; but by the other, are perpetually drawn towards the Centre of their Motion; See GRATIA DEI, *Such is the Operation of Divine Grace:* correcting the irregular Impulſe of our natural Depravity; determining our Deſires to the Centre of Happineſs; and directing our Goings in the Circle of Duty.—A Youth on the Left, overwhelmed with Veneration for the Almighty Maker, in a tranſport of Gratitude, and a Poſture of Adoration, pours out his Soul in thoſe emphatical Words; *When I conſider thy Heavens, the Work of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which thou haſt ordained:*—LORD, *what is Man, that thou art mindful of him; and the Son of Man, that thou viſiteſt him?* Pſal. viii. 3, 4.

CON-

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

NIGHT.

Night *is fair* Virtue's *immemorial Friend:*
The conſcious Moon, *through ev'ry diſtant Age,*
Has held a Lamp to Wiſdom.

Night-Thoughts, N° V.

TO

PAUL ORCHARD,

OF

STOKE-ABBEY, in DEVONSHIRE, Eſq;

DEAR SIR,

AS your honoured Father was pleaſed to make choice of me, to anſwer in your Name at the Font, and to exerciſe a ſort of *Guardianſhip* over your ſpiritual Intereſts; permit me, by putting theſe little Treatiſes into your Hand, to fulfil ſome Part of that ſolemn Obligation.

GRATITUDE for your many ſignal Favours, and a conſcientious Regard to my ſacred Engagement, have long ago inſpired my Breaſt with the warmeſt Wiſhes, both for your true *Dignity*, and real *Happineſs*. Nor can I think of a more endearing, or a more effectual Way, of advancing either the one or the other, than to ſet before you a Sketch of your excellent

Father's Character.—Illuſtrious Examples are the moſt winning Incitements to Virtue. And none can come attended with ſuch particular Recommendations to You, Sir, as the Pattern of that worthy Perſon, from whom you derive your very Being.

A MOST cordial, and reverential Eſteem for the *Divine Word*, was one of his remarkable Qualities. Thoſe Oracles of Heaven were his principal Delight, and his inſeparable Companions. Your Gardens, your ſolitary Walks, and the Hedges of your Fields can witneſs *, with what an unwearied Aſſiduity He exerciſed Himſelf in the Law of the LORD. From hence He fetched his Maxims of Wiſdom, and formed his Judgment of Things. The ſacred *Precepts*, were the Model of his Temper, and the Guide of his Life; while the precious *Promiſes*, were the Joy of his Heart, and his Portion for ever.

IMPROVING Company was another of his moſt reliſhing Pleaſures. Few Gentlemen were better furniſhed, either with Richneſs of Fancy, or Copiouſneſs of Expreſſion, to bear a ſhining Part in Converſation. With theſe

* Joſh. xxiv. 27.

Talents,

Talents, He always endeavoured to give ſome *uſeful*, generally ſome *religious*, Turn to the Diſcourſe. Nor did he ever reflect, with greater Complacency, on his ſocial Hours, than when they tended to glorify the Eternal Majeſty; and to awaken, in Himſelf and others a more lively Spirit of Devotion.

To project for the Good of Others, was his frequent *Study*, and to carry thoſe benevolent Contrivances into Execution, his favourite *Employ*. When viſited by the young Perſons of the Neighbourhood, far from taking an ungraceful Pride to initiate them in a Debauchery, or confirm them in a riotous Habit; it was his inceſſant Aim, by finely-adapted Perſuaſives, to encourage them in *Induſtry*, and eſtabliſh them in a Courſe of *Sobriety*; to *guard* them againſt the Allurements of Vice, and *animate* them with the Principles of Piety. A noble Kind of Hoſpitality this! Which will probably tranſmit its beneficial Influence, to their earthly Poſſeſſions; to their future Families; and even to their everlaſting State.

A Conviction of human Indigence, and a thorough Perſuaſion of the Divine All-ſufficiency, induced him to be *frequent in Prayer*.

To proſtrate himſelf in profound Adoration, before that infinitely exalted Being, who dwells in Light inacceſſible, was *his Glory*; to implore the Continuance of the Almighty Favour, and the Increaſe of all Chriſtian Graces, was *his Gain*. In thoſe Moments, no doubt, he remembered You, Sir, with a particular Earneſtneſs; and lodged many an ardent Petition in the Court of Heaven, for his Infant Son. Ceaſe not to ſecond them with your own devout Supplications, that they may deſcend upon your Head, "in the Fulneſs of the Bleſſings of "the Goſpel of Peace."

To give their genuine Luſtre to all his other Endowments, he was careful to maintain an *humble Mind*. Though his Friends might admire his ſuperior Abilities, or his Acquaintance applaud his exemplary Behaviour, he ſaw how far he *fell ſhort* of the Mark of his high Calling: ſaw, and lamented his Defects: ſaw, and renounced Himſelf: relying, for final Acceptance, and endleſs Felicity, on a *better Righteouſneſs* than his own; even on the tranſcendently perfect Righteouſneſs, and inconceivably precious Death, of JESUS the Redeemer. This was the Rock of his Hope, and the very Crown of his Rejoicing.

THESE,

THESE, Sir, are ſome of the *diſtinguiſhing* Characteriſtics of your deceaſed Parent. As you had the Misfortune to loſe ſo valuable a Relative, before you was capable of forming any Acquaintance with his Perſon; I flatter myſelf, you will the more attentively obſerve his Picture. This His *moral Picture*; deſigned, not to be ſet in Gold, or ſparkle in Enamel, but to breathe in your Spirit, and to live in all your Conduct.———Which, though it be intirely your own, calculated purely for yourſelf, may poſſibly (like the Family Pieces in your Parlour, that glance an Eye upon as many as enter the Room) make ſome *pleaſing* and *uſeful* Impreſſion on every Beholder.—May every one, charmed with the beautiful Image, catch its Reſemblance; and Each, in his reſpective Sphere, "go and do likewiſe."

BUT You, Sir, are peculiarly concerned to copy the amiable Original. As the Order of an indulgent Providence, has made you Heir of the *affluent Circumſtances*; let not a gay and thoughtleſs Inadvertence, cut you off from the *richer Inheritance*, of theſe noble Qualifications.—Theſe will be your Security, amidſt all the glittering Dangers; which are inſeparable

from blooming Years, and an elevated Situation in Life. Theſe are your Path, your ſure and only Path, to true Greatneſs, and ſolid Happineſs.——Tread in theſe Steps, and you cannot fail to be the Darling of your Friends, and the Favourite of Heaven. Tread in theſe Steps, and you will give inexpreſſible Joy to one of the beſt of Mothers; you will become an extenſive Bleſſing to your Fellow-Creatures; and which, after ſuch moſt engaging Motives, is ſcarce worthy to be mentioned, you will be the Delight, the Honour, and the Boaſt of,

Dear SIR,

Your very affectionate Godfather,

And moſt faithful humble Servant,

Weſton-Favell,
Northampton,
July 14, 1747.

JAMES HERVEY.

PREFACE.

WE have already exerciſed our Speculations, on the Tombs and Flowers; ſurveying Nature, covered with the deepeſt Horrors, and arrayed in the richeſt Beauties. Allegory *taught many of the Objects, to ſpeak the Language of Virtue; while* Imagination *lent her Colouring, to give the Leſſons an engaging Air.—And this with a View of imitating that* Divine *Inſtructer; who commiſſioned the* Lily *, *in her ſilver Suit, to remonſtrate in the Ear of unbelieving Reaſon: Who ſent his Diſciples* (*Men ordained to* teach *the Univerſe*) *to* learn *Maxims of the laſt Importance, from the moſt* inſignificant *Birds* *, *that wander through the Paths of the Air; from the very* meaneſt *Herbs* *, *that are ſcattered over the Face of the* † *Ground.*

Embold-

* Matt. vi. 26, 28, 29, 30.

† Celebrated Writers, as *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, *Thucydides* and *Livy*, are obſerved to have a Stile peculiar to themſelves.—Now, whoever conſiders the Diſcourſes of *Chriſt*, will find Him diſtinguiſhing Himſelf by a Stile, which may properly be called *HIS OWN.* Majeſtic, yet familiar; happily uniting Dignity with Condeſcen-

ſion;

Emboldened by the kind Acceptance of the preceding Sketches, I beg Leave to confide in the ſame Benevolence *of* Taſte, *for the Protection and*

ſion; it conſiſts, in teaching his Followers the *ſublimeſt* Truths, by ſpiritualizing on the moſt *common* Occurrences. Which, beſides its being level to the loweſt Apprehenſions; and admirably adapted to ſteal into the moſt inattentive Heart; is accompanied with this very ſingular Advantage, That it turns even the *Sphere of Buſineſs* into a *School of Inſtruction*; and renders the moſt ordinary Objects a Set of Monitors, ever ſoliciting our Regard, becauſe ever preſent to our Senſes.—So that, I believe, it may be ſaid of this *amiable Method*, in which our LORD conveyed; as well as of that *powerful Energy*, which attended his Doctrines, That *never Man ſpake like this Man*.—The *Harveſt* approaching, He reminds his Diſciples of a far more important Harveſt, *John* iv. 35. *Matt.* xiii. 39. when immortal Beings ſhall be *reaped* from the Grave, and *gathered in* from all the Quarters of the Earth: when every human Creature ſhall ſuſtain the Character of valuable *Wheat*, or deſpicable *Tares*; and accordingly be lodged in Manſions of everlaſting Security, or conſigned over to the Rage of unquenchable Fire.—In his Charge to *Fiſhermen*, when they are commencing Preachers, *Matt.* iv. 19. He exhorts them, conformably to the Nature of their late Occupation, to uſe the ſame *Aſſiduity* and *Addreſs* in winning Souls, as they were wont to exerciſe in catching the finny Prey.—For the farther Illuſtration of this no leſs uſeful, than curious Subject, I would refer my Reader to a valuable Note, in Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s Obſervations on the Prophecies; p. 148. 4to Edition.

Support

Support of the two remaining Eſſays; which exhibit a Proſpect of ſtill Life, *and* grand Operation: *which moralize on the moſt compoſed, and moſt magnificent, Appearances of Things. — In which,* Fancy *is again ſuffered to introduce her Imagery; but only as the Handmaid of* Truth: *in order to dreſs her Perſon, and diſplay her Charms; to engage the Attention, and win the Love, even of the* Gay, *and of the* Faſhionable. *Which is more likely to be effected, by forming agreeable Pictures of Nature, and deriving inſtructive Obſervations; than by the laborious Method of long-deduced Arguments, or cloſe-connected Reaſonings.—The Contemplation of the Heavens and the Earth, of their admirable Properties and beneficial Changes, has always afforded the moſt exalted Gratification to the human Mind. In Compliance with this prevailing Taſte, I have drawn my ſerious Admonitions from the ſtupendous Theatre, and variegated Scenery of the Univerſe. That the Reader may learn his Duty, from his very Pleaſures—may gather* Wiſdom, *mingled with* Virtue, *from the moſt refined* Entertainments, *and nobleſt* Delights.

The Evening, *drawing her Sables over the World, and gently darkening into* Night, *is a Seaſon peculiarly proper for ſedate Conſideration. All*

Circum-

Circumſtances concur, to huſh our Paſſions, and ſooth our Cares; to tempt our Steps abroad, and prompt our Thoughts to ſerious Reflection.

——Then is the Time,
For thoſe, whom Wiſdom, and whom Nature charm,
To ſteal themſelves from the degen'rate Croud,
And ſoar above this little Scene of Things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their Feet;
To ſooth the throbbing Paſſions into Peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her ſilent Walks *.

The Favour I would ſolicit for the firſt *of the following Compoſitions, is, That it may be permitted to attend, in ſuch retired and contemplative Excurſions. To attend, if not under the Character of a Friend; at leaſt, in the humble Capacity of a Servant, or a Page:—as a* Servant, *to open the Door of Meditation, and remove every Impediment to thoſe beſt Exerciſes of the Mind; which blend Advantage with Amuſement, and improve, while they delight:—as a* Page, *to gather up the unſtable, fluctuating Train of Fancy; and collect her fickle Powers into a conſiſtent, regular, and uſeful Habit of Thinking.*

The other, *converſant among the* ſtarry Regions, *would lead the Imagination through thoſe beautiful Tracts of unclouded Azure; and point out to the*

* Thoms. Autumn, l. 973. laſt Edit.

Judgment

Judgment ſome of thoſe aſtoniſhing Particulars, which ſo eminently ſignalize the celeſtial Worlds. A Proſpect this, to which Curioſity attracts our Eyes, and to which Scripture itſelf often directs our Study. A Proſpect beyond all others moſt excellently calculated, to inlarge *the Soul, and* ennoble *its Conceptions;—to give the grandeſt Apprehenſions of the* Everlaſting *GOD, and create Sentiments of becoming Superiority, with relation to all* tranſitory *Intereſt;—in a Word, to furniſh* Faith *with the ſureſt Foundation, for a ſteady Aſſiance, and true Magnanimity of Spirit; to afford* Piety *the ſtrongeſt Motives, both for a lively Gratitude, and profound Veneration.*

While Galilæo *lifts his Tube, and diſcovers the prodigious Magnitude of thoſe radiant Orbs;—while* Newton *meaſures their amazing Diſtances, and unites the whole Syſtem, in Luminous Order, by the ſubtle Influences of Attraction:—I would only, like the Herald before that illuſtrious* Hebrew *, *proclaim at every Turn,* "Bow the Knee, *and adore the Al-* "*mighty Maker; magnify his eternal Name,* and "make his Praiſe, *like all his Works,* to be "glorious."

* Gen. xli. 43.

CON-

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

NIGHT.

THE Buſineſs of the Day diſpatched, and the ſultry heats abated, invited me to the Recreation of a Walk. A Walk, in one of the *fineſt Receſſes* of the Country; and in one of the moſt *pleaſant Evenings*, which the Summer-Seaſon produced.

THE Limes and Elms, uniting their Branches over my Head, formed a *verdant Canopy*, and caſt a moſt refreſhing Shade. Under my Feet lay a *Carpet* of Nature's *Velvet*; Graſs intermingled with Moſs, and embroidered with Flowers. Jeſſamines, in Conjunction with Woodbines, twined around the Trees; diſplaying their *artleſs Beauties* to the Eye, and diffuſing their *delicious Sweets* through the Air. On either Side, the Boughs, rounded into a Set of regular Arches, opened a View into the *diſtant Fields*, and preſented me with a Proſpect of the *bending Skies*. The little Birds, all joyous and grateful for the Favours of the Light, were paying their Acknowledgments in a *Tribute* of *Harmony*, and ſoothing themſelves to Reſt with Songs.

While a French-Horn, from a neighbouring Seat, ſent its melodious Accents, ſoftened by the Length of their Paſſage, to complete the *Concert* of the *Grove*.

Roving in this agreeable Manner, my Thoughts were exerciſed on a Subject, ſtill more agreeable than the Seaſon, or the Scene. I mean, our late *ſignal Victory*, over the united Forces of inteſtine Treaſon, and foreign Invaſion. A Victory, which pours Joy through the preſent Age, and will tranſmit its Influence to Generations yet unborn.—Are not all the Bleſſings, which can endear Society, or render Life itſelf deſirable, centered in our preſent happy Conſtitution, and auſpicious Government? Were they not *all* ſtruck at, by that impious and horrid Blow, meditated at *Rome*; levelled by *France*; and ſeconded by factious Spirits at *Home*? Who then can be ſufficiently thankful, for the gracious Interpoſition of Providence; which has not only averted the inpending Ruin, but turned it with aggravated Confuſion, on the Authors of our Troubles?

Methinks, every Thing *valuable*, which I poſſeſs; every Thing *charming*, which I behold; conſpire to enhance this ever-memorable Event. To this it is owing, that I can ramble unmoleſted along the Vale of private Life, and taſte all the innocent Satisfactions of a *contemplative* Retirement.—Had Rebellion * ſucceeded in her deteſtable Deſigns; inſtead of walking with Security and Complacence in theſe flowery Paths, I might have met the *Aſſaſſin* with his *Dagger*: or have been obliged to abandon my Habitation, and "embrace "the Rock for a Shelter."—Farewel then, ye fragrant Shades; Seats of Meditation, and calm Repoſe! I ſhould have been driven from your loved Retreats, to

* Referring to the Rebellion, ſet on Foot in the Year 1745.—Which, for ſeveral Months, made a very alarming Progreſs in the North—but was happily extinguiſhed by the glorious and deciſive Victory at *Culloden*.

make

make Way for ſome barbarous, ſome *inſulting Victor*.—Farewel then, ye pleaſing Toils, and wholeſome Amuſements of my rural Hours! I ſhould no more have reared the tender Flower to the Sun; no more have taught the Eſpalier to expand her Boughs; nor have fetched, any longer, from my Kitchen-Garden, the pureſt Supplies of Health.

HAD Rebellion ſucceeded in her deteſtable Deſigns; inſtead of being regaled with the *Muſic* of the *Woods*, I might have been alarmed with the Sound of the Trumpet, and all the Thunder of War. Inſtead of being entertained with this *beautiful Landſcape*, I might have beheld our Houſes ranſacked, and our Villages plundered; I might have beheld our fenced Cities encompaſſed with Armies, and our fruitful Fields "cloathed with Deſolation;" or have been ſhocked with the more frightful Images, of "Garments rolled "in Blood," and of a Ruſſian's Blade reeking from a Brother's Heart. Inſtead of Peace, with her chearing Olives, ſheltering our Abodes; inſtead of Juſtice, with her impartial Scale, ſecuring our Goods; *Perſecution* had brandiſhed her Sword, and *Slavery* clanked her Chains.

NOR are theſe Miſeries imaginary only, or the Creatures of a groundleſs Panic. There are, in a neighbouring Kingdom, who very lately experienced them in all their Rigour*. And, if the *malignant* Spirit of *Popery*, had forced itſelf into our Church; if an *abjured Pretender*, had cut his Way to our Throne; We could have no Reaſon to expect a Mitigation of their Severity, on our Behalf.—But, ſuppoſing the tender Mercies of

* See a Pamphlet intitled, *Popery always the ſame*.—Which contains a Narrative of the *Perſecutions*, and ſevere Hardſhips lately ſuffered by the *Proteſtants*, in the Southern Parts of *France*; and cloſes with a moſt ſeaſonable, alarming, and ſpirited Addreſs to the Inhabitants of *Great-Britain*. Printed 1746. Price 8*d*.

a bigotted Uſurper, to have been ſomewhat leſs cruel. Where, alas! would have been the Encouragement to cultivate our little Portion; or what Pleaſure could ariſe, from an improved Spot; if both the one and the other lay, every Moment, at the Mercy of *lawleſs* Power? This imbittering Circumſtance would ſpoil their Reliſh; and by rendering them a *precarious*, would render them a *joyleſs* Acquiſition.—In vain, might the Vine ſpread her purple Cluſters; in vain, be laviſh of her generous Juices; if *Tyranny*, like a ravenous Harpy, ſhould be always hovering over the Bowl, and ready to ſnatch it from the Lip of Induſtry, or to wreſt it from the Hand of Liberty.

LIBERTY, that deareſt of Names; and *Property*, that beſt of Charters; give an additional, an inexpreſſible Charm, to every delightful Object.—See, how the declining Sun has beautified the *weſtern Clouds*; has arrayed them in Crimſon, and ſkirted them with Gold. Such a Refinement of our domeſtic Bliſs, is Property; ſuch an Improvement of our public Privileges, is Liberty.—When the Lamp of Day ſhall withdraw his Beams, there will ſtill remain the ſame Collection of floating Vapours; but O! how changed, how gloomy! The Carnation-Streaks are faded; the golden Edgings are wore away; and all the lovely Tinges are loſt, in a *leaden-coloured louring* Sadneſs. *Such* would be the Aſpect, of all theſe Scenes of Beauty, and all theſe Abodes of Pleaſure; if expoſed continually to the Caprice of arbitrary Sway, or held in a State of abject and cringing Dependence.

THE Sun has almoſt finiſhed his daily Race, and haſtens to the Goal. He deſcends lower and lower; till his Chariot-Wheels ſeem to hover on the utmoſt Verge of the Sky. What is ſomewhat remarkable, the Orb of Light, upon the Point of ſetting, grows conſiderably *broader*. The Shadows of Objects, juſt before

before they become blended in undiſtinguiſhable Darkneſs, are exceedingly *lengthened* *.—Like Bleſſings, little prized, while *poſſeſſed:* but highly eſteemed, the very Inſtant they are preparing for their Flight: bitterly regretted, when once they are gone, and to be ſeen no more.

THE radiant Globe is, now, half-immerſed beneath the duſky Earth. Or, as the ancient Poets ſpeak, is ſhooting into the Ocean, and ſinks in the weſtern Sea.—And could I view the *Sea*, at this Juncture, it would yield a moſt amuſing and curious Spectacle. The Rays, ſtriking horizontally on the liquid Element, give it the Appearance of floating Glaſs; or, reflected in many a different Direction, form a beautiful Multiplicity of Colours.—A Stranger, as he walks along the ſandy Beach; and, loſt in penſive Attention, liſtens to the Murmurings of the reſtleſs Flood; is agreeably alarmed by the *gay Decorations* of the Surface. With Entertainment, and with Wonder, he ſees the curling Waves, here gliſtening with White, there glowing with Purple; in one Place, wearing an Azure Tincture; in another, glancing a Caſt of undulating Green; in the Whole, exhibiting a Piece of *fluid Scenery*, that may vie with yonder Pencil Tapeſtries, though wrought in the Loom, and tinged with the Dyes of Heaven.

WHILE I am tranſported by Fancy to the Shores of the Ocean, the great Luminary is ſunk beneath the Horizon, and totally diſappears. The whole Face of the Ground is overſpread with Shades; or with, what one of the fineſt Painters of Nature calls, a *dun Obſcurity*. Only a few very ſuperior Eminences are tipt with ſtreaming Silver. The Tops of Groves, and

* *Majoreſque cadunt altis de Montibus Umbræ.*

VIRG.

lofty Towers, catch the *laſt Smiles* of Day*; are ſtill irradiated by the departing Beams.—But, O! how tranſient is the Diſtinction! how momentary the Gift! Like all the Bleſſings, which Mortals enjoy below, it is *gone*, almoſt as ſoon as *granted*. See! how languiſhingly it trembles on the leafy Spire; and glimmers, with a dying Faintneſs, on the Mountain's Brow. The little Vivacity, that remains, decays every Moment. It can no longer hold its Station. While I ſpeak, it expires; and reſigns the World to the gradual Approaches of Night.

——— *Now* Twilight *grey*
Has in her ſober Liv'ry all Things clad †.

EVERY Object, a little while ago, glared with Light; but now, all appears under a more qualified Luſtre. The Animals harmonize with the inanimate Creation; and what was *gay* in thoſe, as well as *glittering* in this, gives Place to an univerſal *Gravity*. In the Meadows, all was jocund and ſportive: but now the gameſome Lambs, are grown weary of their Frolicks; and the tired Shepherd, has impoſed Silence on his Pipe. In the Branches, all was Sprightlineſs and Song: but now the lively Green, is wrapt in the deſcending Glooms; and no tuneful Arts are heard, only the plaintive Stock-dove, cooing mournfully through the Grove.—Should I now be vain and trifling, the Heavens and the Earth would rebuke my unſeaſonable Levity. Therefore, be theſe Moments devoted to Thoughts, *ſedate* as the cloſing Day; *ſolemn*, as the

* See this remarkable Appearance delicately deſcribed, and wrought into a Compariſon, which, in my Opinion, is one of the moſt juſt, beautiful, and noble Pieces of Imagery, to be found in modern Poetry; *Night Thoughts*, Nº II. p. 42. 4to Edit.

† MILT. *Par. Loſt*, B. IV. l. 598.

Face of Things. And, indeed, however my ſocial Hours are enlivened with innocent Pleaſantry; let every Evening, in her ſable Habit, toll the Bell to ſerious Conſideration. Nothing can be more proper, for a Perſon who walks on the Borders of Eternity, and is haſting continually to his final Audit; nothing more proper, than daily to ſlip away from the Circle of Amuſements, and frequently to relinquiſh the Hurry of Buſineſs, in order to conſider and adjuſt "the Things that belong to his Peace."

SINCE the Sun is departed, from whence can it proceed, that I am not involved in pitchy Darkneſs? Whence theſe Remainders of *diminiſhed Brightneſs?* Which, though ſcarcely forming a Refulgence, ſoften and ſooth the Horrors of Night. I ſee not the ſhining Ruler, yet am cheared with a real, though faint Communication of his Splendor.—Does he remember Us, in his Progreſs through other Climes? Does He ſend a *Detachment* of his Rays, to *eſcort* Us during his perſonal Abſence; or to *cover* (if I may uſe the military Term) our *Retreat* from the Scene of Action? Has he bequeathed Us a Dividend of his Beams, ſufficient to render our Circumſtances eaſy, and our Situation agreeable? Till Sleep pours its ſoft Oppreſſion on the Organs of Senſe; till Sleep ſuſpends all the Operations of our Hands; and intirely ſuperſedes any farther Occaſion for the Light.

No: it is ill-judged and unreaſonable, to aſcribe this beneficent Conduct to the Sun. Not unto Him; not unto Him; but unto his *Almighty Maker* We are obliged, for this pleaſing Attendant, this valuable Legacy. The gracious Author of our Being, has ſo diſpoſed the Collection of circumambient Air, as to make it productive of this fine and wonderful Effect. The Sun-beams, falling on the higher Parts of the aërial

Fluid, inſtead of paſſing on in ſtrait Lines, are bent inwards and conducted to our Sight. Their natural Courſe is over-ruled, and they are bidden to wheel about; on purpoſe to favour Us with a welcome and ſalutary Viſit.—By which means, the Bleſſing of Light, and the Seaſon of Buſineſs, are conſiderably prolonged. And, what is a very endearing Circumſtance, prolonged moſt conſiderably; when the vehement Heats of Summer, incline the *Student* to poſtpone his Walk, till the temperate Evening prevails; when the important Labours of the Harveſt, call the *Huſbandman* abroad, before the Day is fully riſen.

After all the Ardors of the ſultry Day, how reviving is this *Coolneſs!*—This gives new Verdure to the fading Plants; new Vivacity to the withering Flowers; and a more exquiſite Fragrance to their mingled Scents.—By this, the *Air* alſo receives a new Force, and is qualified to exert itſelf with greater Activity. Qualified to brace our Limbs; to heave our Lungs; and co-operate, with a briſker Impulſe, in perpetuating the Circulation of our Blood.—This I might call the grand *Alembic* of Nature; which diſtils her moſt ſovereign *Cordial*, the refreſhing *Dews*. Inceſſant Heat, would rob Us of their beneficial Agency; and oblige them to evaporate, in impereeptible Exhalations. Turbulent Winds, or even the gentler Motions of *Aurora*'s Fan, would diſſipate the riſing Vapours, and not ſuffer them to form a Coalition. But, favoured by the Stilneſs, and condenſed by the Coolneſs of the Night; they unite in pearly Drops, and create that *finely tempered* Humidity, which chears the vegetable World, as Sleep exhilarates the animal.

Not unlike to theſe, are the Advantages of *Solitude*. The World is a troubled Ocean; and who can erect ſtable Purpoſes, on its fluctuating Waves? The World

is

is a School of Wrong; and who does not feel Himſelf warping, to its pernicious Influences *? On this Sea of Glaſs †, how inſenſibly we ſlide from our own Stedfaſtneſs! ſome ſacred *Truth*, which was ſtruck in lively Characters on our Souls, is obſcured, if not obliterated. Some worthy *Reſolution*, which Heaven had wrought in our Breaſts, is ſhaken, if not overthrown. Some inticing *Vanity*, which we had ſolemnly renounced, again practiſes its Wiles, and again captivates our Affections. How often has an unwary Glance, kindled a Fever of irregular Deſire in our Hearts? How often has a Word of Applauſe, dropt luſcious Poiſon into our Ears; or ſome diſreſpectful Expreſſion, raiſed a Guſt of Paſſion in our Boſoms? Our Innocence is of ſo *tender* a Conſtitution, that it ſuffers in the promiſcuous Croud. Our Purity is of ſo *delicate* a Complexion, that it ſcarce touches on the World, without contracting a Stain. We ſee, we hear, with Peril.

But here *Safety* dwells. Every meddling and intruſive Avocation is ſecluded. Silence holds the Door againſt the Strife of Tongues, and all the Impertinencies of idle Converſation. The buſy Swarm of vain Images, and cajoling Temptations; which beſet Us, with a buzzing Importunity, amidſt the Gaieties of Life; are chaſed by theſe thickening Shades.—Here I may, without Diſturbance, commune with my own Heart; and learn that beſt of Sciences, to *know myſelf*. Here, the Soul may rally her diſſipated Powers, and Grace recover its native Energy.—This is the Opportunity, to rectify every evil Impreſſion; to expel the Poiſon, and guard againſt the Contagion, of corrupting Examples. This is the Place, where I may, with Advan-

* *Nunquam a turba mores, quos extuli, refero. Aliquid, ex eo quod compoſui, turbatur: aliquid, ex his quæ fugavi, redit. Inimica eſt multorum converſatio.* SENEC.

† Rev. xv. 2.

tage, apply myſelf to ſubdue the *Rebel within*; and be Maſter, not of a Sceptre, but of myſelf.—Throng then, ye Ambitious, the Levees of the Powerful; I will be punctual in my Aſſignations with Solitude. To a Mind intent upon its own Improvement, Solitude has Charms incomparably more engaging, than the *Entertainments* preſented in the Theatre; or the *Honours* conferred in the Drawing-Room.

I SAID, Solitude.—Am I then *alone?*—'Tis true, my Acquaintance are at a Diſtance. I have ſtole away from Company, and am remote from all *human* Obſervation.—But that is an alarming Thought,

> *Millions of* ſpiritual *Creatures walk the Earth,*
> Unſeen, *both when we wake, and when we ſleep* *.

PERHAPS, there may be Numbers of thoſe *inviſible Beings*, patroling this ſame Retreat; and joining with me, in contemplating the Creator's Works. Perhaps, thoſe *miniſtring Spirits*, who rejoice at the Converſion of a Sinner, and hold up the Goings of the Righteous, may follow us to the lonely Receſs; and, even in our moſt ſolitary Moments, be our conſtant *Attendants*.—What a pleaſing Awe is awakened, by ſuch a Reflection! How venerable it renders my retired Walks! I am ſtruck with Reverence, as under the Roof of ſome *ſacred Edifice*; or in the *Preſence-Chamber* of ſome mighty Monarch.—O! may I never bring any Pride of Imagination, nor indulge the leaſt diſſolute Affection; where ſuch refined and exalted Intelligencies exerciſe their Watch!

'TIS poſſible, that I am encompaſſed with ſuch a Cloud of Witneſſes; but it is certain, that GOD, the

* MILT. *Par. Loſt*, B. IV. l. 677.

infinite

infinite eternal GOD, is now and ever with me. The great JEHOVAH, before whom all the Angelic Armies bow their Heads, and veil their Faces, ſurrounds me; ſupports me; pervades me. "In HIM I live, [illegible] "and have my Being."—The whole World [illegible] auguſt Temple; and, in the moſt ſequeſt[illegible] I appear before his adorable Majeſty, no l[illegible] I worſhip in his Houſe, or kneel at his Al[illegible] Place, therefore, let me pay him the Homage [illegible] Heart, cleanſed from Idols, and devoted to his ſervice. In every Circumſtance, let me feel no *Ambition*, but to *pleaſe* Him; nor covet any *Happineſs*, but to *enjoy* Him.

How ſublime is the Deſcription, and how ſtriking the Sentiment, in that noble Paſſage of the Pſalms! *Whither ſhall I go from thy Spirit, or whither ſhall I flee from thy Preſence? If I climb up into the* Heights of *Heaven, Thou art there* inthroned in Light. *If I go down to the* Depths of the *Grave, Thou art there alſo* in thy Pavilion of Darkneſs. *If I retire* to the remoteſt Eaſtern Climes, *where the Morning firſt takes Wing: if*, ſwifter than the darting Ray, *I* paſs to the oppoſite Regions of the Weſt, and *remain in the uttermoſt Parts of the Sea* *: ſhall I, in *that* diſtant Situation, be beyond thy Reach; or, by *this* ſudden Tranſition, eſcape thy Notice! So far from it; that could I, with one Glance of Thought, tranſport myſelf beyond all the Bounds of Creation; I ſhould ſtill be incircled with the Immenſity of thy Eſſence; or rather, ſtill be incloſed in the Hollow of thy Hand.—Awful yet de-

* *Pſal.* cxxxix. 7, 8, 9. There is, I think, an additional Strength and Beauty in the Thought; if, with the learned Mr. *Mudge*, we ſuppoſe an *Antitheſis* between the two Clauſes of the laſt Verſe, as there evidently is between thoſe of the preceding; and that they expreſs, in a poetical Stile, the Extremities of the *Eaſt* and the *Weſt*.

lightful Truth! Let it be interwoven with every Thought! and become one with the very Conſciouſneſs of my Exiſtence! That I may continually *walk with GOD*; and conduct myſelf, in every Step of my Behaviour, "as *ſeeing HIM that is inviſible.*"

THEY are the happy Perſons; Felicity, true Felicity, is *all their own*; who live under an habitual Senſe of GOD's Omnipreſence, and a ſweet Perſuaſion of his ſpecial Love. If Dangers threaten, that impregnable Defence is at hand. Nothing can be ſo near to terrify, as their Almighty Guardian to ſecure them.—To Theſe, the Hours can never be *tedious*; and it is impoſſible, for them, to be *alone*. Do they ſtep aſide from the Occupations of animal Life? A more exalted Set of Employments engage their Attention. They addreſs themſelves, in all the various Acts of Devotion, to their heavenly Father; *who* now *ſees in ſecret, and will* hereafter *reward them openly*. They ſpread all their Wants, before his indulgent Eye; and diſburden all their Sorrows, into his compaſſionate Boſom.—Do they withdraw from human Society? They find themſelves under the more immediate Regards of their Maker. If they reſign the Satisfactions of ſocial Intercourſe; it is to cultivate a Correſpondence with the condeſcending DEITY, and taſte the Pleaſures of Divine Friendſhip.—What is ſuch a *State*, but the very Suburbs of Heaven? What is ſuch a *Conduct*, but an Antepaſt of eternal Bleſſedneſs?

Now, my Soul, the Day is *ended*. The Hours are all fled. They are fled to the ſupreme Judge, and have given in their Evidence. An Evidence, regiſtered in Heaven! and to be produced, at the great Audit.—Happy *They!* whoſe Improvement has kept Pace with the fleeting Minutes. Who have ſeized the important

tant Fugitives; and engaged them in the Purſuit of *Wiſdom*, or devoted them to the Service of *Virtue*.

FUGITIVES indeed they are. Our Moments ſlip away ſilently and inſenſibly. The Thief ſteals not more unperceived from the pillaged Houſe.—And will the Runagates never ſtop? No: Where-ever we are, however employed, Time purſues his inceſſant Courſe. Though *we* are liſtleſs and dilatory; the great Meaſurer of our Days preſſes on; ſtill preſſes on, in his unwearied Career *; and whirls our Weeks, and Months, and Years away.—Is it not then ſurpriſingly ſtrange, to hear People complain of the *Tedioufneſs* of their Time, and how *heavy* it hangs upon their Hands? To ſee them contrive a Variety of amuſing Artifices, to accelerate its Flight, and get rid of its Burden?—Ah! thoughtleſs Mortals! Why need you urge the headlong Torrent? Your Days are ſwifter than a *Poſt*; which, carrying Diſpatches of the laſt Importance, with unremitted Speed ſcours the Road. They paſs away like the nimble *Ships*; which have the Wind in their Wings, and ſkim along the watry Plain. They haſten to their deſtined Period, with the Rapidity of an *Eagle*; which leaves the ſtormy Blaſt behind Her, while She cleaves the Air, and darts upon her Prey †.

Now the Day is gone, how *ſhort* it appears! When my fond Eye beheld it in *Perſpective*, it ſeemed a very

* *Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile Tempus.* VIRG.

† *Job* ix. 25, 26. By theſe Three very expreſſive Images, the inſpired Poet repreſents the *uninterrmitted* and *rapid* Flight of Time. The Paſſage is illuſtrated with great Judgment, and equal Delicacy, in Dr. *Grey*'s moſt ingenious Abridgment of *Schultens*.—*Quæ tribus in elementis velociſſima, hic admirabili cum emphaſi congerunter. In terris, nil pernicius curſore, & quidem lati quid ferente. Rapidius tamen adhuc undas, non ſecant, ſed ſupervolant, navigiola papyro conterta. Omnium rapidiſſime aërem grandibus alis permetitur aquila, præcipiti lapſu ruens in prædam.*

conſider-

conſiderable Space. Minutes, crowded upon Minutes; and Hours, ranged behind Hours; exhibited an extenſive Draught, and flattered me with a long Progreſſion of Pleaſures. But, upon a *retroſpective* View, how wonderfully is the Scene altered! The Landſcape, large and ſpacious, which a warm Fancy drew; brought to the Teſt of cool Experience, ſhrinks into a Span. Juſt as the Shores vaniſh, and Mountains dwindle to a Spot; when the Sailor, ſurrounded by Skies and Ocean, throws his laſt Look on his native Land.—How clearly do I now diſcover the Cheat! May it never impoſe upon my unwary Imagination, again! I find, there is nothing abiding on this Side Eternity. A *long* Duration, in a State of *finite* Exiſtence, is mere Illuſion.

PERHAPS, the *Healthy*, and the *Gay*, may not readily credit the ſerious Truth; eſpecially from a young Pen, and new to its Employ. Let us then refer ourſelves to the Deciſion of the *Antient*. Aſk ſome venerable old Perſon, who is juſt marching off the mortal Stage; *How many have been the Days of the Years of thy Life* *? It was a Monarch's Queſtion; and therefore can want no Recommendation, to the faſhionable World.—Obſerve, how he ſhakes his hoary Locks, and from a deep-felt Conviction replies: "*Fourſcore* "*Years* have finiſhed their Rounds, to furrow theſe "Cheeks, and cloath this Head in Snow. Such a "Term may ſeem long and large, to inconſiderate Youth. "But O! how ſhort, how ſcanty, to One that has "made the Experiment! *Short*, as a Gleam of tranſient Sunſhine; *ſcanty*, as the Shadow that departeth. "Methinks, it was but Yeſterday, that I exchanged "my childiſh Sports, for manly Exerciſes; and now, "I am reſigning them both, for the Sleep of Death. "As ſoon as we are *born*, we begin to draw to our

* Gen. xlvii. 8, *Heb. Bib.*

"*End*;

" *End*; and how ſmall is the Interval, between the " Cradle and the Tomb!"—O! may we believe this Teſtimony of mature Age! May every Evening bring it, with clearer Evidence to our Minds! And may we form ſuch an Eſtimate of the little Pittance, while it is upon the advancing Hand, as we ſhall certainly make, when the Sands are all run down!

LET me add one Reflection on the *Work* to be *done*, while this Shuttle is flying through the Loom *. A Work of no ſmall Difficulty, yet of the utmoſt Conſequence!—Haſt Thou not ſeen, haſt Thou not known, the Excellent of the Earth; who were living Images of their Maker? His *Divine Likeneſs* was transfuſed into their Hearts, and beamed forth in all their Conduct. Beamed forth in Meekneſs of Wiſdom, and Purity of Affection; in all the tender Offices of Love, and all the noble Efforts of Zeal. To be ſtampt with the ſame beautiful Signature, and to be Followers of them, as they were of CHRIST; *this*, *this* is thy *Buſineſs*. On the Accompliſhment of this, thy eternal All depends. And, will an Affair of ſuch unſpeakable Weight, admit of a Moment's Delay, or conſiſt with the leaſt Remiſſneſs?—Eſpecially, ſince much of thy appointed Time is already elapſed; and the Remainder is *all Uncertainty*, ſave only that it is in the very Act to fly.—Or ſuppoſe, thou hadſt made a Covenant with the Grave, and waſt aſſured of reaching the Age of *Methuſelah*; how ſoon would even ſuch a Leaſe expire!—Extend it, if you pleaſe, ſtill farther; and let it be *co-exiſtent* with Nature itſelf. How inconſiderable is the Addition! For, yet a very little while, and the commiſſioned Archangel lifts up his Hand to Heaven, and ſwears by the Almighty Name, *That Time ſhall be no*

* *My Days are ſwifter than a Weaver's Shuttle.* Job vii. 6.

longer.

longer *. Then, *abuſed* Opportunities, will never return; and *new* Opportunities, will never more be offered. Then, ſhould negligent Mortals wiſh—wiſh

* This alludes to the Beginning of *Revelations* the xth; which, abſtracted from its ſpiritual Meaning, and conſidered only as a ſtately *Piece* of *Machinery*, well deſerves our Attention; and, I will venture to ſay, has not its Superior, perhaps not its Equal, in any of the moſt celebrated Maſters of *Greece* and *Rome*.—All that is gloomy or beautiful in the Atmoſphere, all that is ſtriking or magnificent in every Element, is taken to heighten the Idea. Yet nothing is diſproportionate; but an uniform Air of ineffable Majeſty greatens, exalts, ennobles the Whole.—Be pleaſed to obſerve the *Aſpect* of this auguſt Perſonage. All the Brightneſs of the Sun, ſhines in his Countenance; and all the Rage of the Fire, burns in his Feet.—See his *Apparel*. The Clouds compoſe his Robe, and the Drapery of the Sky floats upon his Shoulders. The Rainbow forms his Diadem; and that which "compaſſeth the "Heavens with a glorious Circle," is the Ornament of his Head. —Behold his *Attitude*. One Foot ſtands on the Ocean, the other reſts on the Land. The wide extended Earth, and the World of Waters, ſerve as Pedeſtals for thoſe mighty Columns.—Conſider the *Action*. His Hand is lifted up to the Height of the Stars. He ſpeaks; and the Regions of the Firmament echo with the mighty Accents, as the midnight Deſart reſounds with the Lion's Roar. The Artillery of the Skies is diſcharged at the Signal; a Peal of ſevenfold Thunder ſpreads the Alarm; and prepares the Univerſe to receive his Orders.—To finiſh all; and give the higheſt Grandeur, as well as the utmoſt Solemnity, to the Repreſentation; hear the *Decree* that iſſues from his Mouth. He *ſwears by HIM that liveth for ever and ever*. In whatever Manner, ſo majeſtic a Perſon had expreſſed Himſelf; He could not fail of commanding univerſal Attention. But when he confirms his Speech, by a moſt ſacred and inviolable Oath; we are not only wrapt in ſilent Suſpenſe, but overwhelmed with the profoundeſt Awe.—He ſwears, *That Time ſhall be no longer*. Was ever Voice ſo full of Terror; ſo big with Wonder? It proclaims, not the Fall of Empires, but the final Period of Things. It ſtrikes off the Wheels of Nature; bids Ages and Generations ceaſe to roll; and with one potent Word, conſigns a whole World over to Diſſolution.—This is one among a Multitude of very ſublime and *maſterly Strokes*, to be found in that too much neglected Book—the BIBLE.

ever

ever ſo paſſionately—for a few Hours—a few Moments only—to be thrown back from the opening Eternity; *Thouſands* of Worlds would not be able to procure the Grant.

SHALL I, now, be induſtrious to ſhorten, what is no longer than a Span; or to quicken the Pace of what is ever on the Wing? Shall I ſquander away what is *unutterably important*, while it laſts; and, when once departed, is *altogether irrevocable!* O! my Soul, forbear the Folly; forbear the deſperate Extravagance. Wilt thou chide as a Loiterer, the Arrow that boundeth from the String; or ſweep away Diamonds, as the Refuſe of thy Houſe?—Throw Time away! Aſtoniſhing; ruinous, irreparable Profuſeneſs! Throw Empires away; and be blameleſs. But O! be parſimonious of thy Days; huſband thy precious Hours. They go connected, indiſſolubly connected, with Heaven or Hell*: *Improved*, they are a ſure Pledge of everlaſting Glory; *waſted*, they are a ſad Preface to never-ending Confuſion and Anguiſh.

WHAT a *profound Silence* has compoſed the World! So profound is the Silence, that my very Breath ſeems a Noiſe; the Ticking of my Watch is diſtinctly heard; if I do but ſtir, it creates a Diſturbance.—There is;

* I remember to have ſeen upon a Sun-dial in a Phyſician's Garden at *Northampton*, the following *Inſcription*; which, I think, is the moſt *proper Motto* for the Inſtrument, that meaſures our Time; and the moſt *ſtriking Admonition*, that can poſſibly be preſented to every Eye.

AB HOC MOMENTO PENDET ÆTERNITAS.

The weighty Senſe of which, I know not how to expreſs in *Engliſh*, more happily than in thoſe Words of Dr. *Watts*;

Good God! on what a *ſlender Thread*
[Or, on what a *Moment* of Time]
Hang everlaſting Things!

now, none of that confuſed Din, from the tumultuous City: No Voice of jovial Ruſtics, from the neighbouring Meadow: No chirping Melody from the ſhady Thicket.—Every Lip is ſealed. Not the leaſt Whiſper, invades the Air; nor the leaſt Motion, ruſtles among the Boughs. *Echo*, herſelf, ſleeps unmoleſted. The expanded Ear, though all Attention, catches no Sound, but the liquid Lapſe of a diſtant murmuring Stream.

All Things are huſh'd, as Nature's Self lay dead.

If, in the midſt of this deep and univerſal Compoſure, Ten Thouſand bellowing Thunders ſhould burſt over my Head; and rend the Skies, with their united Vollies; how ſhould I bear ſo *unexpected a Shock?* It would ſtun my Senſes, and confound my Thoughts. I ſhould ſhudder in every Limb; perhaps, ſink to the Earth with Terror.—Conſider then, O Mortals! conſider the much more *prodigious* and *amazing* Call, which will, ere long, alarm your ſleeping Bones. When the Tenants of the Tomb have ſlumbered, in the moſt undiſturbed Repoſe, for a Multitude of Ages; what an inconceivable Conſternation muſt the *Shout* of the *Archangel*, and the *Trump* of God, occaſion! Will it not wound the Ear of the Ungodly; and affright, even to Diſtraction, the impenitent Sinner? The ſtupendous Peal will ſound through the Vaſt of Heaven; will ſhake the Foundations of Nature; and pierce even the deepeſt Receſſes of the Grave. And how—O! how will the Priſoners of Divine Juſtice, be able to endure that tremendous *Summons*, to a far more tremendous Tribunal?—Do Thou, my Soul, liſten to the *ſtill Voice* of the Goſpel. Attend, in this thy Day, to the gracious Invitations of thy Saviour. Then, ſhall that great midnight Cry loſe its *Horror*, and be *Muſic* in thy Ears. It ſhall be welcome to thy reviving Clay,

Clay, as the Tidings of Liberty, to the Dungeon Captive; as the Year of Jubilee to the haraſſed Slave. This, this ſhall be its charming Import; "*Awake, and* "*ſing, ye that dwell in Duſt**."

'WHAT a general *Ceſſation* of *Affairs*, has this duſky Hour introduced! A little while ago, all was Hurry, Hurry. Life and Activity exerted themſelves in a thouſand buſy Forms. The City ſwarmed, with paſſing and repaſſing Multitudes. All the Country was Sweat and Duſt. The Air floated in perpetual Agitation, by the flitting Birds, and humming Bees. *Art* ſat prying with her piercing Eyes; while Induſtry plied her reſtleſs Hands.—But ſee; how all this fervent, and impetuous Buſtle, is fled with the ſetting Sun. The Beaſts are ſunk, to their graſſy Couch; and the winged People are retired, to their downy Neſts. The Hammer has reſigned its ſounding Taſk, and the File ceaſes to repeat its flying Touches. Shut is the well-frequented Shop, and its Threſhold no longer worn by the Feet of numerous Cuſtomers. The Village-Swain lies drowned in Slumbers; and even his truſty Dog, who, for a conſiderable Time ſtood Centry at the Door, is extended at his Eaſe, and ſnores with his Maſter.—In every Place *Toil* reclines her Head, and *Application* folds her Arms. All Intereſts ſeem to be forgot; all Purſuits are ſuſpended; all Employment is ſunk away; ſunk away with thoſe fluttering Myriads, which lately ſported in the Sun's departing Rays.—'Tis like the Sabbath of univerſal Nature; or as though the Pulſe of Life ſtood ſtill.

THUS will it be, with our infinitely momentous Concerns; when once *the Shadows of the Evening*, (that long Evening, which follows the Footſteps of

* Iſa. xxvi. 19.

Death!) *are ſtretched over Us.* The Dead cannot ſeek unto GOD; the Living, the Living alone, are poſſeſſed of this ineſtimable Opportunity*. "There "is no Work or Device, no Repentance or Amend-"ment, in the Grave†, whither We are All haſting." When once that *cloſing Scene* is advanced, We ſhall have no other Part to act on this *earthly Theatre.* Then, the Sluggard, who has ſlumbered away Life in a criminal Inactivity, muſt lie down in hopeleſs Diſtreſs, and everlaſting Sorrow. Then, that awful Doom will take place, "He that is *holy*, let Him be holy ſtill; and "he that is *filthy*, let Him be filthy for ever."

Is it ſo, my Soul? Is this the *only, only* Time allotted, for obtaining the great Reward, and making thy Salvation ſure? And art Thou lulled in a *vain Se-*

* *Behold! Now is the accepted Time. Behold! Now is the Day of Salvation.* 2 Cor. vi. 2.

Haſte, haſte, He lies in wait, He's at the Door,
Inſidious Death! Shou'd his ſtrong Hand arreſt,
No Compoſition ſets the Priſ'ner free.

† They who are gone down to the Grave, are repreſented (*Iſa.* xxxviii. 11.) by the Phraſe, דמל ישבי—rendered by *Vitringa, Thoſe that inhabit the* Land of *Intermiſſion* or *Ceſſation.*—Which prevents all Appearance of *Tautology* in the Sentence; and is, I think, a valuable *Improvement* of the Tranſlation: as it conveys an Idea, not only diſtinct from the preceding, but of a very poetical and very afflicting Nature; ſuch as was perfectly natural for the Royal Singer, and Royal Sufferer to dwell upon, in his deſponding Moments.—Thus interpreted the Senſe will run; "*I ſhall ſee Man no* "*more*; I ſhall be cut off from the chearful Ways of Men, and all "the Sweets of human Society. And, what is a farther Aggra-"vation of the threatened Stroke, *I ſhall*, by its taking place, *be* "numbered *with Thoſe, that inherit the Land of Ceſſation* and Inacti-"vity. Where there will be no more Poſſibility of contributing "to the Happineſs of my Kingdom; no more Opportunity of ad-"vancing my Creator's Glory; or of making my own final Salva-"tion ſure."—A Sentiment like *this*, is grand, important, and full of Benevolence; removes all Suſpicion of unbecoming *Puſillanimity*, and does the higheſt *Honour* to the Monarch's Character.

curity;

curity; or dreaming in a *ſupine Inadvertency*? Start, O! ſtart from thy Trance. Gird up the Loins of thy Mind, and work while it is Day. Improve the preſent Seed-time, that Eternity may yield a joyful Harveſt —We eſpecially, who are Watchmen in *Iſrael*, and Miniſters of the glorious Goſpel; may *We* be awakened, by this Conſideration, to all Aſſiduity in our holy Office. Some or other of *our People*, are ever and anon departing into the inviſible State; all *our Friends*, are making inceſſant Approaches to their long Home; and *we ourſelves*, ſhall very ſhortly be tranſmitted to the Confinement of the Tomb. *This* is the favourable Juncture, wherein alone we can contribute to their endleſs Welfare. This is the Criſis, the all-important *Criſis*, of their final Felicity. Inſtantly, therefore, let us pour in our wholeſome Inſtructions; inſtantly, let Us ply them with our earneſt Exhortations. A Moment's Delay, may be an irreparable Loſs; may be irretrievable Ruin. While we procraſtinate, a fatal Stroke may intervene; and place *Us*, beyond the Power of adminiſtering; or place *Them*, beyond all Poſſibility of receiving, any ſpiritual Good*.

How frequently is the Face of Nature *changed!* and, by changing, made more *agreeable!*—The long-continued Glitter of the Day, renders the ſoothing Shades of the Evening doubly welcome. Nor does the Morn ever purple the Eaſt with ſo engaging a Luſtre, as after the Gloom of a dark and diſmal Night.

* The Caſe, repreſented by the Prophet (1 *Kings* xx. 40.) ſeems perfectly applicable on this Occaſion. *As thy Servant was buſy here and there, He was gone.* So, while we are either *remiſs* in our Function, or laying ourſelves out upon *inferior* Cares, the People of our Charge may be gone:—gone beyond the Influence of our Counſels; beyond the Reach of our Prayers:—gone into the *unchangeable* and eternal State.

—At preſent, a *Calm* of Tranquility is ſpread through the Univerſe. The weary Winds have forgot to blow. The gentle Gales have fanned themſelves aſleep. Not ſo much as a ſingle Leaf nods. Even the quivering Aſpin reſts. *And not one Breath curls o'er the Stream.* —Sometimes, on the contrary, the *Tempeſt* ſummons all the Forces of the Air; and pours itſelf, with reſiſtleſs Fury, from the angry North. The whole Atmoſphere is toſſed into tumultuous Confuſion, and the watry World is heaved to the Clouds. The aſtoniſhed Mariner, and his ſtraining Veſſel, now ſcale the rolling Mountain, and hang dreadfully viſible on the broken Surge: now ſhoot, with head-long Impetuoſity, into the yawning Gulf; and neither Hulk, nor Maſt, is ſeen. The Storm ſweeps over the Continent: raves along the City-ſtreets: ſtruggles through the Foreſt-boughs; and terrifies the ſavage Nations with a Howl, more wildly horrid than their own. The knotty Oaks bend before the Blaſt; their Iron Trunks groan; and their ſtubborn Limbs are daſhed to the Ground. The lofty Dome rocks; and even the ſolid Tower totters on its Baſis.

SUCH Variations are kindly contrived, and with an evident Condeſcenſion to the Fickleneſs of our Taſte. Becauſe, a perpetual Repetition on the *ſame* Objects, would create Satiety, and *Diſguſt*; therefore, the indulgent Father of our Race has diverſified the univerſal Scene, and bid every Appearance bring with it the Charm of Novelty.—This Circumſtance is *beneficial*, as well as *entertaining*. Providence, ever gracious to Mortals; ever intent upon promoting our Felicity; has taken Care to mingle, in the Conſtitution of Things, what is pleaſing to our Imagination, with what is ſerviceable to our Intereſts. The piercing Winds, and rugged Aſpect of Winter, render the balmy Gales, and flowery Scenes of Spring, peculiarly delightful. At the

the ſame Time, the keen Froſts mellow the Soil, and prepare it for the Hand of Induſtry. The ruſhing Rains impregnate the Glebe, and fit it to become a Magazine of Plenty. The Earth is a great *Laboratory*; and December's Cold collects the groſs Materials, which are *ſublimated* by the refining Warmth of May. The Air is a pure elaſtic Fluid; and were it always to remain in *this* motionleſs Serenity, it would loſe much of its active Spring; was it never agitated by *thoſe* wholeſome Concuſſions, it would contract a noiſome, perhaps, a peſtilential Taint. In which Caſes, our Reſpiration, inſtead of purifying, would corrupt the vital Juices; inſtead of ſupplying Us with Refreſhment, would be a Source of Diſeaſes; or every Gaſp We draw, might be unavoidable Death*.—How then ſhould we admire, how ſhould we adore, that happy Union of Benignity and Wiſdom; which, from a *Variety* of Diſpenſations, produces an *Uniformity* of Good! Produces a perpetual Succeſſion of Delights, and an uninterrupted Series of Advantages!

* Conſidering the immenſe Quantity of Coals, and other combuſtible Materials, which are daily conſumed, and evaporate into the Air. Conſidering the numberleſs Steams, and Clouds of Smoke, which almoſt continually overwhelm populous Cities;—the noiſome Exhalations, which ariſe from thronged Infirmaries, and loathſome Jayls; from ſtagnating Lakes, and putrid Fens;—the Variety of offenſive and unwholeſome Effluvia, which proceed from other Cauſes;—it is a very remarkable Inſtance of a Providence, at once tenderly kind, and infinitely powerful, that Mankind is not *ſuffocated* with Stench; that the Air is not *choaked* with Filth.—The Air is the *common Sewer*, into which ten Thouſand times ten Thouſand Nuiſances are inceſſantly diſcharged; yet it is preſerved ſo *thoroughly clear*, as to afford the moſt tranſparent Medium for Viſion; ſo *delicately undulatory*, as to tranſmit, with all imaginable Diſtinctneſs, every Diverſity of Sound; ſo *perfectly pure*, as to be the conſtant Refiner of the Fluids, in every Animal that breathes.

THE *Darkneſs* is now at its Height; and I cannot but admire the obliging Manner of its taking place. It comes not with a blunt and abrupt Incivility, but makes gentle and reſpectful Advances. A *precipitate* Tranſition, from the Splendors of Day, to all the Horrors of Midnight, would be inconvenient and frightful. It would bewilder the Traveller in his Journey; it would ſtrike the Creation with Amazement; and, perhaps, be pernicious to the Organs of Sight. Therefore the Gloom ruſhes not upon us inſtantaneouſly, but increaſes by ſlow Degrees; and, ſending *Twilight* before as its *Harbinger*, decently advertiſes us of its Approach. By this means, we are neither alarmed, nor incommodated, by the Change; but are able to take all ſuitable and timely Meaſures, for its Reception.—Thus graciouſly has Providence regulated, not only the *grand Viciſſitudes* of the Seaſons, but alſo the *common Interchanges* of Light and Darkneſs, with an apparent Reference to our Comfort.

NOW, the fierce *Inhabitants* of the *Foreſt* forſake their Dens. A thouſand grim Forms, a thouſand growling Monſters, pace the Deſart. Death is in their Jaws, while ſtung with Hunger, and athirſt for Blood, they roam their nightly Rounds.—Unfortunate the *Traveller*, who is overtaken by the Night, in thoſe diſmal Wilds! How muſt he ſtand aghaſt, at the mingled Yell of ravenous Throats, and Lions roaring after their Prey! Defend Him, propitious Heaven! or elſe He muſt ſee his endearing Spouſe, and hail his native Home, no more!—Now, the prowling Wolf, like a murderous Ruffian, dogs the Shepherd's Footſteps, and beſets his bleating Charge. The Fox, like a crafty Felon, ſteals to the thatched Cottage, and carries off the feathered Booty.

HAPPY for the World, were theſe the only Deſtroyers that walk in Darkneſs. But, alas! there are

Savages

Savages in human Shape; who, muffled in Shades, infeſt the Abodes of civilized Life. The *Sons* of *Violence* make Choice of this Seaſon*, to perpetrate the moſt outrageous Acts of Wrong and Robbery. The *Adulterer* waiteth for the Twilight; and, baſer than the Villain on the Highway, betrays the Honour of his Boſom friend. Now, *Faction* forms her cloſe Cabals, and whiſpers her traiterous Inſinuations. Now, *Rebellion* plans her accurſed Plots, and prepares the Train to blow a Nation into Ruin. Now Crimes, which hide their odious Heads in the Day, haunt the Seats of Society, and ſtalk through the Gloom with audacious Front. Now, the *Vermin* of the *Stews* crawl from their lurking Holes, to wallow in Sin, and ſpread Contagion through the Night. Each ſoothing himſelf with the fond Notion, That all is ſafe; That no Eye ſees.

ARE They then concealed? Prepoſterous Madmen! To draw the Curtain between their infamous Practices, and a little Set of Mortals; but lay them open, to all theſe chaſte and *wakeful Eyes* of Heaven †! As though the Moon and Stars were made, to light Men to their Revels, and not to GOD.—Are they then concealed? No, truly. Was every one of theſe vigilant Luminaries cloſed; an Eye *keener* than the Lightning's Flaſh, an Eye *brighter* than Ten thouſand Suns, beholds their every Motion. Their thickeſt Shades are beaming Day‡,

* ——When Night
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of *Belial*, flown with Inſolence and Wine. MILT.

† —— *Sed Luna videt, ſed Sidera Teſtes*
Intendunt Oculos.

‡ This is finely, and very forcibly, expreſſed by the Pſalmiſt: *If I ſay, Peradventure the Darkneſs ſhall cover me; then ſhall my Night be turned to Day.* Or, as it may be rendered ſomewhat more emphatically, *Even the Night ſhall be broad Day-light all around me.* Pſal. cxxxix. 10.

to

to the jealous Inſpector, and ſupreme Judge of human Actions.—Deluded Creatures! have ye not heard, have ye not read, "That Clouds and Darkneſs are "HIS majeſtic Reſidence*?" In that very Gloom, to which you fly for Covert, he erects his Throne. What you reckon your *Screen*, is the Bar of his Tribunal. O! remember this! Stand in Awe, and ſin not. Remember, that the great and terrible GOD *is about your Path* †, when you take your mid-night Range; is *about your Bed*, when you indulge the looſe Deſire; *and ſpies out all your Ways*, be they ever ſo ſecretly conducted, or artfully diſguiſed.

SOME Minutes ago, a Paſſenger croſſed along the Road. His Horſe's Foot ſtruck the Ground, and fetched Fire from a Flint. My Eye, tho, at a Diſtance, catched the view; and ſaw, with *great Clearneſs*, the tranſient Sparkles: Of which, had I been ever ſo near, I ſhould not have diſcerned the *leaſt Glimpſe*, under the Blaze of Day.—So ‡, when Sickneſs has drawn a *Veil*

* Pſal. xcvii. 2.

† The original Words are much ſtronger than the Tranſlation. זריתה and הבנותה ſignify, Thou *ſifteſt* my Path, and art *intimately acquainted with* all my Ways. The former, I apprehend, denoting the *exact* Cognizance, which the Almighty taketh; the latter implying the *conſtant* Inſpection, which he exerciſeth; over all the Circumſtances of our Conduct. *Pſal.* cxxxix. 2.

‡ I beg Leave to inform the *young Gentleman*, whoſe Name dignifies my Dedication; That *this* was a Remark of his honoured *Father*, when we rode together, and converſed in a duſky Evening. I mention this Circumſtance, partly, to ſecure the Paragraph from Contempt; partly, to give Him, and the World, an Idea of that eminently ſerious Taſte, which diſtinguiſhed my deceaſed Friend. —The *leſs obvious* the Reflection, the more clearly it diſcovers a Turn of Mind, remarkably ſpiritual; which would ſuffer nothing to eſcape, without yielding ſome religious Improvement. The

meaneſt

Veil over the Gaiety of our Hearts; when Misfortunes have eclipſed the Splendor of our outward Circumſtances; how many *important Convictions* preſent themſelves, with the brighteſt Evidence! Under the Sunſhine of Proſperity, they lay undiſcovered; but, when ſome intervening Cloud has darkened the Scene, they emerge from their Obſcurity, and even glitter upon our Minds. Then, the *World*, that deluſive Cheat, confeſſes her Emptineſs: but JESUS, the bright and Morning-Star, beams forth with inimitable Luſtre. Then, *Vice* loſes all her fallacious Allurements; that painted Strumpet is horrible, as the Hags of Hell: but *Virtue*, deſpiſed Virtue, gains Lovelineſs from a louring Providence, and treads the Shades with more than mortal Charms.—May this reconcile me, and all the *Sons of Sorrow*, to our appointed Share of Suffering! If Tribulation tend to diſſipate the inward Darkneſs, and pour heavenly Dew upon our Minds; welcome Diſtreſs; welcome Diſappointment; welcome whatever our froward Fleſh, or peeviſh Paſſions, would *miſcal* Calamities. *Theſe light Afflictions, which are but for a Moment*, ſhall ſit eaſy upon our Spirits; ſince they befriend our Knowledge; promote our Faith; and ſo "*work out for us, a far more exceeding and eternal* "*Weight of Glory* *."

How

meaner the Incident, the more admirable was that Fertility of Imagination; which could deduce the ſublimeſt Truths, from the moſt trivial Occurrences.

* 2 *Cor.* iv. 17. The great *Stephens*, that Oracle of *Grecian* Learning, tranſlates καθ' υπερβολην, *Quo nihil majus dici aut fingi poteſt.* But how does the Senſe riſe! How is the Idea enlarged, under *Two* ſuch forcible Expreſſions! καθ' υπερβολην εις υπερβολην. —The whole Verſe is a Maſter-piece of the beautiful *Antitheſis*, the lively *Deſcription*, and the nervous *Diction*. It is one of thoſe exquiſite Paſſages in the inſpired Writings, which, like ſome rich *aromatic Plants*, cannot be tranſferred from their own generous and native

How has this Darkneſs ſnatched every ſplendid and graceful Object from my Sight! It has daſhed the Sponge over the Pictures of Spring, and deſtroyed all the *delicate Diſtinctions* of Things. Where are now the fine Tinges, which ſo lately charmed me from the glowing Parterre? The Bluſh is ſtruck out, from the Cheeks of the Roſe; and the ſnowy Hue, is dropt from the Lily. I caſt my Eyes toward a magnificent Seat; but the aſpiring Columns, and fair expanded Front, are mingled in rude Confuſion. Without the Sun, all the Elegance of the blooming World, is a *mere Blank*; all the Symmetry of Architecture, is a *ſhapeleſs Heap*.

Is not this an expreſſive Emblem of the Lovelineſs, which the *Sun* of *Righteouſneſs* transfuſes into all that is amiable? Was it not for JESUS, and his Merits, I ſhould ſigh with Anguiſh of Spirit; even while I rove through Ranks of the moſt beautiful Flowers, or breathe amidſt a Wilderneſs of Sweets. Was it not for JESUS, and his Merits; I ſhould roam like ſome *diſconſolate Spectre*, even through the Smiles of Creation, and the Careſſes of Fortune. My Converſation in this World, though dreſſed in the moſt engaging Forms of external Pleaſure, would be like the Paſſage of a *condemned Malefactor*, through enamelled Meadows, and Bowers of Bliſs, to be broke upon the Wheel, or to expire on the Rack. But a daily Reflection, on the LAMB's atoning Blood; a comfortable Truſt, that my Soul is reconciled through this divine Expiation; this is the Ray, the golden Ray, which irradiates the Face of the Univerſe. This is the *Oil* of *Beauty*, which makes all Things wear a chearful Aſpect; and the *Oil* of *Gladneſs*, which diſpoſes the

native Soil, without being impaired in their Vivacity, and loſing much of their Delicacy. Perhaps, the following Verſion may be ſomewhat leſs injurious to the ſacred Original, than the common Tranſlation.—*Our very light Affliction, which is but juſt for the preſent Moment, worketh out a far more exceeding, an incomparably great, and eternal Weight of Glory.*

Spec-

Spectator to behold them with Delight *. This, this is the ſecret Charm, which teaches Nature, in all her Proſpects and all her Productions, ſo exquiſitely to pleaſe.

"MAN goeth forth to his Work, and to his Labour, "till the Evening." But then his Strength fails; his Spirits flag; and he ſtands in need, not only of ſome Reſpite from Toil, but of ſome kindly and ſovereign Refreſhments.—What an admirable Proviſion for this Purpoſe, is *Sleep!* Sleep introduces a moſt welcome Vacation, both for the Soul and Body. The Exerciſes of the Brain, and the Labours of the Hand, are at once diſcontinued. So that the *weary* Limbs repair their exhauſted Vigour; while the *penſive* Thoughts drop their Load of Sorrows, and the *buſy* ones reſt from the Fatigue of Application.—Moſt reviving Cordial! Equally beneficial to our animal and intellectual Powers. It ſupplies the fleſhly Machine, and keeps all its nice Movements in a proper Poſture for eaſy Play. It animates the thinking Faculties with freſh Alacrity, and rekindles their Ardor for the Studies of the Dawn. Without theſe enlivening Recruits, how ſoon would

* Thus applied, that fine Piece of *Flattery*, addreſſed to the *Heathen* Emperor, is ſtrictly and literally *true*.

——— *Vultus ubi tuus*
Affulſit populo, gratior it dies,
Et ſoles melius nitent. HORAT.

Which I would caſt in a *Chriſtian* Mould, and thus tranſlate:

When Faith preſents the Saviour's Death,
And whiſpers, "This is thine;"
Sweetly my riſing Hours advance,
And peacefully decline.

While ſuch my Views, the radiant Sun
Sheds a more ſprightly Ray;
Each Object ſmiles; all Nature charms:
I ſing my Cares away.

the moſt robuſt Conſtitution, be waſted into a *walking Skeleton*; and the moſt learned Sage, degenerate into a *hoary Idiot!*—Some Time ago, I beheld, with Surprize, poor *Florio*. His Air was wild; his Countenance meagre; his Thoughts roving, and Speech diſconcerted. Inquiring the Cauſe of this ſtrange Alteration, I was informed, That, for ſeveral Nights, he had not cloſed his Eyes in Sleep. For want of which *noble Reſtorative*, that ſprightly Youth, (who was once the Life of the Diſcourſe, and the Darling of the Company) is become a Spectacle of Miſery and Horror.

How many of my Fellow-creatures are, at this very Inſtant, confined to the Bed of Languiſhing; and complaining, with that illuſtrious Sufferer of old, *Weariſome Nights are appointed to me* *! Inſtead of indulging ſoft Repoſe, they are counting the tedious Hours; telling every ſtriking Clock; or meaſuring the very Moments, by their throbbing Pulſe. How many, haraſſed with *Pain*, moſt paſſionately long to make ſome little Truce with their Agonies, in peaceful Slumbers! How many, ſick with *Diſquietude*, and reſtleſs even on their downy Pillows, would purchaſe this tranſient Oblivion of their Woes, almoſt at any Rate!—That, which Wealth cannot procure; which Multitudes ſigh for in vain; thy God has beſtowed on Thee, Times out of Number. The *welcome Viſitant*, punctual at the needed Hour, has entered thy Chamber, and poured his Poppies round thy Couch. Has gently cloſed thy Eye-lids, and ſhed his ſlumberous Dews over all thy Senſes.

Since Sleep is ſo abſolutely neceſſary; ſo ineſtimably valuable; obſerve, what a *fine Apparatus* Almighty Goodneſs has made, to accommodate us with the balmy Bleſſing. With how kind a Precaution He removes

* Job vii. 3.

what-

whatever might obſtruct its Acceſs, or impede its Influence! He draws around us the *Curtain* of *Darkneſs*; which inclines us to a drowſy Indolence, and conceals every Object, that might too ſtrongly agitate the Senſe. He conveys *Peace* into our *Apartments*; and impoſes Silence, on the whole Creation. Every Animal is bidden to tread ſoftly, or rather to ceaſe from its Motion, when Man is retiring to his Repoſe.—May we not diſcern, in this gracious Diſpoſition of Things, the tender Cares of a *Nurſing-Mother*; who huſhes every Noiſe, and ſecludes every Diſturbance, when She has laid the Child of her Love to Reſt? *So*, by ſuch ſoothing Circumſtances, and gently-working Opiates, *HE giveth, to his Beloved, Sleep* *.

ANOTHER ſignal Inſtance of a Providence intent upon our Welfare, is, that we are preſerved *ſafe* in the Hours of *Slumber*. How are we then loſt to all Apprehenſion of Danger; even though the Murderer be at our Bed-ſide, or his naked Sword at our Breaſt! Deſtitute of all Concern for ourſelves, we are unable to *think of*, much more to *provide for*, our own Security. At theſe Moments, therefore, we lie open to innumerable Perils: Perils, from the reſiſtleſs Rage of Flames: Perils, from the inſidious Artifices of Thieves, or the outrageous Violence of Robbers: Perils, from the *irregular Workings* † of our own Thoughts, and eſpecially from the Incurſions of our ſpiritual Enemy.

WHAT

* Pſal. cxxvii. 2.

† I think, it is referable only to a ſuperintending, and watchful *Providence*, that We are not hurried into the moſt *pernicious* Actions, when our Imagination is heated, and our Reaſon ſtupified by Dreams.—We have ſometimes heard of unfortunate Perſons, who, walking in their Sleep, have thrown themſelves headlong from a Window, and been daſhed to Death on the Pebbles. And whence is it, that ſuch diſaſtrous Accidents are only *related* as Pieces of News,

WHAT dreadful Miſchief might that reſtleſs, that implacable *Adverſary* of *Mankind* work, was there not an inviſible Hand to controul his Rage, and protect poor Mortals! What Scenes of Horror might he repreſent to our Imaginations, and "ſcare us with "Dreams, or terrify us with Viſions *!" But the *Keeper* of *Iſrael*, who never ſlumbers nor ſleeps, interpoſes in our Behalf; at once to *cheriſh* us under his Wings, and to *defend* us with a Shield.—It is ſaid of

News, not experienced by Ourſelves, or our Families? Were *our* Minds more ſober in their Operations, or more circumſpect in their Regards? No, verily: Nothing could be more wild, than their Excurſions; and None could be more inattentive to their own Welfare. Therefore, if *We have laid Us down, and ſlept in* Peace; it was, becauſe the LORD vouchſafed Us the ſweet Refreſhment: if *We roſe again* in Safety; it was, *becauſe the LORD ſuſtained Us* with his unremitted Protection.

Will the candid Reader excuſe me, if I add a ſhort Story; or rather a *Matter* of *Fact*, ſuitable to the preceding Remark?—Two Perſons, who had been hunting together in the Day, ſlept together the following Night. One of them was renewing the Purſuit in his Dream; and, having run the whole Circle of the Chace, came, at laſt, to the Fall of the Stag. Upon this, He cries out with a determined Ardor; *I'll kill him: I'll kill him:* and immediately feels for the Knife, which he carried in his Pocket. His Companion happening to be awake, and obſerving what paſſed, leaped from the Bed. Being ſecure from Danger, and the Moon ſhining into the Room, He ſtood to view the Event. When, to his inexpreſſible Surprize, the infatuated Sportſman gave ſeveral deadly Stabs, in the very Place, where, a Moment before, the Throat and the Life of his Friend lay.—This I mention, as a Proof, that nothing hinders Us, even from being Aſſaſſins of *Others*, or Murderers of *Ourſelves*, amidſt the mad Sallies of Sleep; only the *preventing Care* of our Heavenly Father.

* What a complete Maſter that malignant Spirit is, in exhibiting *viſionary Repreſentations*, appears from his Conduct towards CHRIST, on the high Mountain: and that he is too ready, if not reſtrained by an over-ruling Power, to employ his Dexterity in *afflicting Mankind*, is evident from his Treatment of *Job*. See *Luke* iv. 5, *Job* vii. 14.

Solomon's

Solomon, "That Threeſcore valiant Men were about "his Bed; all expert in War; every one with his "Sword upon his Thigh, becauſe of Fear in the "Night*." But One greater than *Solomon*; One mightier than Myriads of armed Hoſts; even the great JEHOVAH, in whom is everlaſting Strength: He vouchſafes to *encamp about our Houſes*; to watch over our ſleeping Minutes, and to ſtop all the Avenues of Ill.—O! the unwearied and condeſcending Goodneſs of our Creator! Who *lulls* us to our *Reſt*, by bringing on the ſilent Shades; and *plants* his own ever-watchful Eye as our *Centinel*, while we enjoy the needful Repoſe.

REASON, now, reſigns her ſedate Office; and *Fancy*, extravagant Fancy, leads the Mind through a Maze of Vanity. The Head is crouded with falſe Images, and tantalized with the moſt ridiculous Miſapprehenſions of Things. Some, are expatiating amidſt *Fairy Fields*, and gathering Garlands of viſionary Bliſs; while their Bodies are ſtretched on a Wiſp of Straw, and ſheltered by the Cobwebs of a Barn. Others, quite inſenſible of their Rooms of State, are mourning in a doleful *Dungeon*, or ſtruggling with the raging Billows. Perhaps, with haſty Steps, they climb the craggy Cliff; and, with real Anxiety, fly from the imaginary Danger. Or elſe, benumbed with ſudden Fear, and finding themſelves unable to eſcape, they give up at, once their Hopes, and their Efforts; and, though reclined on a Couch of Ivory, are ſinking, all helpleſs and diſtreſſed, in the furious Whirlpool. So unaccountable are the *Vagaries* of the *Brain*, while Sleep maintains its Dominion over the Limbs!

BUT is This the only Seaſon, when abſurd incoherent Irregularities play their Magic on our Minds?

* Cant. iii. 7, 8.

Are there not thoſe who *dream*, even in their *waking* Moments!—Some pride Themſelves in a Notion of ſuperior Excellency, becauſe the Royal Favour has annexed a few ſplendid Titles to their Names; or becauſe the dying Silkworm has bequeathed her fineſt Threads, to cover their Nakedneſs.—Others congratulate their own ſignal Happineſs, becauſe Loads of golden Lumber are amaſſed together in their Coffers; or promiſe themſelves a moſt ſuperlative Felicity indeed, when ſome Thouſands more are added to the uſeleſs Heap.—Nor are there wanting Others, who gape after *ſubſtantial* Satisfaction from *airy* Applauſe; and flatter themſelves with, I know not what, Immortality in the momentary Buz of Renown.—Are any of Theſe a whit more reaſonable in their Opinions, than the poor ragged Wretch in his Reveries; who, while ſnoring under a Hedge, exults in the Poſſeſſion of his ſtately Palace, and ſumptuous Furniture?—If Perſons, who are *very Paſſive* to their own *domineering* Paſſions, and led captive by numberleſs Temptations: if theſe Perſons pique themſelves with a Conceit of their Liberty, and fancy themſelves the *generous* and *gallant* Spirits of the Age: where is the Difference between Theirs, and the Madman's Frenzy; who, though chained to the Floor, is throned in Thought, and wielding an imaginary Sceptre?—In a Word; as many as borrow their Dignity from a Plume of Feathers, or the gaudy Trappings of Fortune; as many as ſend their Souls to ſeek for Bliſs in the Blandiſhments of Senſe, or in any Thing ſhort of the divine Favour, and a well-grounded Hope of the incorruptible Inheritance *; what are they, but Dreamers with their Eyes open; *delirious*, though in *Health!*

* Theſe give a ſacred, and home-felt Delight,
A *ſober Certainty* of *waking* Bliſs.

MILT. *Comus.*

WOULD

WOULD you ſee their Picture, drawn to the very Life; and the Succeſs of their Schemes, calculated with the utmoſt Exactneſs; caſt your Eye upon that fine Repreſentation, exhibited by the Prophet: *It ſhall be even as when a hungry Man dreameth, and behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his Soul is empty: Or as when a thirſty Man dreameth, and beholdeth, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and behold, he is faint, and his Soul hath appetite**. Such is the Race, and ſuch the Prize, of all thoſe Candidates for Honour and Joy; who run wide from the Mark of the high Calling of GOD, in CHRIST JESUS. They live in Vanity, and die in Woe.—Awaken us, merciful Lord, from theſe *noon-tide Trances!* Awaken us, while Conviction may turn to our Advantage, and not ſerve only to increaſe our Torment. O! let our "Eyes be enlightened, to diſcern the Things that are excellent;" and no longer be impoſed upon by fantaſtic Appearances, which, however *pompous* they may ſeem, will prove more *empty* than the Viſions of the Night, more *tranſient* than the Dream that is forgotten.

HAVING mentioned Sleep and Dreams, let me once again conſider thoſe remarkable Incidents of our Frame: ſo very remarkable, that I may venture to call them, a kind of experimental *Myſtery*, and little leſs than a ſtanding *Miracle*.—Behold the moſt *vigorous Conſtitution*, when ſtretched on the Bed of Eaſe, and totally reſigned to the Slumbers of the Night. Its Activity is oppreſſed with Fetters of Indolence; its Strength is conſigned over to a temporary Annihilation; the Nerves are like a Bow unſtrung, and the whole animal Syſtem is like a motionleſs Log.—Behold a Perſon of the moſt *delicate Senſations*, and *amiable Diſpoſitions*. His Eyes, though

* Iſa. xxix. 8.

thrown wide open, admit not the visual Ray; at least, distinguish not Objects. His Ears, with the Organs unimpaired, and articulate Accents beating upon the Drum, perceive not the Sound; at least, apprehend not the Meaning. The Senses, and their exquisitely fine Feelings, are overwhelmed with an unaccountable Stupefaction. You call him a *social* Creature; but where are his social Affections? He knows not the Father, that begat him; and takes no Notice of the Friend, that is as his own Soul. The Wife of his Bosom may expire by his Side, and He lie more unconcerned than a Barbarian. The Children of his Body, may be tortured with the severest Pangs; and He, even in the same Chamber, remain untouched with the least Commiseration.—Behold the most *ingenious Scholar*: whose Judgment is piercing, and able to trace the most intricate Difficulties of Science; his Taste refined, and quick to relish all the Beauties of Sentiment and Composition. Yet, at this Juncture, the thinking Faculties are unhinged, and the intellectual Oeconomy quite disconcerted. Instead of close-connected Reasonings, nothing but a disjointed Huddle of absurd Ideas: instead of well-digested Principles, nothing but a disorderly Jumble of crude Conceptions. The most palpable Delusions, impose upon his Imagination. The whole Night passes, and he frequently mistakes it for a single Minute: is not sensible of the Transition, hardly sensible of any Duration.

Yet, no sooner does the Morning dawn, and Daylight enter the Room; but this strange Inchantment vanishes. The Man awakes, and finds himself *possessed* of all the valuable Endowments; which, for several Hours, were suspended, or lost. His Sinews are braced, and fit for Action. His Senses are alert and keen. The romantic visionary brightens into the Master of Reason. The frozen or benumbed Affections, melt with

with Tenderneſs, and glow with Benevolence. And, what is beyond meaſure ſurprizing, the intoxicated Mind works itſelf ſober, not by *ſlow Degrees*; but, in the *Twinkling* of an Eye, recovers from its Perturbation.—Why does not the Stupor, which deadens all the nice Operations of the animal Powers, hold faſt its Poſſeſſion? When the Thoughts are once diſadjuſted, why are they not always in Confuſion? How is it, that they are rallied in a Moment; and, from the wildeſt Irregularity, reduced to the moſt orderly Array? —From an Inactivity, reſembling Death; how is the Body ſo *ſuddenly* reſtored, to Vigour and Agility? From Extravagancies, bordering upon Madneſs; how is the Underſtanding *inſtantaneouſly* re-eſtabliſhed, in Sedateneſs and Harmony?—Surely, "this is the LORD's "Doing, and it ſhould be marvellous in our "Eyes:" ſhould awaken our Gratitude, and inſpirit our Praiſe.

THIS is the Time, in which *Ghoſts* are ſuppoſed to make their Appearance. Now, the *timorous Imagination* teems with Phantoms, and creates numberleſs Terrors to itſelf. Now dreary Forms, in ſullen State, ſtalk along the Gloom; or, ſwifter than Lightning, glide acroſs the Shades. Now, Voices more than mortal * are heard from the echoing Vaults, and Groans iſſue from the hollow Tombs. Now, melancholy Spectres viſit the Ruins of ancient Monaſteries, and frequent the ſolitary Dwellings of the Dead. They pace and repaſs, in unſubſtantial Images, along the forſaken Galleries; or take their determined Stand, over ſome lamented

* *Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita ſilentes*
Ingens, & ſimulacra modis pallentia miris
Viſa ſub obſcurum noctis— VIRG.

Grave.—How often has the School-boy fetched a long Circuit, and trudged many a needleſs Step, in order to avoid the haunted Church-yard? Or, if Neceſſity, ſad Neceſſity, has obliged him to croſs the Spot; where *Lazarus* lies ſtretched below, and the *ſaſhion'd Turf* ſhuts ſuperſtitiously Ears above; a thouſand hideous Stories rush into his Memory. Fear adds Wings to his Feet; he ſcarce touches the Ground; does not once look behind him, 'till he has got to his journ'd Fortune, if not ſafely over the Church-yard Walls, at leaſt Sight of the Gate.

[illegible] the Evening, the ſacred Day, which [illegible] *Abaris* on the *Golden Arrow*, [illegible] *Abaris* [illegible] *Pythagoras* [illegible] of a high Feaſt [illegible] *ſtrange Sights* [illegible] Wonder, [illegible] Fear, [illegible] Spirit.— [illegible] Regions of the Dead, [illegible] at the Hour of Midnight, and [illegible] particular Place, ſay, [illegible] *I'll meet thee there**: I believe, the ſtouteſt Heart would feel ſomething like a Panic; would tremblingly think upon the Adventure, and be in Pain for the Event. But, when a Voice from Heaven calls, in the awakening Language of the

* The Story of *Brutus*, and his *evil Genius*, is well known. Nor muſt it be denied, that the preceding Words of the Speech to the Horſeman, *I dare thee at Philippi*. But, as this would not anſwer my Purpoſe, I was obliged to make an Alteration, in the Circumſtance of *Place*.

Prophet,

Prophet, *Prepare to meet thy God, O* Iſrael *; how little is the Warning regarded! How ſoon is it forgotten! Prepoſterous Stupidity! To be *utterly unconcerned*, where it is the trueſt Wiſdom to take the Alarm; and to be *all Trepidation*, where there is nothing really terrible!—Do Thou, my Soul, remember thy Saviour's Admonition; "*I will forewarn you, whom* "*you ſhall fear*. Fear not theſe imaginary Horrors of "the Night. But fear that awful Being; whoſe Re- "velation of Himſelf, though with Expreſſions of "peculiar Mercy, made *Moſes*, his favourite Servant, "tremble exceedingly. Whoſe Manifeſtation, when "He appears with Purpoſes of inexorable Vengeance, "will make *mighty Conquerors*; who were familiar "with Dangers, and eſtranged to Diſmay; call upon "the Mountains to fall on them, and the Rocks to "cover them. The Menace of whoſe majeſtic Eye, "when He comes attended with thouſand Thouſands "of his immortal Hoſts, will make the very Heavens "cleave aſunder, and the Earth flee away.—O! dread "his Diſpleaſure; ſecure his Favour; and then "Thou may'ſt commit all thy other Anxieties to the "Wind. Thou may'ſt laugh at every other Fear."

This brings to my Mind a memorable and amazing Occurrence, recorded in the Book of *Job* †. Which is, I think, no inconſiderable Proof of the *real Exiſtence* of Apparitions ‡, on ſome *very extraordinary* Emer-

* Amos iv. 12. † Job iv. 12, 14, &c.

‡ *Is a Proof of the real Exiſtence of Apparitions.*—If the Senſe, in which I have always underſtood this Paſſage, be true—*Elphaz*, I apprehend, was neither in a Trance, nor in a Dream, but perfectly awake.—Though He ſpeaks of Sleep; He ſpeaks of it, as fallen not upon *himſelf*, but upon *other* Men. He does not mention *Dreams*, though חלמות *Somnia*, would have ſuited the Verſe (if the

Emergencies; while it diſcountenances thoſe Legions of idle Tales, which Superſtition has raiſed, and Credulity received. Since it teaches us, that if, at any Time, thoſe Viſitants from the unknown World, render themſelves perceivable by Mortals, it is not upon any Errand of frivolous Conſequence; but, to *convey Intelligences* of the utmoſt Moment, or to *work Impreſſions* of the higheſt Advantage.

'TWAS in the *Dead of Night*. All Nature lay ſhrouded in Darkneſs. Every Creature was buried in Sleep. The moſt profound Silence reigned through the Univerſe. In theſe ſolemn Moments, *Eliphaz* alone, all wakeful and ſolitary, was muſing upon ſublime and heavenly Subjects.—When, lo! an awful Being, from the inviſible Realms, burſt into his Apartment *. *A Spirit*

Book be in Metre) altogether as well as חזיון *Viſions*.—It could not, ſurely, be a *Wind*, as ſome tranſlate the Word רוח. Becauſe, the Circumſtance of *ſtanding ſtill*, is not ſo compatible with the Nature of a Wind; and a Wind would have paſſed *above* Him, all *around* Him, as well as *before* Him. Not to add, how low a Remark it is, and how unworthy of a Place in ſo auguſt a Deſcription, that He *could not diſcern the Form* of a Wind.—It ſeems, therefore, to have been a real Spirit; either *Angelical* as were thoſe, which preſented themſelves to *Abraham* reſting at the Door of his Tent, and to *Lot* ſitting in the Gate of *Sodom*; or elſe, the Spirit of ſome *departed Saint*, as in the Caſe of *Samuel*'s Apparition, or the famous Appearance of *Moſes* and *Elijah* on the Mount of Tranſfiguration.—A Spirit, aſſuming ſome *Vehicle*, in order to become viſible to the human Eye. Which, accordingly, *Eliphaz* ſaw, exhibiting itſelf as an Object of Sight. But ſaw ſo obſcurely and indiſtinctly, that He was not able, either to deſcribe its *Aſpect*, or to diſcern *whom* it reſembled.

* I have given this ſolemn Picture a *modern* Dreſs, rather for the Sake of Variety and Illuſtration, than from any Apprehenſion of improving the admirable Original. Such an Attempt, I am ſenſible, would be more abſurdly vain, than to lacquer Gold, or paint the Diamond. The Deſcription, in *Eliphaz*'s own Language, is awful

Spirit paſſed before his Face. Aſtoniſhment ſeized the Beholder. His Bones ſhivered within Him; his Fleſh trembled all over him; and the Hair of his Head ſtood erect with Horror.—Sudden and unexpected, was the Appearance of the Phantom; not ſuch its Departure. *It ſtood ſtill*, to preſent itſelf more fully to his View. It made a ſolemn Pauſe, to prepare his Mind for ſome momentous Meſſage.—After which, a Voice was heard. A Voice, for the Importance of its meaning, worthy to be had in everlaſting Remembrance; for the Solemnity of its Delivery, enough to alarm a Heart of Stone. It ſpoke; and this was the Purport of its Words;—"*Shall* "Man, *frail Man, be juſt before the mighty GOD?* "*ſhall even the moſt accompliſhed of Mortals be pure in* "*the Sight of his Maker*? Behold*, and conſider it at- "tentively. *He put no* ſuch *Truſt in his* moſt exalted "*Servants*, as ſhould bespeak them incapable of Defect. "*And his very Angels be charged with Folly*; as ſinking, "even in the higheſt Perfection of their Holineſs, infi-

awful and affecting to the laſt Degree. A *Night-Piece*, dreſſed in all the Circumſtances of the deepeſt Horror. I queſtion, whether *Shakſpeare* himſelf, though ſo peculiarly happy in his great Command of terrifying Images, has any Thing ſuperior or comparable to this. The Judges of fine Compoſition *ſee* the maſterly Strokes; and, I believe, the moſt ordinary Reader *feels* them, chilling his Blood, and awakening Emotions of Dread in his Mind.

* There ſeems to be a ſignificant and beautiful *Gradation* in the *Hebrew* Words אנוש and גבר, which I have endeavoured to preſerve by a Sort of *paraphraſtic Verſion*. The Reader will obſerve a *new* Turn given to the Sentiment; preferable, I think, to that which our *Engliſh* Tranſlation exhibits. Not, *ſhall Man be more juſt than GOD?* But, *ſhall Man be juſt before*, or *in the Sight of GOD?* The Paſſage, thus rendered, ſpeaks a Truth incomparably more weighty, and needful to be inculcated. A Truth, exactly parallel to that humbling Confeſſion of the Prophet, *We are all as an unclean Thing*; and to that ſolemn Declaration of the Pſalmiſt, *In thy Sight, ſhall no man living be juſtified.*

"nitely

"nitely beneath his tranſcendent Glories; as falling, "even in all the Pride of their Obedience, inexpreſ- "ſibly ſhort of the Homage due to his adorable Ma- "jeſty. If created Natures muſt not preſume to juſ- "tify, either their Homilies, or their Services, before un- "created Purity; *how much more* abſurd is ſuch a "Notion, how much more impious ſuch an Attempt, "in *Them that dwell in Houſes of Clay*; whoſe Original "is from the Duſt, and whoſe State is all Imperfec- "tion!"

I WOULD obſerve from hence, the very ſingular Neceſſity of that *Poverty of Spirit*, which intirely *renounces* its own Attainments; and moſt thankfully *ſubmits* to the Righteouſneſs of the incarnate GOD.—To inculcate this Leſſon, the Son of the BLESSED came down from Heaven; and preſſed no other Principle, with ſo repeated * an Importunity, on his Hearers. To inſtil the ſame Doctrine, the HOLY GHOST touched the Lips of the Apoſtles with ſacred Eloquence; and made it an eminent Part of their Commiſſion, "to demoliſh "every high Imagination." That no Expedient might be wanting, to give it a deep and laſting Efficacy on the human Mind; a Phantom ariſes from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, or a Teacher deſcends from the Habitation of Spirits.—Whatever then we neglect; let us not neglect to cultivate *this Grace*, which has been ſo variouſly taught, ſo powerfully enforced.

* It is well worthy of our Obſervation, ſays an excellent Commentator, "That no one Sentence uttered by our LORD, is ſo "frequently repeated as this; *Whoſoever ſhall exalt himſelf, ſhall be* "*abaſed; and he that ſhall humble himſelf, ſhall be exalted*" Which *often* occurs in the Evangeliſts; but is *never* duly accompliſhed in Us, till We diſclaim all Pretenſion to Merit and Righteouſneſs of our own, and ſeek them only in the Atonement and Obedience of JESUS CHRIST.

HARK!

HARK! a *doleful Voice*—With ſudden Starts, and hideous Screams, it diſturbs the Silence of the peaceful Night. 'Tis the *Screech-owl*, ſometimes in frantic, ſometimes in diſconſolate Accents, uttering her Woes*. She flies the vocal Grove, and ſhuns the Society of all the feathered Choir. The blooming Gardens, and flowery Meads, have no Charms for her. Obſcene Shades, ragged Ruins, and Walls overgrown with Ivy, are her favourite Haunts. Above, the mouldering Precipice nods, and threatens a Fall: below, the Toad crawls, or the poiſonous Adder hiſſes. The ſprightly Morning, which awakens other Animals into Joy, adminiſters no Pleaſure to this gloomy Recluſe. Even the ſmiling Face of Day, is her Averſion; and all its lovely Scenes create nothing but Uneaſineſs.

So, juſt ſo, would it fare with the *Ungodly*; were it poſſible to ſuppoſe their Admiſſion, into the chaſte and bright Abodes of endleſs Sanctity. They would find nothing but Diſappointment and Shame, even at the Fountain-Head of Happineſs and Honour.—For how could the Tongue, habituated to *Profaneneſs*, taſte any Delight in the harmonious Adorations of Heaven? How could the Lips, cankered with *Slander*, reliſh the Raptures of everlaſting Praiſe? Where would be the Satisfaction of the *vain* Beauty, or the *ſupercilious* Grandee? Since, in the Temple of the Skies, no Incenſe of Flattery would be addreſſed to the former; nor any obſequious Homage paid to the latter.—The ſpotleſs and inconceivable Purity of the bleſſed GOD, would *ſtrike* Confuſion on the laſcivious Eye. The en-

* *Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo*
Sæpe queri, longasque in fletum ducere voces.

Thus ſung that charming Genius, that Prince of the ancient Poets, that moſt conſummate Maſter of Elegance and Accuracy; all whoſe *Sentiments* are Nature, whoſe every *Deſcription* is a Picture, whoſe whole *Language* is Muſic—VIRGIL.

vious Mind, muſt be on a *Rack* of ſelf-tormenting *Paſſions*; to obſerve Millions of happy Beings, ſhining in all the Perfections of Glory, and ſolacing themſelves in the Fulneſs of Joy.—In ſhort; the unſanctified Soul, amidſt holy and triumphant Spirits; even in the refined Regions of Bliſs and Immortality; would be like this melancholy Bird, *diſlodged* from her darkſome Retirement, and *impriſoned* under the Beams of Day*.

THE Voice of this Creature ſcreaming at our Windows, or of the Raven croaking over our Houſes, is, they ſay, a *Token* of approaching *Death*. There are Perſons, who would regard ſuch an Incident, with no ſmall Degree of Solicitude. Trivial as it is; it would damp their Spirits, perhaps, break their Reſt.—One cannot but wonder, that People ſhould ſuffer themſelves to be affrighted at ſuch *fantaſtical*, and yet be quite unaffected with *real*, Preſages of their Diſſolution. Real Preſages of this awful Event, addreſs us from every Quarter. What are theſe *incumbent Glooms*, which overwhelm the World, but a kind of *Pall* provided for Nature; and an Image of that long Night,

* I would beg of the Reader to obſerve, with what *Emphaſis* and *Propriety* our LORD touches this important Point, in his memorable Reply to *Nicodemus*. *Verily, verily, I ſay unto thee, Except a Man be born again, He* CANNOT *enter into the Kingdom of Heaven*; q. d. "I wave the *Authority* of the Supreme Judge, and ſpeak with "the *Condeſcenſion* of a Teacher in *Iſrael*. Though I might, without being liable to the leaſt Controul, paſs it into a ſovereign "Decree: That unrenewed Mortals, who are Slaves to corrupt "Appetite, SHALL NOT enter the Habitations of the Juſt; I "rather chooſe to repreſent it, as a Caſe *utterly impoſſible*; and "charge the Calamity, not upon Divine Severity, but upon human Folly. Such Perſons, from the very Nature of Things, "preclude themſelves; they incapacitate their own Minds; and Contrarieties muſt be reconciled, before *They*, in their unregenerate "Condition, *can* be Partakers of thoſe ſpiritual and ſublime De"lights." *John* iii. 3.

which

which will quickly cover the Inhabitants of the whole Earth? What an Affinity has the Sleep*, which will very ſoon weigh down my drowſy Eye-lids, with that State of intire Ceſſation, in which all my Senſes muſt be laid aſide! The ſilent Chamber, and the Bed of Slumber, are a very ſignificant Repreſentation of the Land, where all Things are huſhed; all Things are forgotten.—What meant that deep *Death-Bell Note*, which, the other Evening, ſaddened the Air? Laden with heavieſt Accents, it ſtruck our Ears, and ſeemed to knock at the Door of our Hearts. Surely, it brought a Meſſage to ſurviving Mortals, and thus the Tidings ran: "Mortals, the Deſtroyer of your Race is on his "Way. The laſt Enemy has begun the Purſuit; and "is gaining Ground upon you, every Moment. His "Paths are ſtrewed with Heaps of Slain. Even now, his "Javelin has laid one of your Neighbours in the Duſt; "and will ſoon, very ſoon, aim the *inevitable Blow* at "each of your Lives."

We need not go down to the Charnel-Houſe, nor carry our Search into the Repoſitories of the Dead; in order to find Memorials of our impending Doom. A Multitude of theſe Remembrancers are planted in all our Paths, and point the heedleſs Paſſengers to their long Home. I can hardly enter a conſiderable Town, but I meet the funeral Proceſſion, or the Mourners going about the Streets. The *Hatchment* ſuſpended on the Wall, or the *Crepe* ſtreaming in the Air, are ſilent Intimations; that both *Rich* and *Poor* have been emptying their Houſes, and repleniſhing their Sepulchres. I can ſcarce join in any Converſation, but mention is made of ſome that are given over by the Phyſician, and hovering on the Confines of Eternity; of others, that

* *Et Conſanguineus Lethi Sopor.* VIRG.

have

have juſt dropt their Clay amidſt weeping Friends, and are gone to appear before the Judge of all the Earth. There's not a *News-Paper* comes to my Hand; but amidſt all its entertaining Narrations, reads ſeveral ſerious *Lectures* of *Mortality*. What elſe are the repeated Accounts—of Age, worn out by ſlow-conſuming Sickneſſes—of Youth, daſhed to Pieces by ſome ſudden Stroke of Caſualty—of Patriots, exchanging their Seats in the Senate, for a Lodging in the Tomb—of Miſers, reſigning their Breath, and (O relentleſs Deſtiny!) leaving their very Riches for others? Even the Vehicles of our Amuſement, are Regiſters of the Deceaſed; and the Voice of *Fame* ſeldom ſounds, but in Concert with a *Knell*.

THESE Monitors croud every Place; not ſo much as the Scenes of our Diverſion excepted. What are the Decorations of our public Buildings, and the moſt elegant Furniture of our Parlours; but the Imagery of Death, and Trophies of the Tomb? That marble Buſt; and thoſe gilded Pictures; how ſolemnly they *recognize* the Fate of others, and ſpeakingly *remind* us of our own!—I ſee, I hear, and O! I feel this great Truth. It is interwoven with my Conſtitution. The frequent Decays of the Structure foretel its final Ruin. What are all the Pains, that have been darted through my Limbs; what every Diſeaſe, that has aſſaulted my Health; but the *advanced Guards* of the Foe? What are the Languors and Wearineſs, that attend the Labours of each revolving Day; but the more *ſecret Practices* of the Adverſary, ſlowly undermining the earthly Tabernacle?

AMIDST ſo many Notices, ſhall we go on thoughtleſs and unconcerned? Can none of the Prognoſtics, which are ſure as Oracles, awaken our Attention, and engage our Circumſpection? *Noah*, 'tis written, *being warned of GOD, prepared an Ark*. Imitate, my Soul,

imitate

imitate this excellent Example. Admoniſhed by ſuch a Cloud of Witneſſes, be continually putting thyſelf in a Readineſs for the laſt Change. Let not that Day, of which thou haſt ſo many infallible Signs, come upon thee unawares.—Get the *Ivy untwined*, and thy Affections diſentangled from this inchanting World; that thou may'ſt be able to quit it, without Reluctance. Get the dreadful *Hand-writing cancelled*, and all thy Sins blotted out; that thou may'ſt depart in Peace, and have nothing to fear at the deciſive Tribunal. Get, O! get thyſelf intereſted in the Redeemer's *Merits*, and transformed into his ſacred *Image*; then, ſhalt Thou be meet for the Inheritance of Saints in Light, and may'ſt even deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with CHRIST.

SOMETIMES, in my Evening Walk, I have heard

———*The wakeful Bird*
Sing darkling, and, in ſhadieſt Covert hid,
*Tune her nocturnal Note**.

How different the *Airs of* this charming Songſter, from thoſe harſh and boding *Ouzels!* The little Creature ran through all the Variations of Muſic; and ſhewed herſelf Miſtreſs of every Grace, which conſtitutes or embelliſhes Harmony.—Sometimes, ſhe ſwells a manly Throat, and her Song kindles into Ardor. The Tone is ſo *bold*, and ſtrikes with ſuch Energy, you would imagine the ſprightly Serenader in the very next Thicket. Anon, the Strain *languiſhes*, and the mournful Warbler melts into Tenderneſs. The melancholy Notes juſt ſteal upon the Shades, and faintly touch your Ear; or in ſoft and ſadly-pleaſing Accents, they ſeem to die along the diſtant Vale. Silence is pleaſed, and Night liſtens to the trilling Tale.

* MILT. *Par. Loſt*, B. III. l. 38.

WHAT

WHAT an Invitation is this, to ſlip away from the thronged City! This coy and modeſt Minſtrel, entertains only the *Lovers* of *Retirement*. Thoſe, who are carouſing over their Bowls, or ranting at the riotous Club, loſe this Feaſt of Harmony.—In like manner, the Pleaſures of Religion, and the Joy of Reconciliation with GOD; the Satisfactions ariſing, from an eſtabliſhed Intereſt in CHRIST, and from the Proſpect of a bliſsful Immortality; theſe are all loſt to the Mind, that is ever *in the Croud*; and dares not, or delights not, to retire into itſelf.—Are we charmed with the Nightingale's Song? Do we wiſh to have it nearer, and hear it oftener? Let us ſeek a renewed Heart, and a reſigned Will; a Conſcience that whiſpers Peace, and Paſſions that are tuned by Grace. Then, ſhall we never want a Melody in our own Breaſts, far more *muſically pleaſing*, than ſweet *Philomela*'s ſweeteſt Strains.

As different as the Voices of theſe Birds, are the *Circumſtances* of thoſe few Perſons, who continue awake. —Some are ſquandering, Pearls ſhall I ſay, or Kingdoms? No; but what is unſpeakably more precious, Time. Squandering this ineſtimable Talent, with the moſt ſenſeleſs and wanton Prodigality. Not content with allowing a few *ſpare Minutes*, for the Purpoſe of neceſſary Recreation; they laviſh many Hours, devote *whole Nights*, to that idle Diverſion of ſhuffling, ranging, and detaching a Set of painted Paſteboards.—Others, inſtead of this buſy Trifling, act the Part of their own Tormentors. They even piquet themſelves*, and call it Amuſement; they are torn by wild Horſes, yet term it a Sport. What elſe is the *Gameſter*'s Practice? His Mind is ſtretched on the Tenter-Hooks of anxious Suſpenſe, and agitated by the fierceſt Extremes

* Alluding to a very painful Puniſhment, inflicted on Delinquents among the Soldiery.

of Hope and Fear? While the Dice are rattling, his Heart is throbbing; his Fortune is tottering; and, poſſibly, at the very next Throw, the one ſinks in the Gulf of Ruin, the other is hurried into the Rage of Diſtraction.

SOME, ſnatched from the Bloom of Health, and the Lap of Plenty, are confined to the *Chamber* of *Sickneſs*. Where they are conſtrained, either to plunge into the everlaſting World, in an unprepared Condition; or elſe (ſad Alternative!) to think over all the Follies of a heedleſs Life, and all the Bitterneſs of approaching Death. The Diſeaſe rages; it baffles the Force of Medicine; and urges the reluctant Wretch, to the Brink of the Precipice. While Furies rouſe the Conſcience, and point at the bottomleſs Pit below.—Perhaps, his *drooping Mother*, deprived long ago of the Huſband of her Boſom, and bereft of all her other Offſpring; is, even now, receiving the Blow which conſummates her Calamities*. In vain, ſhe tries to aſ-

* This brings to my Mind one of the deepeſt *Mourning-Pieces*, extant in the Productions of the Pen. The ſacred Hiſtorian paints it, in all the Simplicity of Stile, yet with all the Strength of Colouring.—When *JESUS came nigh to the Gate of the City, behold! there was a dead Man carried out, the only Son of his Mother, and ſhe was a Widow.*—What a Gradation is here! How pathetically beautiful! every freſh Circumſtance, widens the Wound; aggravates the Calamity; till the Deſcription is worked up into the moſt finiſhed Picture of exquiſite and inconſolable Diſtreſs.—He was a *young Man*: cut off in the Flower of Life, amidſt a Thouſand gay Expectations, and ſmiling Hopes. A Son; an *only* Son; the afflicted Mother's All. So that none remained to preſerve the Name, or perpetuate the Family. What rendered the Caſe ſtill more deplorable, *She was a Widow*: left intirely deſolate; abandoned to her Woes; without any to ſhare her Sorrows, or to comfort her under the irreparable Loſs.—Is not this a fine Sketch of the *Impaſſioned* and *Picturesque*? Who can conſider the Narrative, with any Attention; and not feel his Heart penetrated, with a tender Commiſeration? *Luke* vii. 12.

ſwage the Sorrows of a beloved Son; in vain, ſhe attempts, with her tender Offices, to prolong a Life, dearer than her own. He faints in her Arms; he bows his Head; he ſinks in Death. Fatal, doubly fatal, that laſt expiring Pang! While it diſlodges the unwilling Soul, it rends an *only Child*, from the yearning Embraces of a Parent; and tears away the Support of her Age, from a diſconſolate Widow.

WHILE *Thoſe* long for a Reprieve; *Others* invite the Stroke. Quite weary of the World, with a reſtleſs Impatience, they ſigh for Diſſolution. Some, pining away under the tedious Decays of an incurable *Conſumption*; or gaſping for Breath, and almoſt ſuffocated, by an Inundation of *dropſical* Waters. On ſome a relentleſs *Cancer* has faſtened its envenomed Teeth; and is gnawing them, though in the midſt of bodily Vigour, in the midſt of pitying Friends, gradually to Death. Others are on a Rack of Agonies, by convulſive Fits of the *Stone*. O! how the Pain writhes their Limbs; how the Sweat bedews their Fleſh; and their Eye-balls wildly roll! Methinks, the Night condoles with theſe her diſtreſſed Children; and ſheds dewy Tears, over their ſorrowful Abodes.—But of all Mortals, *They* are the moſt exquiſitely miſerable, who groan beneath the Preſſure of a *melancholy* Mind; or ſmart under the Laſhes of a *reſentful* Conſcience. Though robed in Ermine; or covered with Jewels; the State of a Slave chained to the Gallies, or of an Exile condemned to the Mines, is a perfect Paradiſe compared with theirs.

O! that the *Votaries* of *Mirth*; whoſe Life is a continued Round of Merriment and Whim; would beſtow one ſerious Reflection, on this *Variety* of human *Woes!* It might teach them to be leſs enamoured, with the few languid Sweets; that are thinly ſcattered through this Vale of Tears, and environed with ſuch a Multitude of ragged Thorns. It might teach them, no lon-

ger

ger to dance away their Years, with a giddy *rambling Impulſe*; but to aſpire, with a determined Aim, after thoſe happy Regions, where Delights, abundant and unembittered, flow.

CAN there be Circumſtances, which a Man of Wiſdom would more earneſtly deprecate, than theſe ſeveral Inſtances of grievous Tribulation? There are; and, what is very aſtoniſhing, they are frequently the Deſire and the Choice of Thoſe, who fancy themſelves the ſole Heirs of Happineſs. Thoſe I mean, who are launching out into the Depths of *Extravagance*, and running exceſſive Lengths of *Riot*: who are proſtituting their Reputation, and ſacrificing their Peace, to the Gratification of their Luſts; ſapping the Foundation of their Health, in Debaucheries; or ſhipwrecking the Intereſts of their Families, in their Bowls. And, what is worſe, are forfeiting the Joys of an eternal Heaven, for the *ſordid* Satisfactions of the Beaſt; for the *tranſitory* Senſations of an Hour.—Ye Slaves of Appetite, how far am I from envying your groſs Senſualities, and voluptuous Revels! Little, ah! little are you ſenſible; that, while Indulgence ſhowers her Roſes, and Luxury diffuſes her Odours; they ſcatter *Poiſons* alſo, and ſhed unheeded *Bane* *. Evils, incomparably more malignant, than the Wormwood and Gall of the ſharpeſt Affliction.—Since Death is in the Drunkard's Cup; and worſe than Poinards in the Harlot's Embrace; may it ever be the Privilege of the Man whom I love, to go without his Share of theſe *peſtilent Sweets* †!

* *Yes; in the Flow'rs that wreathe the ſparkling Bowl,*
Fell Adders hiſs, and pois'nous Serpents roll.

† *Quam ſuave eſt ſuavitatibus iſtis carere!* was St. *Auguſtine's* pious Exclamation. The Subſtance of which, Mr. *Pope* has expreſſed, with more Simplicity, and with no leſs Dignity.

Count all th' Advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and diſdains.

ABUNDANCE of living Sparks glitter in the Lanes, and twinkle under the Hedges. I ſuppoſe, they are the *Glow-worms*; which have lighted their little Lamps, and obtained Leave, through the Abſence of the Sun, to play a feeble Beam. A faint Glimmer, juſt ſerves to render them perceivable; without tending at all to diſſipate the Shades, or making any Amends for the departed Day.—Should ſome weather-beaten Traveller, dropping with Wet, and ſhivering with Cold, hover round this *Mimicry* of *Fire*; in order to dry his Garments, and warm his benumbed Limbs. Should ſome bewildered Traveller; groping for his Way, in a ſtarleſs Night and trackleſs Deſart; take one of theſe *languid Tapers*, as a Light to his Feet, and a Lantern to his Paths. How certainly would both the one, and the other, be fruſtrated of their Expectation!—And are *They* more likely to ſucceed, who, neglecting that ſovereign Balm, which diſtilled from the Croſs; apply any *carnal* Diverſion, to heal the Anxiety of the Mind? Who, deaf to the infallible Deciſions of Revelation; reſign themſelves over to the erroneous *Conjectures* of *Reaſon*, in order to find the Way that leadeth unto Life? Or laſtly, who have Recourſe to the *Froth* of this vain World, for a ſatisfactory Portion, and a ſubſtantial Happineſs? Their Conduct is in no Degree wiſer; their Diſappointment equally ſure; and their Miſcarriage infinitely more diſaſtrous. To ſpeak in the delicate Language of a ſacred Writer, "they ſow the Wind, and "will reap the Whirlwind *."

To ſpeak more plainly; the Pleaſures of the World, which we are *All* ſo prone to dote upon; and the Powers of fallen Reaſon, which *Some* are apt to idolize †; are not

* Hoſ. viii. 7.

† I hope, it will be obſerved, That I am far from decrying that noble Faculty of Reaſon, when exerted in her proper Sphere;

not only vain, but treacherous. Not only a *painted Flame*, like theſe ſparkling Animals; but much like thoſe unctuous Exhalations, which ariſe from the marſhy Ground, and often dance before the Eyes of the benighted Way-faring Man. Kindled into a ſort of Fire, they perſonate a Guide, and ſeem to offer their Service: but, blazing with *deluſive Light*, miſlead their Follower into hidden Pits, headlong Precipices, and unfathomable Gulfs. Where, far from his beloved Friends, far from all Hopes of Succour, the unhappy Wanderer is ſwallowed up, and loſt.

Not long ago, we obſerved a very ſurpriſing Appearance in the Weſtern Sky. A *prodigious Star* took its flaming Route through thoſe Coaſts; and trailed, as it paſſed, a tremendous Length of Fire, almoſt over half the Heavens. Some, I imagine, viewed the portentous Stranger, with much the ſame anxious Amazement; as *Belſhazzar* beheld the Hand-writing upon the

when acting in a *deferential Subordination* to the revealed Will of Heaven. While She exerciſes her Powers, within theſe appointed Limits, She is unſpeakably ſerviceable; and cannot be too induſtriouſly cultivated.—But, when ſhe ſets up herſelf in *proud Contradiſtinction* to the ſacred Oracles; when, all arrogant and ſelf-ſufficient, She ſays to the Word of Scripture, *I have no Need of Thee*: She is then, I muſt be bold to maintain, not only a Glow-worm, but an *Ignis fatuus*; not only a Bubble, but a Snare.

May not this Remark, with the ſtricteſt Propriety; and without the leaſt Limitation; be applied to the *Generality* of our modern Romances, Novels, and theatrical Entertainments? Theſe are commonly calculated, to inflame a wanton Fancy. Or, if conducted with ſo much Modeſty, as not to debauch the Affections; they pervert the Judgment, and bewilder the Taſte. By their incredible Adventures; their extravagant Parade of Gallantry; and their Characters, widely different from Truth and Nature; they inſpire fooliſh Conceits: beget idle Expectations: introduce a Diſguſt of genuine Hiſtory: and indiſpoſe their Admirers, to acquieſce in the *decent* Civilities, or to reliſh the *ſober* Satisfactions, of common Life.

Wall. Some looked upon it as a *bloody* * *Flag*; hung out by Divine Reſentment, over a guilty World. Some read, in its glaring Viſage, the Fate of Nations, and the Fall of Kingdoms †. To others, it ſhook, or ſeemed to ſhake, *Peſtilence* and *War* from its horrid Hair. —For my Part; I am not ſo ſuperſtitious as to regard, what every Aſtrologer has to prognoſticate; upon the Acceſſion of a *Comet*, or the Projection of its huge *vapoury Train*. Nothing can be more precarious, and unjuſtifiable, than to draw ſuch Concluſions from ſuch Events: Since they neither are preternatural Effects, nor do they throw the Frame of Things into any Diſorder. I would rather adore that omnipotent Being, who rolled thoſe ſtupendous Orbs from his creating Hand; and leads them, by his providential Eye, through unmeaſurable Tracts of Æther. Who bids them, now, approach the Sun, and glow with unſufferable Ardors ‡; now, retreat to the utmoſt Bounds of our Planetary Syſtem, and make their Entry among other Worlds.

THEY are harmleſs Viſitants. I acquit them from the Charge of cauſing, or being acceſſary to, deſolating Plagues. Would to GOD, there were no other more formidable Indications, of *approaching Judgments*, or *impending Ruin!* But, alas! when Vice becomes predominant, and Irreligion almoſt epidemical: when the Sabbaths of a jealous GOD, are notoriouſly profaned;

* — *Liquida ſi quando nocte cometæ*
Sanguinei lugubre *rubent.*— VIRG.

† —— *Crinemque timendi*
Sideris, & terris mutantem regna *cometem.*
LUCAN.

‡ "The Comet in the Year 1680, according to Sir *Iſaac Newton's* "Computation, was, in its neareſt Approach, above 166 Times "nearer the Sun than the Earth is. Conſequently, its Heat was "then 28000 Times greater than that of Summer. So that a Ball "of Iron as big as the Earth, heated by it, would hardly become "cool in 50000 Years." DERH. *Aſtr. Theol.* p. 237.

and

and that "Name, which is great, wonderful, and holy," is proſtituted to the meaneſt, or abuſed to the moſt execrable Purpoſes: when the Worſhip of our great Creator and Preſerver is baniſhed, from many of the moſt *conſpicuous Families*; and it is deemed a Piece of rude Impertinence, ſo much as to mention the gracious Redeemer, in our *genteel Interviews*: when it paſſes for an elegant Freedom of Behaviour, to ridicule the Myſteries of Chriſtianity; and a Species of refined Converſation, to taint the Air with laſcivious Hints: when thoſe, who ſit in the *Scorner's Chair*, ſin with a high Hand: and many of thoſe, who wear the *Profeſſor's Garb*, are deſtitute of the Power, and content themſelves with the mere Form of Godlineſs: when ſuch is the State of a Community, there is Reaſon, too apparent Reaſon, to be horribly afraid. Such *Phænomena*, abounding in the moral World, are not fanciful, but real Omens. Will not an injured GOD "be avenged "on ſuch a Nation as this?" Will he not be provoked, to "ſweep it with the Beſom of Deſtruction *?"

O! THAT the Inhabitants of *Great Britain*, would lay theſe alarming Conſiderations to Heart! The LORD of Hoſts has commanded the Sword of *civil Diſcord*, to return into its Sheath. But have we returned, every one from his *evil Ways?* Are we become a renewed People; devoted to a dying Saviour; and zealous of good Works?—What mean thoſe Peals of Sobs, which burſt from the *expiring Cattle?* What mean thoſe me-

* *Iſa.* xiv. 23. The eternal Sovereign, ſpeaking of *Babylon*, denounces this Threatening, *I will ſweep it with the Beſom of Deſtruction.*—What a noble but dreadful Image, is here! How ſtrongly and awfully pourtrayed! How pregnant alſo in its Signification! Intimating the *vile Nature*, and expreſſing the *total Extirpation*, of this wicked People; at the ſame Time, ſuggeſting the *perfect Eaſe*, with which the righteous GOD would execute his intended Vengeance.

lancholy Moans, where the luſty Droves were wont to low *? What mean thoſe Arrows of untimely Death, diſcharged on our innocent and uſeful Animals?

No Wantonneſs or Sloth, has vitiated the Blood of theſe laborious, temperate Creatures. They have contracted no Diſeaſe, from unſeaſonable Indulgencies, and inordinate Revelings. The pure Stream is their Drink; the ſimple Herb their Repaſt. Neither Care diſturbs their Sleep, nor Paſſion inflames their Breaſt. Whence then are they viſited with ſuch terrible Diſorders, as no Prudence can prevent, nor any Medicines heal?—Surely, theſe Calamities are the Weapons of Divine Diſpleaſure, and manifeſt Chaſtiſements of an evil Generation †. Surely GOD, the "GOD to whom "Vengeance belongeth," has ſtill a Controverſy with our ſinful Land. And who can tell, where the Viſitation will end? What a Storm may follow theſe preluſive Drops?—O! that we may "hear the Rod, and "who hath appointed it!" Taught by theſe *penal Effects* of our Diſobedience, may we remove the *accurſed Thing* ‡, from our Tents; our Practices; our Hearts! May we turn from all Ungodlineſs, before Wrath come upon us to the uttermoſt; before Iniquity prove our Ruin!

SOMETIMES, at this Hour, another moſt remarkable Sight amuſes the Curious, and alarms the Vulgar. A

* If theſe Papers ſhould be ſo happy as to outlive their Author; perhaps, it may be needful to inform Poſterity, that the above-mentioned Hints, allude to a moſt terrible, contagious, and mortal *Diſtemper*; raging among the *horned Cattle*, in various Parts of the Kingdom.

† *Nine Letis vituli vulgo moriuntur in herbis,*
Et dulces animas plena ad præſepia reddunt.
Balatu hinc pecorum, & crebris mugitibus amnes,
Arenteſque ſonant ripæ, colleſque ſupini. VIRG.

† Joſh. vi. 18.

Blaze

Blaze of lambent Meteors is kindled, or ſome very extraordinary *Lights* are refracted, *in the* Quarters of the *North*.—The Streams of Radiance, like Legions ruſhing to the Engagement, meet and mingle; inſomuch, that the Air ſeems to be all conflicting Fire. Within a while they ſtart from one another; and, like Legions in precipitate Flight, ſweep, each a ſeparate Way, through the Firmament. Now they are quieſcent; anon, they are thrown into a quivering Motion; preſently, the whole Horizon is illuminated with the glancing Flames. Sometimes, with an Aſpect *awfully ludicrous*, they repreſent extravagant and antic Vagaries. At other Times, you would ſuſpect, that ſome inviſible Hand was playing off the dumb *Artillery* of the *Skies*; and, by a ſtrange Expedient, giving us the Flaſh, without the Roar.

THE Villagers gaze at the Spectacle, firſt with Wonder, then with Horror. A general *Panic* ſeizes the Country. Every Heart throbs, and every Face is pale: The Crouds that flock together, inſtead of diminiſhing, increaſe the Dread. They catch Contagion, from each other's Looks and Words; while Fear is in every Eye, and every Tongue ſpeaks the Language of Terror. Some ſee *hideous Shapes*; Armies mixing in fierce Encounter, or Fields ſwimming with Blood. Some foreſee *direful Events*; States overthrown, or mighty Monarchs tottering on their Thrones. Others, ſcared with ſtill more frightful Apprehenſions, think of nothing but the *Day of Doom*. "Sure, ſays one, the "unalterable Hour is ſtruck, and the End of all Things "come.—See, replies another, how the blaſted Stars "look wan! Are not theſe the Signs of the Son of "Man, coming in the Clouds of Heaven?—JESUS "prepare us (cries a Third, and lifts his Eyes in De"votion) for the Archangel's Trump, and the great "Tribunal!"

If this *waving Brightneſs*, which plays innocently over our Heads, be ſo amazing to Multitudes; what inexpreſſible Conſternation muſt overwhelm unthinking Mortals, when the *general Conflagration* commences! The Day, the dreadful Day, is approaching; "*In the* "*which the Heavens ſhall paſs away with a great Noiſe**, "*and the Elements ſhall melt with fervent Heat; the* "*Earth alſo, and all the Works that are therein, ſhall be* "*burnt up.*" That mighty Hand, which once opened the Windows from on High, and broke up the Fountains of the great Deep, will then unlock all the *Magazines* of *Fire*, and pour a *Second Deluge* upon the Earth. The vengeful Flames, kindled by the Breath of the Almighty, ſpread themſelves from the Centre to the Circumference. Nothing can withſtand their Impetuoſity; nothing can eſcape their Rage. Univerſal Deſolation attends their Progreſs. Magnificent Palaces, and ſolemn Temples, are laid in Aſhes. Spacious Cities, and impregnable Towers, are mingled in one ſmoaking

* 2 *Pet.* iii. 10. I have often thought this Verſe an eminent Inſtance of that Kind of beautiful Writing, in which the very *Sound* bears a Sort of *Significancy*; at leaſt, carries an exact Correſpondence with the Senſe. The original Expreſſion—ροιζηδον—is one of the hoarſeſt and deepeſt Words in Language. Nothing could be more exquiſitely adapted to affect the *Ear*, as well as impreſs the *Imagination*, with the Wreck of Nature, and the Craſh of a falling World—I ſcarce ever read this Clauſe, but it brings to my Mind that admired Deſcription in MILTON:

——— On a ſudden open fly,
With impetuous Recoil, and *jarring Sound*,
Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges *grate*
Harſh Thunder.——— Book II. l. 879.

It is a pleaſing Employ, and a very laudable Office of true Criticiſm, to point out theſe inferior Recommendations of the *Sacred Claſſics*. Though, I believe, the inſpired Writers themſelves, amidſt all the Elevation and Magnificence of their divine Ideas, diſdained a ſcrupulous Attention to ſuch *little Niceties* of Stile.

Maſs.

Maſs. Not only the Productions of *human Art*, but the Works of *Almighty Power*, are Fuel for the devouring Element. The everlaſting Mountains melt, like the Snows which cover their Summit. Even vaſt Oceans, ſerve only to augment the inconceivable Rapidity and Fury of the Blaze.—O! how ſhall I, or others, ſtand undiſmayed amidſt the Glare of a *burning World*; unleſs the LORD JEHOVAH be our Defence? How ſhall we be upheld in Security, when the Globe itſelf is ſinking in a *fiery Ruin*; unleſs the Rock of Ages be our Support?

BEHOLD! a new Spectacle of Wonder! The *Moon* is making her Entry on the eaſtern Sky. See her riſing in clouded Majeſty! Opening, as it were, and aſſerting her original Commiſſion, to *rule over the Night*. All grand and ſtately, but ſomewhat ſullied is her Aſpect. However, ſhe *brightens*, as ſhe *advances*; and grows clearer, as ſhe climbs higher. Till, at length, her Silver loſes all its Droſs; ſhe unveils her peerleſs Light; and becomes "the Beauty of Hea-"ven, the Glory of the Stars*;" delighting every Eye, and chearing the whole World, with the Brightneſs of her Appearance, and the Softneſs of her Splendors.—O! thou Queen of the Shades! may it be my Ambition, to follow this thy inſtructive Example! While others are fond to tranſcribe the Faſhions of little Courts, and to mimic Perſonages of inferior State; be it mine, to imitate thy *improving Purity!* May my Conduct become more unblemiſhed, and my Temper more refined; as I proceed farther and farther, in my probationary Courſe! May every ſordid Deſire wear away, and every irregular Appetite be gradually

* Eccluſ xliii. 9.
——— *Lucidum cœli decus.* HOR.

loſt;

loſt; as I make nearer Approaches, to the celeſtial Manſions!—Will not this be a comfortable Evidence, that I too ſhall ſhine, in my adored Redeemer's Kingdom? Shine, with a *richer* Luſtre, than that which radiates from thy reſplendent Orb: ſhine, with an *unfading* Luſtre, when every Ray, that beams from thy beauteous Sphere, is totally extinguiſhed?

THE Day afforded us a Variety of entertaining Sights. Theſe were all withdrawn, at the Acceſſion of Darkneſs. The Stars, kindly officious, immediately lent us their Aid. This ſerved to *alleviate* the Frown of Night; rather than to *recover* the Objects from their Obſcurity. A faint Ray, ſcarcely reflected, and not from the intire Surface of Things, gave the ſtraining Eye a very imperfect Glimpſe; ſuch as rather mocked, than ſatisfied Viſion.—Now the Moon is riſen, and has collected all her Beams, the Veil is taken off from the Countenance of Nature. I ſee the recumbent Flocks; I ſee the green Hedge-Rows, though without the feathered Choriſters, hopping from Spray to Spray. In ſhort, I ſee once again the World's great Picture: not indeed in its late lively Colours, but more *delicately ſhaded*, and arrayed in *ſofter Charms**.

WHAT a *majeſtic Scene* is here! Incomparably grand, and exquiſitely fine!—The Moon, like an immenſe cryſtal Lamp, pendent in the magnificent Cieling of the Heavens. The Stars, like ſo many Thouſands of golden Tapers, fixed in their azure Sockets. All pouring their Luſtre on ſpacious Cities, and loſty Mountains; glittering on the Ocean; gleaming on

* — — Now reigns
Full orb'd the Moon, and with more pleaſing Light
Shadowy ſets off the Face of Things.——— MILT.

the

the Foreſt; and opening a Proſpect, wide as the Eye can glance, more various than Fancy can paint *.—We are forward to admire the Performances of human Art. A Landſcape, elegantly deſigned, and executed with a maſterly Hand; a Piece of Statuary, which ſeems amidſt all the Recommendations of exact Proportion, and graceful Attitude, to ſoften into Fleſh, and almoſt breathe with Life; theſe little *Imitations* of Nature, we behold with a pleaſing Surpriſe. And ſhall we be leſs affected, leſs delighted, with the inexpreſſibly noble, and completely finiſhed *Original!*—The ample Dimenſions of *Ranelagh*'s Dome; the gay Illuminations of *Vaux-Hall* Grove; I ſhould ſcorn to mention on ſuch an Occaſion, were they not the Objects of general Admiration. Shall we be charmed with thoſe puny Eſſays of finite Ingenuity; and touched with no Tranſport, at this ſtupendous Diſplay of Omnipotent Skill? At the auguſt Grandeur, and ſhining Stateline's, of the Firmament? which forms an Alcove for ten Thouſand Worlds, and

* *As when the Moon, refulgent Lamp of Night,*
O'er Heav'n's clear Azure ſpreads her ſacred Light;
When not a Breath diſturbs the deep Serene,
And not a Cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn Scene:
Around her Throne the vivid Planets roll,
And Stars unnumber'd gild the glowing Pole;
O'er the dark Trees a yellower Verdure ſhed,
And tip with Silver ev'ry Mountain's Head;
Then ſhine the Vales; the Rocks, in Proſpect riſe;
A Flood of Glory burſts from all the Skies;
The conſcious Swains, rejoicing in the Sight,
Eye the blue Vault, and bleſs the uſeful Light.

Iliad VIII.

I tranſcribe theſe Lines, becauſe Mr. *Pope* ſays, they exhibit, in the Original, the fineſt *Night-Piece* in Poetry. And, if they are ſo beautiful in *Homer*'s Language; who can ſuſpect their ſuffering any Diſadvantage, from the Pen of his admirable *Tranſlator?*

is ornamented with Myriads of everlaſting Luminaries. —Surely, this muſt betray, not only a total *Want* of *Religion*; but the moſt abject Littleneſs of Mind, and the utmoſt *Poverty* of *Genius*.

THE Moon, is not barely, "an *Ornament* in the "high Places of the LORD *;" but of ſignal *Service* to the Inhabitants of the Earth.—How uncomfortable is deep, pitchy, total Darkneſs! Eſpecially, in the long Abſence of the Winter's Sun. Welcome, therefore, thrice welcome, this auſpicious Gift of Providence; to enliven the nocturnal Gloom, and line with Silver the raven-coloured Mantle of Night!—How deſirable to have our Summer-Evenings illuminated! That we may be able to tread the dewy Meads, and breathe the delicious Fragrance of our Gardens; eſpecially, when the ſultry Heats render it irkſome and fatiguing, to walk abroad by Day.—How chearing to the *Shepherd*, the Uſe of this univerſal Lantern; as He tends his fleecy Charge, or late conſigns them to their hurdled Cots! How comfortable and how advantageous to the *Mariner*, as he ploughs the Midnight Main; to adjuſt the Tackling, to explore his Way, and, under the Influence of this beaming Sconce, to avoid the fatal Rock!—For theſe, and other beneficial Purpoſes, the Hand of the ALMIGHTY has hung the *ſtately Branch* on high; and filled it with a Splendor, not confined to a ſingle Edifice, or commenſurate to a particular Square, but diffuſive as the whole Extent of the Hemiſphere.

THE moſt faithful of our inferior Servants, are ſometimes tardy in their Office; ſometimes negligent of their Duty. But this celeſtial Attendant is moſt *exactly punctual*, at all the ſtated Periods of her Miniſtration. If we chooſe to prolong our Journey after the

* Eccluſ xliii. 9.

Sun

Sun is gone down; the Moon, during her whole *Increaſe*, is always ready to act in the Capacity of a Guide. If we are inclined to ſet out very early in the Morning; the Moon, in her *Decreaſe*, prevents the Dawn, on purpoſe, to offer her Aſſiſtance. And, becauſe it is ſo pleaſant a Thing, for the Eyes to behold the Light; the Moon, at her *Full*, by a Courſe of unintermitted Waiting, gives us, as it were, a double Day.—How apparently has the Divine Wiſdom intereſted itſelf, in providing even for the *pleaſurable Accommodation* of Man! How deſirous, that He ſhould want no Piece of commodious Furniture; no Kind of delightful Convenience! And, in Proſecution of theſe benevolent Intentions, has annexed ſo valuable an Appendage to the terreſtrial Globe.—Juſtly, therefore, does the Pſalmiſt celebrate that admirable Conſtitution, which ordained *the Moon and the Stars to govern the Night*, as an Inſtance of rich Goodneſs *and of Mercy which endureth for ever* *.

THE Moon, it is confeſſed, is *no luminous* Body. All the Brightneſs, which beautifies her Countenance, is originally in the Sun, and no more than tranſmiſſively in her. That glorious Orb is the Parent of Day, and the Palace of Light. From thence, the Morning Star gilds her Horn †; from thence, the Planetary Circles are crowned with Luſtre; and from thence, the Moon derives all her ſilver Radiance.—It is pleaſing to reflect, that ſuch is the Caſe with the *all-ſufficient Redeemer*,

* Pſal. cxxxvi. 9.

† I might, to juſtify this Expreſſion, obſerve, that the Planet *Venus*, commonly called the Morning-Star, is found, by our Teleſcopes, frequently to appear *horned*; or to have a *Creſcent* of Light, ſomewhat like the Moon, a little before or after her Conjunction. But this, would be a Remark, too deep and refined for my Scheme; which proceeds only upon a *ſuperficial* Knowledge, and the moſt *obvious* Appearances, of Nature.

and

and his *dependent People*. We are repleniſhed from his Fulneſs. What do we poſſeſs, which we have not received; and what can we deſire, which we may not expect; from that never-failing Source of all Good? He is the Author of our Faith, and the Former of our Graces. In his unſpotted Life, we ſee the Path; in his meritorious Death, the Price; and in his triumphant Reſurrection, the Proof of Bliſs and Immortality. If we offend, and fall Seven Times a Day; He is the LORD our *Peace* *. If we are depraved, and our beſt Deeds very unworthy; He is the Lord our *Righteouſneſs* †. If we are blind, and even brutiſh, in heavenly Knowledge; He is the LORD our *Wiſdom* ‡: his Word diſpels the Shades; his Spirit ſcatters the intellectual Gloom; his Eye looks our Darkneſs into Day. In ſhort, we are nothing, and "CHRIST is all." Worſe than defective in ourſelves, "we are *complete* in Him." So that if we ſhine, it is with delegated Rays, and with borrowed Light. We act by a Strength, and glory in Merits, not our own.—O! may we be thoroughly ſenſible of our Dependence on the Saviour! May we conſtantly imbibe his propitious Beams; and never, by indulging *Unbelief*, or backſliding into *Folly*, withdraw our Souls from his benign Influences! Leſt we loſe our Comfort, and our Holineſs; as the fair Ruler of the Night loſes her Splendor, when her Urn is turned from its Fountain §, and receives no more Communications of ſolar Effulgence.

* Judg. vi. 23. † Jer. xxiii. 6. ‡ 1 Cor. i. 30.

§ ng to thoſe truly poetical Lines in *Milton*,

; as to their Fountain, other Stars
Repairing, in their golden Urns draw Light.

Par. Loſt, B. VII. l. 364.

THE

THE Moon is inceſſantly *varying*, either in her Aſpects or her Stages.—Sometimes, ſhe looks full upon us, and her Viſage is all Luſtre. Sometimes, ſhe appears in Profile, and ſhews us only half her enlightened Face. Anon, a radiant Creſcent but juſt adorns her Brow. Soon, it dwindles into a ſlender Streak. Till, at length, all her Beauty vaniſhes, and ſhe becomes a beamleſs Orb.—Sometimes, ſhe riſes with the *deſcending Day*; and begins her Proceſſion, amidſt admiring Multitudes. Ere long, ſhe defers her Progreſs till the *midnight Watches*; and ſteals unobſerved, upon the ſleeping World.—Sometimes, ſhe juſt enters the Edges of the Weſtern *Horizon*, and drops us a ceremonious Viſit. Within a while, ſhe ſets out on her nightly Tour, from the oppoſite Regions of the Eaſt; traverſes the whole *Hemiſphere*; and never offers to withdraw, till the more refulgent Partner of her Sway renders her Preſence unneceſſary.—In a Word; ſhe is, while converſant among us, ſtill waxing or waning, and "never "continueth in one Stay."

SUCH is the Moon; and ſuch are all *ſublunary Things*; expoſed to perpetual Viciſſitudes.—How often, and how ſoon, have the faint Echoes of *Renown* ſlept in Silence, or been converted into the Clamours of Obloquy! The ſame Lips, almoſt with the ſame Breath, cry Hoſanna, and Crucify.—Have not *Riches* confeſſed their notorious Treachery, a Thouſand and a Thouſand Times? either melting away, like Snow in our Hands, by inſenſible Degrees; or eſcaping, like a winged Priſoner from its Cage, with a precipitate Flight.—Have we not known the Bridegroom's *Cloſet*, an Antechamber to the *Tomb*; and heard the Voice, which ſo lately pronounced the ſparkling Pair Huſband and Wife, proclaim an everlaſting Divorce; and ſeal the Decree with that ſolemn Aſſeveration, "Aſhes to Aſhes, Duſt to Duſt?"—Our *Friends*, though the Medicine of

Life; our *Health*, though the Balm of Nature; are a moſt precarious Poſſeſſion. How ſoon may the firſt become a Corpſe in our Arms; and how eaſily is the laſt deſtroyed in its Vigour?—You have ſeen, no doubt, a Set of pretty *painted Birds*, perching on your Trees, or ſporting in your Meadows. You was pleaſed with the lovely Viſitants, that brought Beauty on their Wings, and Melody in their Throats. But could you inſure the *Continuance* of this agreeable Entertainment? No, truly. At the leaſt diſturbing Noiſe, at the leaſt terrifying Appearance, they ſtart from their Seats; they mount the Skies; and are gone in an Inſtant, are gone for ever. Would you chooſe to have a Happineſs, which bears Date with their Arrival, and expires at their Departure? If you could not be content with a Portion, enjoyable only through ſuch a *fortuitous Term*, not of Years, but of Moments, O! take up with nothing earthly; ſet your Affections on Things above; there alone is "no Variableneſs or "Shadow of turning."

JOB, is not a more illuſtrious Pattern of Patience, than an eminent Exemplification of this Remark.—View him in his *private Eſtate*. He heaps up Silver as the Duſt; he waſhes his Steps in Butter, and the Rock pours him out Rivers of Oil.—View him in his *public Character*. Princes revere his Dignity; the Aged liſten to his Wiſdom; every Eye beholds him with Delight; every Tongue loads him with Bleſſings —View him in his *domeſtic Circumſtances*. On one hand, he is defended by a Troop of Sons; on the other, adorned with a Train of Daughters; and on all Sides, ſurrounded by "a very great Houſehold."—Never was human Felicity ſo conſummate; never was *diſaſtrous Revolution* ſo ſudden. The Lightning, which conſumed his Cattle, was not more terrible, and ſcarce more inſtantaneous. The joyful Parent is bereft of

his Offspring, and his "Children are buried in Death." The Man of Affluence is ſtript of his Abundance; and he, who was cloathed in Scarlet, embraces the Dung-hill. The venerable Patriarch is the Deriſion of Scoundrels; and the late Darling of an indulgent Providence, is become "a Brother to Dragons, a "Companion of Owls."—Nor need we go back to former Ages, for Proofs of this afflicting Truth. In our Times; in all Times; the Wheel continues the ſame inceſſant Whirl. And frequently thoſe, who are triumphing, To-day, in the higheſt *Elevations* of Joy; To-morrow, are bemoaning the Inſtability of mortal Affairs, in the very *Depths* of Miſery *.—Amidſt ſo much Fluctuation and Uncertainty; how wretched is the Condition, which has no Anchor of the Soul, ſure and ſtedfaſt. May thy Loving kindneſs, O God, be our preſent Treaſure; and thy future Glory, our reverſionary Inheritance! Then ſhall our Happineſs, not be like the full-orbed Moon, which is "a Light that "*decreaſeth* in its Perfection;" but like the Sun,

* I believe, I may venture to apply, what the *Temanite* ſays of the Affairs of the Wicked, to all ſublunary Things; as a true Deſcription of their very *great Inſtability*. *Job* xxii. 16. נהר יצק יסודם rendered by *Schultens*, *Flumen fuſum fundamentum eorum*. *Their Foundation* (or what they reckon their moſt ſolid and ſtable Poſſeſſion) *is a Flood poured out*.—Which is one of the boldeſt Images, and moſt poetical Beauties, I ever met with in any Language ſacred or profane. In order to have a tolerable Conception of the Image, and a Taſte of its Beauty; you muſt ſuppoſe a *Torrent* of Waters, ruſhing in broken Cataracts, and with impetuous Rapidity, from a ſteep and craggy Mountain. Then, imagine to yourſelf an *Edifice*, built upon the Surge of this rolling Precipice; which has no other Baſis, than one of thoſe headlong *whirling Waves*. Was there ever ſuch a Repreſentation of tranſitory Proſperity, tending, with inconceivable Swiftneſs, unto Ruin? Yet ſuch is every Form of human Felicity, that is not grounded on Jesus, and a Participation of his Merits, who is the *Rock of Ages*; on Jesus, and his Image formed in our Hearts, which is the *Hope of Glory*.

when he goeth forth in his Strength, and knoweth, no other Change, but that of *ſhining more* and more unto the perfect Day.

METHINKS, in this ever-varying Sphere, I ſee a Repreſentation, not only of our temporal Advantages, but alſo of our *ſpiritual Accompliſhments*. Such, I am ſure, is what the kind Partiality of a Friend would call *my Righteouſneſs*: And ſuch, I am apt to ſuſpect*, is the Righteouſneſs of every Man living. Now we exerciſe it, in ſome few Inſtances; in ſome little Degrees. Anon, Sin revives, and leads our Souls into a tranſient, though unwilling Captivity. Now we are *meek*; but ſoon a ruffling Accident intervenes, and turns our Compoſure into a fretful Diſquietude. Now we are *humble*; ſoon we reflect upon ſome inconſiderable or imaginary Superiority over others, and a ſudden Elatement

* I would not be underſtood, as meaſuring in this Reſpect, *others* by *myſelf*; but as taking my Eſtimate, from the unerring Standard of Scripture. And indeed, proceeding on this Evidence, ſupported by this Authority, I might have ventured farther than a bare *Suſpicion*. For, "there is not a *juſt* Man upon Earth, that "doeth Good, and *ſinneth not*;" ſays the Spirit of Inſpiration by *Solomon* (*Eccleſ.* vii. 20.)—Nay, ſuch is the Purity, and ſo extenſive are the Demands of the Divine Law, that an Apoſtle makes a ſtill more humbling Acknowledgment; "In *many* Things we "offend *All*." (*Jam.* iii. 2.)—And the unerring Teacher, who moſt thoroughly knew our Frame, directs the moſt advanced, moſt eſtabliſhed, and moſt watchful Chriſtians, to pray daily for the Forgiveneſs of their *daily Treſpaſſes*.—To which Teſtimonies, I beg Leave to add an elegant Paſſage from the *Canticles*; becauſe, it not only expreſſes the Sentiment of this Paragraph, but illuſtrates it by the very ſame Similitude. *She* (the Church) *is fair as the Moon; clear as the Sun*. Fair as the Moon, the leſſer and changeable Light, in her *Sanctification*: Clear as the Sun, the greater and invariable Luminary, in her *Juſtification*. The inherent Holineſs of Believers being imperfect, and ſubject to many Inequalities; while their imputed Righteouſneſs is every Way complete, and conſtantly like itſelf. *Cant.* vi. 10.

ſwells

ſwells our Minds. Now, perhaps, we poſſeſs a clean Heart, and are warm with holy Love. But O! how eaſily is the Purity of our Affections ſullied; how ſoon the Fervour of our Gratitude cooled! And is there not ſomething amiſs, even in our beſt Moments? Something to be *aſhamed* of, in all we *are*; ſomething to be *repented* of in all we *do*?

WITH what Gladneſs, therefore, and adoring Thankfulneſs, ſhould we "ſubmit to the Righteouſneſs "of our incarnate GOD;" and *receive*, as a Divine Gift, what cannot be *acquired* by Human Works*!—A Writer, of the firſt Diſtinction, and niceſt Diſcernment, ſtiles the Obedience of our glorious Surety, an *everlaſting Righteouſneſs*†. Such as was ſubject to no Interruption, nor obſcured by the leaſt Blemiſh; but proceeded always in the ſame uniform Tenour, of the moſt ſpotleſs Perfection.—This Righteouſneſs, in another Senſe, anſwers the Prophet's exalted Deſcription; as its beneficial and ſovereign Efficacy knows no End; but laſts through all our Life; laſts in the trying Hour of Death; laſts at the deciſive Day of Judgment; laſts through every Generation; and will laſt to all Eternity.

SOMETIMES, I have ſeen that reſplendent Globe *ſtript* of her *Radiance*; or, according to the emphatical Language of Scripture, "turned into Blood." The Earth, interpoſing with its opake Body, intercepted the ſolar Rays, and caſt its own gloomy Shadow on the Moon. The malignant Influence gained upon her ſickening Orb; extinguiſhed, more and more, the feeble Remainders of Light; till at length, like one in a *deep Swoon*, no Comelineſs was left in her Countenance; ſhe was totally overſpread with Darkneſs.—

* Rom. v. 17.—x. 3. † Dan. ix. 24.

At this Juncture, what a Multitude of Eyes were gazing upon the rueful Spectacle! Even of thoſe Eyes, which diſregarded the Empreſs of the Night; or beheld her with Indifference, when, robed in Glory, and riding in her triumphal Chariot, ſhe ſhed a ſofter Day through the Nations. But now, under theſe Circumſtances of Diſgrace, they watch her Motions with the moſt *prying Attention*. In every Place, her Misfortune is the Object of general Obſervation; and the prevailing Topic of Diſcourſe, in every Company.

Is it not thus, with regard to *Perſons* of *Eminence*, in their reſpective Spheres! Kings, at the Head of their Subjects; Nobles, ſurrounded with their Dependents; and (after Names of ſo much Grandeur, may I be allowed to add?) Miniſters, labouring among their People*; are each in a conſpicuous Station. Their Conduct in its *minuteſt* Step, eſpecially in any *Miſcarriage*, will be narrowly ſurveyed, and critically ſcanned. Can there be a louder Call, to ponder the Paths of their Feet, and to be particularly jealous over all their Ways? —Thoſe, who move in inferior Life, may groſsly offend; and little Alarm be given; perhaps, no Notice taken. But it is not to be expected, that the leaſt Slip in their Carriage, the leaſt Flaw in their Character, will paſs undiſcovered. *Malice*, with her Eagle-Eyes, will be ſure to diſcern them; while *Cenſure*, with her ſhrill Trumpet, will be as far from concealing them; as *Calumny*, with her treacherous Whiſpers, from extenuating them. A Planet may ſink below the Horizon; or a Star, for ſeveral Months, withdraw its Shining; and ſcarce one in ten Thouſand perceive the Loſs. But, if the Moon ſuffers a tranſient Eclipſe, almoſt half the World are Spectators of her Diſhonour.

* *Ye are the Light of the World. A City that is ſet on an Hill, cannot be hid.* Matth. v. 14.

VERY

VERY different was the Caſe, when at this late Hour, I have taken a ſolitary Walk on the *Weſtern Cliffs*. At the Foot of the ſteep Mountain, the Sea, all clear and ſmooth, ſpread itſelf into an immenſe Plain, and held a watry Mirror to the Skies. Infinite Heights above, the Firmament ſtretched its azure Expanſe; beſpangled with unnumbered Stars, and adorned with the Moon, "walking in Brightneſs *." She ſeemed to contemplate herſelf, with a peculiar Pleaſure; while the *tranſparent Surface*, both received, and returned her *ſilver Image*. Here, inſtead of being covered with Sack-cloth, ſhe ſhone with double Luſtre; or rather, with a Luſtre multiplied, in Proportion to the Number of Beholders, and their various Situations.

SUCH, methinks, is the Effect of an exemplary Behaviour, in Perſons of exalted Rank. Their Courſe, as it is nobly diſtinguiſhed, ſo it will be happily *influential*. Others will catch the diffuſive Ray; and be ambitious to reſemble a Pattern, ſo attracting; ſo commanding. Their amiable Qualities, will not terminate in themſelves: but we ſhall ſee them *reflected* from their Families; their Acquaintance; their Retainers. Juſt as we may now behold another Moon; trembling † in the Stream; glittering in the Canal; and diſplaying its lovely Impreſs, on every Collection of Waters.

THE Moon, Philoſophy ſays, is a Sort of *Sovereign* over the *great Deep*. Her Orb, like a Royal Sceptre, ſways the Ocean, and actuates the fluid Realms. It ſwells the Tides, and perpetuates the reciprocal Returns of Ebb and Flow. By which Means, the liquid Element purges off its Filth; and is preſerved, from being putrefied itſelf, and from poiſoning the World.—Is the Moon thus *operative* on the vaſt Abyſs? And

* Job xxxi. 26.

† *Splendet tremulo ſub Lumine Pontus:* VIRG.

ſhall not the Faith of eternal and infinite Delights to come, be equally efficacious on this Soul of mine?—Far above her argent Fields, are Treaſures of *Happineſs*, unſeen by mortal Eye; by mortal Ear unheard; and unconceived by any human Imagination. In that deſirable World, the moſt diſtinguiſhed and exalted *Honours* alſo are conferred; in Compariſon with which, the Thrones and Diadems of earthly Monarchs, are empty Pageants, and childiſh Toys.—Yonder Arch of Sapphire, with all its Spangles of Gold, is but the Floor of thoſe Divine Abodes. What then are the Apartments; what is the Palace? How bright with Glories; how rich with Bliſs?

O! ye Manſions of Bleſſedneſs; ye Beauties of my Father's Kingdom; which far outſhine theſe Lamps of the viſible Heaven; tranſmit your ſweet and winning Invitations to my Heart. *Attract* and *refine*, all my Affections. Withdraw them from *ſtagnating*, on the ſordid Shores of Fleſh; never ſuffer them to ſettle, upon the impure Lees of Senſe: but impreſs them with *Emotions* of reſtleſs Deſire, after ſublime and celeſtial Joys.—Joys, that will proceed, ſtill proceed in a copious and everlaſting Flow, when Seas ſhall ceaſe to roll:—Joys, that will charm every Faculty with unimaginable Pleaſure; when the Moon, with her waxing Splendors, ſhall chear our Sight no more.

Enough for the preſent Evening. My Thoughts have been ſufficiently exerciſed, and my Steps begin to be attended with Wearineſs. Let me obey the Admonition of Nature; and give Reſpite to my Meditations, Slumber to my Eyes.—But ſtay.—Shall I retire to the Bed of Sleep, with as little Ceremony, and with as much Inattention, as the Brutes to their ſordid Lair? Are no *Acknowledgments* due to that Divine Being, who is the Support of my Life, and the Length of my Days? Have I no farther Need of his *protecting* Care; no more

Occaſion

Occaſion for the Bleſſings of Goodneſs?—*Lepidus*, perhaps, may laugh at the bended Knee; and have a thouſand Darts of Raillery, ready to diſcharge on the Practice of Devotion. The Wits I know are unmercifully ſevere on, what *they* call, the Drudgery of Prayer, and the fantaſtical Rant of Praiſe. Theſe they leave to the illiterate Labourer, and the mean Mechanic; or treat them, with a contemptuous Sneer, as the Parſon's ignoble Trade.

Is it then an Inſtance of *ſuperſtitious* Blindneſs, to diſtinguiſh; or of *whimſical* Zeal, to celebrate; the moſt ſupereminent Excellency and Merit? Is it an *ungraceful* Buſineſs; or does it argue a *groveling* Diſpoſition; to magnify Goodneſs, tranſcendently rich and diffuſive?—What can be ſo truly becoming a *dependent State*, as to pay our adoring Homage, to the Author of all Perfection; and profeſs our devoted Allegiance, to the ſupreme almighty Governor of the Univerſe?—Can any thing more ſignificantly beſpeak an *ingenuous Temper*; or adminiſter a more real Satisfaction to its fineſt Feelings; than the Exerciſes of penitential Devotion? By which we give Vent to an honeſt Anguiſh; or melt into filial Sorrow; for our Inſenſibility to the beſt of Friends, for our Diſobedience to the beſt of Parents?—In a Word; can there be a more *ſublime Pleaſure*, than to dwell, in fixed Contemplation, on the Beauties of the Eternal Mind; the amiable Original of all that is fair, grand, and harmonious; the beneficent Giver of all that is convenient, comfortable, and uſeful?—Can there be a more *advantageous Employ*, than to preſent our Requeſts to the Father of Mercies; opening our Minds to the Irradiations of his Wiſdom, and all the Faculties of our Souls to the Communications of his Grace?—It is ſtrange, unaccountably ſtrange, that the Notion of *Dignity* in Sentiment, and the Purſuit of

refined

refined Enjoyment, ſhould ever be diſunited from Devotion. That Perſons, who make Pretenſions to an improved Taſte, and exalted Genius, ſhould neglect this moſt ennobling Intercourſe, with the wiſeſt and beſt of Beings; the inexhauſtible Source of Honour and Joy.

SHALL I be deterred, from approaching this Source of the pureſt Delight? Deterred, from purſuing this higheſt Improvement of my Nature? Deterred from all, by a *formidable* Banter; or confuted, by one *irrefragible* Smile?—No: let the Moon, in her reſplendent Sphere; and yonder Pole, with all its ſtarry Train; witneſs, if I be ſilent Even or Morn. If I refrain to kindle in my Heart and breathe from my Lips, the reaſonable Incenſe of Praiſe. Praiſe to that great and glorious GOD, who formed the Earth, and built the Skies; who poured from his Hand the watery World, and ſhed the all-ſurrounding Air abroad.—"Thou alſo madeſt "the Night, Maker Omnipotent! and Thou, the Day! "Which I, though leſs than the leaſt of all thy Mer- "cies, have paſſed in Safety, Tranquility, and Com- "fort.—When I was loſt in the Extravagance of "Dreams, or lay immerſed in the Inſenſibility of Sleep; "thy Hand recovered me from the temporary Lethar- "gy. Thy Hand ſet a new, a delicately fine Edge, "on all my blunted *Senſes*; and ſtrung my Sinews "with recruited Vigour. When my Thoughts were "benumbed and ſtupefied, thy quickening Influence "routed them into Activity; when they were diſcon- "certed and wild, thy regulating Influence reduced "them into Order. Refitting me at once, to reliſh "the innocent Entertainments of an *animal*, and to "enjoy the ſublime Gratifications of a *rational* Capa- "city.—When Darkneſs covered the Creation, at thy "Command, the *Sun* aroſe; painted the Flowers, and

"diſtin-

" diſtinguiſhed every Object; gave Light to my Feet,
" and gave Nature, with all her beautiful Scenes, to
" my Eye.—To Thee, O Thou GOD of my Strength,
" I owe the *Continuance* of my Being, and the *Vivacity*
" of my Conſtitution. By thy ſacred Order, without
" any Conſciouſneſs of mine, the Wheels of Life move,
" and the crimſon Fountain plays. *Over-ruled* by thy
" exquiſite *Skill*, it transforms itſelf, by the niceſt Ope-
" rations of an inexplicable kind of Chemiſtry, into
" a Variety of the fineſt Secretions. Which glide into
" the Muſcles, and ſwell them for Action; or pour
" themſelves into the Fluids, and repair their inceſſant
" Decays. Which cauſe Chearfulneſs to ſparkle in the
" Eye, and Health to bloom in the Cheek.

" *DISASTROUS Accidents*, injurious to the
" Peace of my Mind; or fatal to the Welfare of my
" Body; beſet my Paths. But thy Faithfulneſs and
" Truth, like an impenetrable Shield, guarded me all
" around. Under this Divine Protection, I walked
" ſecure, amidſt Legions of *apparent* Perils; and paſſed
" unhurt, through a far greater Multiplicity of *unſeen*
" Evils. Not one of my Bones was broken; not a
" ſingle Shaft grazed upon my Eaſe; even when the
" Eye that watched over me, ſaw, in its wide Survey,
" *Thouſands falling beſide me*, in irrecoverable Ruin;
" *and ten Thouſands* deeply wounded, *on my Right-hand.*
" —If Sickneſs has, at any Time, ſaddened my Cham-
" ber, or Pain harrowed my Fleſh; it was a *wholeſome*
" Diſcipline, and a *gracious* Severity. The Chaſtiſe-
" ment proved a ſovereign Medicine, to cure me of
" an immoderate Fondneſs, for this imperfect trouble-
" ſome State; and to quicken my Deſires, after the
" unimbittered Enjoyments of my eternal Home.—
" Has not thy Munificence, unwearied and unbound-
" ed, ſpread my *Table*; and furniſhed it, with the
" fineſt Wheat; repleniſhed it, with Marrow and Fat-

" neſs?

" neſs? While Temperance ſweetened the Bowl; Ap-
" petite ſeaſoned the Diſh; Contentment and Grati-
" tude crowned the Repaſt.—Has not thy Kindneſs,
" O God of the Families of *Iſrael*, preſerved my af-
" fectionate *Relations*; who ſtudy, by their tender Of-
" fices, to ſoften every Care, and heighten every Joy?
" Has not thy Kindneſs given me valuable *Friends*;
" whoſe Preſence is a Cordial, to chear me in a de-
" jected Hour; and whoſe Converſation, mingles Im-
" provement with Delight?

" When Sin lay diſguiſed amidſt flowery Scenes of
" Pleaſure; enlightened by thy Wiſdom, I *diſcerned*
" the latent Miſchief; made reſolute by thy Grace, I
" *ſhunned* the luſcious Bane. If, through the Impulſe
" of Senſuality, or the Violence of Paſſion, I have
" been hurried into the Snare, and ſtung by the Ser-
" pent; thy faithful Admonitions, have *recalled* the
" fooliſh Wanderer; while the Blood of thy Son, has
" *healed* his deadly Wounds.—Some, no Doubt, have
" been cut off in the Midſt of their Iniquities; and
" tranſmitted, from the Thrillings of polluted Joy, to
" the Agonies of eternal Deſpair. Whereas, I have
" been diſtinguiſhed by long-ſuffering Mercy; and,
" inſtead of lifting up my Eyes in Torments, to be-
" hold a Heaven irrecoverably loſt; I may lift them up
" under the pleaſing views of being admitted, ere long,
" into thoſe Abodes of endleſs Felicity.—In the mean
" Time, Thou haſt vouchſafed me the *Revelation* of
" thy Will; the Influences of thy *Spirit*; and Abun-
" dance of the moſt effectual *Aids*, for advancing in
" Knowledge, and growing in Godlineſs: for be-
" coming more conformable to thy Image, and more
" meet for thy Preſence: for taſting the Pleaſures of
" Religion, and ſecuring the Riches of Eternity.

" How various is thy Beneficence, O Thou Lover
" of Souls! It has unſealed a thouſand Sources of

" Good; opened a thouſand Avenues of Delight; " and heaped Bleſſings upon me, with a ceaſeleſs Li- " berality. If I ſhould attempt to declare them; they " would be more than the *ſtarry* Hoſt, which glitter in " this unclouded Sky; more than the *dewy* Gems, " which will adorn the Face of the Morning.

" And ſhall I *forget* the GOD of my Salvation, " the Author of all my Mercies? Rather let my Pulſe " forget to beat!—Shall I render Him *no* Expreſſions " of Thankfulneſs? Then might all Nature reproach " my Ingratitude.—Shall I reſt ſatisfied with the *bare* " Acknowledgment of my Lips? No: let my Life be " vocal, and ſpeak his Praiſe, in that only genuine, " that moſt emphatical Language—the Language of " devout Obedience. Let the *Bill* be drawn upon my " very Heart; let all my Affections *acknowledge* the " Draught; and let the whole Tenour of my Actions, " in Time and through Eternity, be continually *paying* " the Debt—the ever-pleaſing, ever-growing Debt of " Duty, Veneration, and Love.

" And can I, O Thou Guide of my Goings, and " Guardian of all my Intereſts—can I *diſtruſt* ſuch " ſignal, ſuch experienced Goodneſs? *Thou haſt been* " *my Helper*, thro' all the buſy Scenes of Day: *there-* " *fore, in the Shadow of thy Wings* will I repoſe my- " ſelf, during the Darkneſs, the Danger, and Death- " like Inactivity of the Night. Whatever Defilement " I have contracted, waſh it thoroughly away, in re- " deeming Blood; and let neither the ſinful Stain, " nor the ſinful Inclination, accompany me to my " Couch!—Then, ſhall *I lay me down in Peace, and* " *take my Reſt*; chearfully referring it to thy all-wiſe " Determination, whether I ſhall open my Eyes in " *this* World, or awake in the unknown Regions of " *another*."

CON-

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

STARRY HEAVENS.

There dwells a noble Pathos *in the Skies,*
Which warms our Paſſions, proſelytes our Hearts.
How eloquently ſhines *the glowing Pole!*
With what Authority it gives its Charge,
Remonſtrating great Truths *in Stile ſublime!*

Night-Thoughts, N° IX.

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

STARRY HEAV-ENS.

THIS Evening, I exchange the nice Retreats of Art, for the noble Theatre of Nature. Inſtead of meaſuring my Steps, under the *Covert* of an Arbour; let me range along the *Summit*, of this gently riſing Hill.—There is no Need of the leafy Shade, ſince the Sun has quitted the Horizon, and with-drawn his ſcorching Beams. But ſee, how Advantages and Inconveniencies are uſually linked, and chequer our Affairs below! If the *annoying Heat* ceaſes, the *Landſcape*, and its pleaſing Scenes, are alſo removed.—The majeſtic Caſtle, and the lowly Cottage, are vaniſhed together. I have loſt the aſpiring Mountain, and its ruſſet Brow; I look round, but to no Purpoſe, for the humble Vale, and its flowery Lap. The Plains whitened with Flocks, and the Heath yellow with Furze, diſappear. The advancing Night has wrapt in Darkneſs the long extended Foreſt; and drawn her Mantle, over the Windings of the ſilver Stream. I no longer behold that luxuriant Fertility in the Fields; that wild Magnificence of Proſpect, and endleſs Variety

of Images; which have ſo often touched me with Delight, and ſtruck me with Awe, from this commanding Eminence.

The Loſs, however, is ſcarcely to be regretted; ſince it is amply compenſated, by the opening Beauties of the Sky. Here I enjoy a free View of the whole Hemiſphere; without any Obſtacle from below, to confine the exploring Eye; or any Cloud from above, to overcaſt the ſpacious Concave. 'Tis true; the lively Vermillion, which ſo lately ſtreaked the Chambers of the Weſt, is all faded. But the *Planets*, one after another, light up their Lamps; the *Stars* advance in their glittering Train; a Thouſand and a Thouſand Luminaries, ſhine forth in ſucceſſive Splendors; and the whole Firmament is kindling into the moſt beautiful Glow. The Blueneſs of the Æther, heightened by the Seaſon of the Year, and ſtill more enlivened by the *Abſence* of the *Moon*, gives thoſe Gems of Heaven the ſtrongeſt Luſtre.

One Pleaſure more, the invading Gloom has not been able to ſnatch, from my Senſe. The Night rather improves, than deſtroys, the Fragrance which exhales from the *blooming Beans*. With theſe, the Sides of the ſloping Declivity are lined; and with theſe, the balmy Zephyrs perfume their Wings. Does *Arabia*, from all her ſpicy Groves, breathe a more liberal, or a more charming Gale of ſweets? And, what is a peculiar Recommendation of the rural Entertainments, preſented in our happy Land, they are alloyed by no Apprehenſions of Danger. No poiſonous Serpent, lurks under the Bloſſom; nor any ravenous Beaſt, lies ready to ſtart from the Thicket.—But, I wander from a far more exalted Subject. My Thoughts, like my Affections, are too eaſily diverted from the Heavens, and detained by inferior Objects. Away, my Attention,

tion, from theſe little Blandiſhments of the Earth; ſince all the *Glories* of the *Sky* invite thy Regard.

WE have taken a Turn among the *Tombs*, and viewed the ſolemn Memorials of the Dead: in order to learn the Vanity of mortal Things, and to break their ſoft Inchantment.—We have ſurveyed the *Ornaments* of the *Garden*; not that the Heart might be planted in the Parterre, or take Root among the flowery Race: but that theſe Delicacies of a Day, might teach us to aſpire after a better Paradiſe; where Beauty never fades, and Delight is ever in the Bloom.—A Third Time we lighted the Candle of Meditation; and ſought for Wiſdom, not in the crouded City, or wrangling Schools, but in the ſilent and lonely *Walks* of antient *Night* *.—Let us once more indulge the contemplative Vein, and raiſe our Speculations to thoſe *ſublimer Works* of the great Creator; which the Regions of the Sky contain, and this duſky Hour unveils †.

IF we have diſcerned the Touches of his Pencil, glowing in the Colours of Spring; if we have ſeen a Sample of his Beneficence, exhibited in the Stores of Nature; and a Ray of his Brightneſs, beaming in the Blaze of Day; what an infinitely richer Field for the Diſplay of his Perfections, are the Heavens! The *Heavens*, in the moſt emphatical Manner, declare the Glory of GOD. The Heavens are nobly eloquent of the Deity, and the moſt magnificent Heralds of their Maker's Praiſe. They ſpeak to the whole Univerſe;

* Referring to the ſeveral Subjects of the Three preceding Eſſays.

† Night opes the *nobleſt Scenes*, and ſheds an Awe,
Which gives thoſe venerable Scenes full Weight,
And deep Reception in th' entender'd Heart.
Night-Thoughts, N° IX.

for there is neither Speech ſo *barbarous*, but their Language is underſtood; nor Nation ſo *diſtant*, but their Voices are heard among them *.—Let me then, in this ſolemn Seaſon, formed for Thought, and a calm Intercourſe with Heaven; let me liſten to their ſilent Lectures. Perhaps, I may receive ſuch impreſſive Manifeſtations of "the eternal Power and Godhead," as may *ſhed Religion* on my Soul, while I walk the ſolitary Shades; and may be a tutelary *Friend* to my *Virtue*, when the Call of Buſineſs, and the Return of Light, expoſe me again to the Inroads of Temptation.

THE *Iſraelites*, inſtigated by Frenzy rather than Devotion, worſhipped the Hoſt of Heaven. And the Pretenders to *judicial Aſtrology* talk of, I know not what, myſterious Efficacy; in the different Aſpect of the Stars, or the various Conjunction and Oppoſition of the Planets.—Let thoſe, who are unacquainted with the ſure Word of Revelation, give ear to theſe Sons of Deluſion, and Dealers in Deceit. For my Part, it is a Queſtion of Indifference to me, whether the Conſtellations ſhone with Smiles, or loured in Frowns, on the Hour of my Nativity. Let CHRIST be my *Guard*; and, ſecure in ſuch a Protection, I would laugh at their impotent Menaces. Let CHRIST be my *Guide*; and I ſhall ſcorn to aſk, as well as deſpair of receiving, any predictory Information from ſuch ſenſeleſs Maſſes.—What! ſhall "the Living ſeek to the Dead †?" Can theſe Bodies advertiſe me of future Events, which are unconſcious of their own Exiſtence? Shall I have Recourſe to dull unintelligent Matter, when I may apply to that all-wiſe Being; who, with one comprehenſive Glance, diſtinctly views whatever is lodged in the Boſom of Immenſity, or forming in the Womb of Fu-

* Pſal. xix. 3.

† Iſa. viii. 19.

turity?—Never, never will I ſearch for any Intimations of my *Fate*; but often trace my Creator's *Footſteps* *, in yonder ſtarry Plains. In the former Caſe, they would be Teachers of Lyes; in the latter, they are Oracles of Truth. In this therefore, this Senſe only, I profeſs myſelf the Pupil of the Stars.

THE Vulgar, are apprehenſive of nothing more, than a Multitude of *bright Spangles*, dropt over the æthereal Blue. They have no higher Notion of theſe fine Appearances, than that they are ſo many *golden Studs*, with which the Empyrean Arch is decorated.—But ſtudious Minds, that carry a more accurate and ſtrict Inquiry among the celeſtial Bodies, bring back Advices of a moſt aſtoniſhing Import. Let me juſt recollect the moſt material of thoſe *ſtupendous Diſcoveries*; in order to furniſh out proper Subjects for Contemplation. And let the Unlearned remember, That the Scene I am going to diſplay, is the Workmanſhip of that in-

* "It is moſt becoming (ſays a great Author) ſuch imperfect "Creatures as we are, to contemplate the Works of GOD, with "*this* Deſign that we may diſcern the Manifeſtations of Wiſdom "in them; and thereby excite in ourſelves thoſe devout Affec-"tions, and that ſuperlative Reſpect, which is the very Eſſence "of Praiſe, as it is a reaſonable and moral Service." ABERNETHY *on the Attributes*.—And, indeed, if we are ſincerely diſpoſed to employ ourſelves in this excellent, this delightful Duty of praiſing the infinite Creator; the *Means*, and the *Motives*, are both at hand. His Works, in a wonderful and inſtructive Variety, preſent themſelves; with pregnant Manifeſtations of the moſt tranſcendent Excellencies of their Maker. They pour their Evidence from all Quarters, and into all the Avenues of the Mind. They invite us, eſpecially in the magnificent Syſtem of the Univerſe, to contemplate—*Counſel*, conſummately wiſe; and *Execution*, inimitably perfect:—*Power*, to which nothing is impoſſible; and *Goodneſs*, which extendeth to All, which endureth for ever.—To give, not a full Diſplay, but only ſome *ſlight Strictures*, of theſe glorious Truths, is the principal Scope of the following Remarks.

comprehenſible GOD, who is "perfect in Knowledge, "and mighty in Power." Whoſe Name, whoſe Nature, and all whoſe Operations, are "great and mar-"vellous." Who ſummons into Being, with equal Eaſe, a ſingle Grain, or ten thouſand Worlds.—To this if we continually advert, the Aſſertions, though they will certainly excite our *Admiration*, need not tranſcend our Belief.

THE Earth is, in Fact, a round Body; however it may ſeem, in ſome Parts, to be ſunk into Vales, and raiſed into Hills *; in other Parts, to be ſpread into a ſpacious Plain, extending to the Confines of the Heavens, or terminated by the Waters of the Ocean.—We may fancy, that it has deep Foundations, and reſts upon ſome prodigiouſly ſolid Baſis. But it is *pendent*, in the wide tranſpicuous Æther; without any viſible Cauſe, to uphold it from above, or ſupport it from beneath.—It may ſeem to be ſedentary in its Attitude, and motionleſs in its Situation. But it is continually *ſailing* †,

* A learned Writer, I think, Dr. *Derham*, has ſomewhere an Obſervation to this Purpoſe—That the loftieſt *Summits* of Hills, and the moſt enormous *Ridges* of Mountains, are no real Objection to the *globular* or round Form of the Earth. Becauſe, however they may render it, to our limited Sight, vaſtly uneven and protuberant; yet, they bear no more Proportion to the *intire* Surface of the terraqueous Ball, than a *Particle* of Duſt, caſually dropt on the Mathematician's Globe, bears to its whole Circumference. Conſequently, the rotund Figure is no more deſtroyed in the former Caſe, than in the latter.—On the ſame Principle, I have not thought it neceſſary, to take any Notice of the comparatively ſmall Difference, between the *Polar* and *Equatorial* Diameter of the Earth.

† With what amazing *Speed*, this Veſſel (if I may carry on the Alluſion,) filled with a Multitude of Nations, and freighted with all their Poſſeſſions, makes her Way through the ethereal Space, ſee Page 329, in Note,

thro'

thro' the Depths of the Sky; and in the Space of Twelve Months, finiſhes the mighty Voyage. Which periodical Rotation, produces the Seaſons, and compleats the Year.—As it proceeds in the annual Circuit, it *ſpins* upon its own *Centre*; and turns its Sides, alternately to the Fountain of Light. By which means, the *Day* dawns in one Hemiſphere; while the Night ſucceeds in the other. Without this Expedient, one Part of its Regions would, during half the great Revolution, be ſcorched with exceſſive Heat, or languiſh under an unintermitted Glare: while the other, expoſed to the contrary Extremes, would be frozen to Ice, and buried under a long Oppreſſion of dismal and deſtructive Darkneſs.

I CANNOT forbear taking notice; that, in this compound Motion of the Earth, the one never *interferes* with the other, but both are perfectly *compatible*. Is it not thus, with the Precepts of Religion, and the needful Affairs of the preſent Life; not excepting even the innocent Gratifications of our Appetites?—Some, I believe, are apt to imagine, that they muſt renounce Society, if they devote themſelves to CHRIST; and abandon all the Satisfactions of *this* World, if they once become zealous Candidates for the Felicity of *another*.—But this is a very miſtaken Notion, or elſe a very injurious Repreſentation, of the Doctrine which is according to Godlineſs. It was never intended to drive Men into Deſarts; but to lead them, through the peaceful and pleaſant Paths of Wiſdom, into the bliſsful Regions of Life eternal. It was never intended to ſtrike off the Wheels of Buſineſs, or cut in ſunder the Sinews of Induſtry; but rather, to make Men induſtrious from a Principle of *Conſcience*, not from the Inſtigations of *Avarice*; that ſo, they may promote their immortal Happineſs, even while they provide for their temporal Maintenance. It has no Deſign to extirpate our

our Paſſions, but only to reſtrain their Irregularities; neither would it extinguiſh the Delights of Senſe, but prevent them from evaporating into Vanity, and ſubſiding into Gall.—A Perſon may be chearful among his Friends, and yet joyful in GOD. He may taſte the Sweets of his earthly Eſtate; and, at the ſame Time, cheriſh his Hopes of a nobler Inheritance in Heaven. The *Trader* may proſecute the Demands of Commerce, without neglecting to negociate the Affairs of his Salvation. The *Warrior* may wear his Sword; may draw, in a juſt Cauſe, that murderous Weapon; yet be a good Soldier of JESUS CHRIST, and obtain the Crown that fadeth not away. The *Parent* may lay up a competent Portion for his Children, and not forfeit his Title to the Treaſures, either of Grace or of Glory.—So far is Chriſtianity, from obſtructing any valuable Intereſt, or with-holding any real Pleaſure; that it improves the one, and advances the other. Juſt as the diurnal and annual Motions, are ſo far from *claſhing*, that they intirely *accord*; and, inſtead of being deſtructive of each other, by mutually blending their Effects, they give Proportion and Harmony to Time, Fertility and innumerable Benefits to Nature.

To Us, who dwell on its Surface, the Earth is by far the *moſt extenſive* Orb; that our Eyes can, anywhere, behold. It is alſo cloathed with Verdure; diſtinguiſhed by Trees; and adorned with a Variety of beautiful Decorations. Whereas, to a Spectator placed on one of the Planets, it wears an uniform Aſpect; looks all luminous, and *no larger* than a Spot. To Beings, who dwell at ſtill greater Diſtances, it intirely diſappears.—That which we call, alternately, the Morning and the Evening-Star; as in one Part of her Orbit, ſhe rides foremoſt in the Proceſſion of Night; in the other, uſhers in and anticipates the Dawn; is a

planetary.

planetary World. Which, with the four others, that ſo wonderfully vary their myſtic Dance, are in themſelves dark Bodies, and ſhine only by Reflexion: have Fields, and Seas, and Skies, of their own: are furniſhed with all Accommodations for *animal* Subſiſtence, and are ſuppoſed to be the Abodes of *intellectual* Life. All which, together with this our earthly Habitation, are dependent on that grand Diſpenſer of divine Munificence, the Sun; receive their Light from the Diſtribution of his Rays, and derive their Comforts from his benign Agency.

THE *Sun*, which ſeems to perform its daily Stages through the Sky, is, in this reſpect *, *fixed* and immoveable. 'Tis the great Axle of Heaven, about which the Globe we inhabit, and other more ſpacious Orbs, wheel their ſtated Courſes.—The Sun, though ſeemingly *ſmaller* than the *Dial* it illuminates, is abundantly *larger* † than this whole *Earth*; on which ſo many lofty Mountains riſe, and ſuch vaſt Oceans roll. A Line, extending from Side to Side, through the Centre of that reſplendent Orb, would meaſure more than eight hundred thouſand Miles: a Girdle, formed to go round its Circumference, would require a Length of Millions: were its ſolid Contents to be eſtimated, the Account would over-whelm our Underſtanding, and be almoſt beyond the Power of Language to expreſs ‡.—Are we ſtartled at theſe Reports of Philoſophy?

* I ſay, *in this reſpect*; that I may not ſeem to forget, or exclude, the Revolution of the Sun round its own Axis.

† A hundred thouſand Times, according to the *loweſt* Reckoning. Sir ISAAC NEWTON computes the Sun to be 900,000 Times bigger than the Earth. *Religious Philoſopher*, p. 749.

‡ Dr. DERHAM, after having calculated the Dimenſions of the Planets, adds; "Amazing as theſe Maſſes are, they are all far "outdone by that ſtupendous Globe of Light, the Sun; which as "it

phy? Are we ready to cry out, in a Tranſport of Surprize? How *mighty* is the Being, who kindled ſuch a prodigious Fire; and keeps alive, from Age to Age, ſuch an enormous Maſs of Flame!—Let us attend our philoſophic Guides, and we ſhall be brought acquainted with Speculations, more inlarged and more amazing.

THIS Sun, with all its attendant Planets, is but a very little Part of the grand Machine of the Univerſe. Every *Star*, though, in Appearance, no bigger than the Diamond, that glitters upon a Lady's Ring; is really a *vaſt Globe*, like the Sun in Size, and in Glory; no leſs ſpacious, no leſs luminous, than the radiant Source of our Day. So that every Star is, not barely a World, but the *Centre* of a magnificent Syſtem; has a Retinue of Worlds, irradiated by its Beams, and revolving round its attractive Influence. All which are loſt, to our Sight, in unmeaſurable Wilds of Æther.—That the Stars appear like ſo many diminutive, and ſcarce diſtinguiſhable *Points*, is owing to their immenſe and inconceivable Diſtance. Immenſe and inconceivable indeed it is; ſince a Ball, ſhot from the loaded Cannon, and flying with unabated Rapidity, muſt travel, at this impetuous Rate, almoſt ſeven hundred thouſand Years*, before it could reach the *neareſt* of thoſe twinkling Luminaries.

CAN any Thing be more wonderful, than theſe Obſervations? Yes: There are Truths, far more ſtupendous; there are Scenes, far more extenſive. As there

"it is the Fountain of Light and Heat, to all the Planets about it, "ſo doth it far ſurpaſs them all in its Bulk: Its apparent Diameter "being computed at 822,148 *Engliſh* Miles, its Ambit at 2,582,873 "Miles, and its ſolid Contents at 290,971,000,000,000,000." *Aſtro-Theol.* Book I. Chap. II.

* See *Religious Philoſopher*, p. 819.

In

is no End of the Almighty Maker's Greatneſs; ſo no Imagination can ſet Limits to his creating Hand.—Could you ſoar beyond the Moon, and paſs through all the planetary Choir: could you wing your Way to the higheſt apparent Star, and take your Stand on one of thoſe loftieſt Pinacles of Heaven: you would, there, ſee *other Skies* expanded; *another Sun*, diſtributing his inexhauſtible Beams by Day, *other Stars*, that gild the Horrors of the alternate Night: and *other* *, perhaps nobler *Syſtems*, eſtabliſhed; eſtabliſhed, in unknown Profuſion, through the boundleſs Dimenſions of Space.—Nor does the Dominion of the univerſal Sovereign terminate *there*. Even at the End of this vaſt Tour, you would find yourſelf advanced no farther, than the Suburbs of Creation; arrived only at the Frontiers of the great JEHOVAH's Kingdom †.

AND do they tell me; That the Sun, the Moon, and all the Planets, are but a little Part of HIS Works? *How*

* See *Aſtro Theology*, Book II. Chap. II.——Where the Author, having aſſigned various Reaſons to ſupport this Theory of our *modern Aſtronomers*, adds—"Beſides the fore mentioned ſtrong "Probabilities, we have this further Recommendation of ſuch an "Account of the Univerſe, that it is far *more* magnificent and "worthy of the infinite *Creator*, than any other of the narrower "Schemes."

† *Job*, after a moſt beautiful Diſſertation, on the mighty Works of GOD, as they are diſtributed through univerſal Nature, from the Heights of Heaven, to the very Depths of Hell; cloſes the magnificent Account with this Acknowledgment, *Lo! theſe are Parts of his Ways*. Or, as the original Word more literally ſignifies, and may, I think, be more elegantly rendered; These are only *the Skirts*, the very outermoſt Borders of his Works. No more than a ſmall Preface to the immenſe Volume of the Creation.—From the *Hebrew* קצה *Extremities*, I cannot forbear thinking, on the extreme and very attenuated *Fibres* of the Root, when compared with the whole Subſtance of the *Trunk*; or on the exquiſitely ſmall Size of the *capillary* Veſſels, when compared with the whole Structure of the Body. *Job* XXVI. 14.

great,

great, then, *are his Signs! And how mighty are his Wonders* * *!*—And if ſo, what is the CREATOR Himſelf! How far exalted above all Praiſe! Who is ſo *high*; that He looks down on the higheſt of theſe dazling Spheres, and ſees even the Summit of Creation in a Vale: ſo *great*, that this prodigious Extent of Space, is but a Point in his Preſence; and all this Confluence of Worlds, as the lighteſt Atom, that fluctuates in Air, and ſports in the meridian Ray †.

THOU moſt ſublime and incomprehenſibly glorious GOD, how am I overwhelmed with Awe! How ſunk into the loweſt Proſtration of Mind! When I conſider thy "*excellent Greatneſs*," and my own utter Inſignificancy!—And have I, exceſſively mean as I am, have I entertained any *conceited Apprehenſions* of myſelf? Have I felt the leaſt Elatement of Thought, in the Preſence

* Dan. iv. 3.

† This puts me in mind of a very fine Remark on a ſcriptural Beauty; and a ſolid Correction of the common Tranſlation; made by that learned, ſagacious, and devout Expoſitor *Vitringa*.—Iſa. xl. 15. We find it written of the Supreme Being, That *he taketh up the Iſles as a very little Thing*. Which, our Critic obſerves, is neither anſwerable to the Import of the Original, nor conſonant to the Structure of the Diſcourſe. The Prophet had no Intention to inform Mankind, what the Almighty could *do*, with regard to the Iſlands, if he pleaſed to exert uncontroulable Power. His Deſign was to ſhew, how inſignificant, or rather what mere Nothings *they are*, in his Eſteem, and before his Majeſty.—The Iſlands, ſays he, though ſo *ſpacious*, as to afford Room for the Erection of Kingdoms, and the Abode of Nations; though ſo *ſtrong*, as to withſtand, for many Thouſands of Years, the raging and reiterated Aſſaults of the whole watry World; are yet, before the adored JEHOVAH, *ſmall* as the minuteſt Grain, which the Eye can ſcarce diſcern; *light* as the feathered Mote, which the leaſt Breath hurries away like a Tempeſt.—איים כדק ישול *Inſulæ ſunt ut leve quid, quod avolat.* *The* deep-rooted *Iſlands are as the volatile Atom, which*, by the gentleſt Undulations of the Air, *is waſted to and fro in perpetual Agitation.*

of

of ſo majeſtic and adorable a Being? How ſhould this wound me with Sorrow, and cover me with Confuſion! —O my GOD, was I poſſeſſed of all the *high Perfections*, which accompliſh and adorn the Angels of Light; amidſt all theſe noble Endowments, I would fall down in the *deepeſt Abaſement* at thy Feet. Loſt in the infinitely ſuperior Blaze of thy uncreated Glories; I would confeſs myſelf, to be Nothing; to be leſs than Nothing, and Vanity.—How much more ought I to maintain the moſt unfeigned Humiliation, before thy Divine Majeſty; who am not only Duſt and Aſhes, but a Compound of Ignorance, Imperfection, and Depravity!

WHILE, beholding this vaſt Expanſe, I learn my own extreme Meanneſs; I would alſo diſcover the abject Littleneſs of all *terreſtrial Things*.—What is the Earth, with all her oſtentatious Scenes, compared with this aſtoniſhingly grand Furniture of the Skies? What, but a dim *Speck*, hardly perceivable in the Map of the Univerſe? It is obſerved, by a very judicious Writer*, That if the Sun himſelf, which enlightens this Part of the Creation, was extinguiſhed; and all the Hoſt of planetary Worlds, which move about him, were annihilated; they would not be miſſed, by an Eye that can take in the whole Compaſs of Nature, any more than a Grain of Sand upon the Sea Shore. The Bulk of which they conſiſt, and the Space which they occupy, is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the Whole; that their Loſs would ſcarce leave a Blank, in the Immenſity of GOD's Works.—If then, not our Globe only, but this whole Syſtem, be ſo very diminutive; what is a Kingdom, or a County? What are a few *Lordſhips*, or the ſo much admired *Patrimonies* of thoſe,

* Spect. Vol. VIII. N° 565.

who

who are ſtiled Wealthy *? When I meaſure them with my own little Pittance, they ſwell into proud and bloated Dimenſions. But, when I take the Univerſe for my Standard, how ſcanty is their Size, how contemptible their Figure! They ſhrink into *pompous Nothings* †.

WHEN the keen-eyed Eagle ſoars above all the feathered Race, and leaves their very Sight below: when ſhe wings her Way, with direct Aſcent, up the Steep of Heaven; and, ſteadily gazing on the meridian Sun, accounts its beaming Splendors all her own: Does ſhe then regard, with any Solicitude, the *Mote* that is flying in the Air, or the *Duſt* which ſhe ſhook from her Feet? And ſhall this eternal Mind, which is capable of contemplating its Creator's Glory; which is intended to enjoy the Viſions of his Countenance; ſhall this *eternal Mind*, endued with ſuch great Capacities, and made for ſuch exalted Ends, be ſo *ignobly ambitious*, as to ſigh for the Tinſels of State; or ſo *poorly covetous*, as to graſp after ample Territories on a Needle's Point?—No: under the Influence of ſuch Conſiderations I feel my Sentiments expand, and my Wiſhes acquire a Turn of Sublimity. My throbbing Deſires after worldly Grandeur, die away; and I find myſelf, if not poſſeſſed of Power, yet ſuperior to its Charms.—Too long; muſt I own, have my Affections been pinioned by Vanity, and immured in this earthly Clod. But theſe Thoughts break the *Shackles* ‡. Theſe Objects

* *Juvat inter ſidera vagantem divitum pavimenta ridere, & totam cum auro ſuo terram.* SEN.

† *Terrellæ grandia inania.* WAITS's Hor. Lyr.

‡ The Soul of Man was made to walk the Skies,
Delightful Outlet of her Priſon here!
There, diſincumber'd from her Chains, the Ties

Of

Objects open the Door of *Liberty*. My Soul, fired by ſuch noble Proſpects, weighs Anchor from this little Nook; and coaſts no longer about its contracted Shores; dotes no longer on its painted Shells. The *Immenſity* of Things, is her Range; and an *Infinity* of Bliſs, is her Aim.

BEHOLD this immenſe Expanſe, and admire the *Condeſcenſion* of thy GOD.—In this Manner, an inſpired and princely Aſtronomer, improved his Survey of the nocturnal Heavens. *When I conſider thy Heavens, even the Works of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which Thou haſt ordained*; I am ſmitten with Wonder at thy Glory, and cry out in a Tranſport of Gratitude, *LORD, what is Man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the Son of Man, that Thou viſiteſt him*?* "How "amazing, how charming, is that Divine Benignity, "which is pleaſed to bow down its ſacred Regards, to "ſo fooliſh and worthleſs a Creature! Yea, diſdains "not, from the Height of infinite Exaltation, to extend "its kind providential Care, to our moſt minute Con-"cerns!—This is amazing. But that the Everlaſting "Sovereign ſhould give his Son, to be made Fleſh, "and become our Saviour! Shall I call it a *Miracle* of "condeſcending Goodneſs? Rather, What are all "Miracles, what are all Myſteries, to this ineffable "Gift!"

HAD the *brighteſt Archangel* been commiſſioned to come down, with the Olive-Branch of Peace in his Hand, ſignifying his Eternal Maker's Readineſs to be reconciled; on our bended Knees, with Tears of Joy,

> Of Toys terreſtrial, ſhe can rove at large;
> There freely can reſpire, dilate, extend,
> In full Proportion let looſe all her Powers.
>
> *Night-Thoughts*, No. IX.

* Pſal. viii. 3, 4.

and

and a Torrent of Thankfulneſs, we ought to have received the tranſporting News. But when, inſtead of ſuch an angelic Envoy, He ſends His *only-begotten Son*; his Son beyond all Thought illuſtrious, to make us the gracious Overture:—ſends Him from the "Habitation "of his Holineſs and Glory," to put on the *Infirmities* of Mortality, and dwell in a Tabernacle of Clay: —ſends Him, not barely to make us a tranſient Viſit, but to abide *many Years* in our inferior and miſerable World:—ſends Him, not to exerciſe Dominion over Monarchs, but to wear out his Life in the ignoble Form of a *Servant*; and, at laſt, to make his Exit under the infamous Character of a *Malefactor!* Was ever Love like this? Did ever Grace ſtoop ſo low*? —Should the Sun be ſhorn of all his radiant Honours, and degraded into a *Clod* of the Valleys; ſhould all the Dignitaries of Heaven be depoſed from their Thrones, and degenerate into *Inſects* of a Day; great, great would be the Abaſement. But *nothing* to Thine, moſt bleſſed JESUS; *nothing* to Thine, Thou Prince of Peace; when, for us Men, and for our Salvation, Thou

* This reminds me of a very noble Piece of *ſacred Oratory*, where, in a fine Series of the moſt beautiful Gradations, the Apoſtle diſplays the admirably condeſcending Kindneſs of our Saviour. —*He thought it no Robbery*, it was His indiſputable Right, *to be equal with* the infinite, ſelf-exiſtent, immortal *GOD*. *Yet*, in Mercy to Sinners, *He emptied Himſelf* of the incommunicable Honours, *and* laid aſide the Robes of incomprehenſible Glory.—When He entered upon His mediatorial State, inſtead of acting in the grand Capacity of univerſal Sovereign, He *took upon him the Form of a Servant*. And not the Form of thoſe miniſtering Spirits, whoſe Duty is Dignity itſelf; who are throned, though adoring.—He took not on him the Nature of Angels, but ſtooped incomparably lower. Aſſumed a Body of animated Duſt, *and was made in the Likeneſs of Men*; thoſe inferior *and* depraved Creatures.—Aſtoniſhing Condeſcenſion! but not ſufficient for the overflowing Richneſs of the Redeemer's Love. For, *being found in Faſhion as a Man*,

Thou didſt not abhor the coarſe Accommodations of the *Manger*; Thou didſt not decline even the gloomy Horrors of the *Grave*.

'Tis well, the ſacred Oracles have given this Doctrine, the moſt explicit Confirmation, and Evidence quite inconteſtable. Otherwiſe, a Favour ſo undeſerved, ſo unexpected, and rich beyond all Imagination, might ſtagger our Belief.—Could He, who launches all theſe planetary Globes, through the illimitable Void; and leads them on, from Age to Age, in their extenſive Career; could He reſign his Hands, to be *confined* by the girding Cord; and his Back to be *plowed*, by the bloody Scourge? Could He, who crowns all the Stars with inextinguiſhable *Brightneſs*; be Himſelf defiled with *Spitting*, and diſfigured with the thorny Scar? It is the greateſt of Wonders, and yet the ſureſt of Truths.

O! Ye mighty Orbs, that roll along the Spaces of the Sky; I wondered, a little while ago, at your vaſt Dimenſions, and ample Circuits. But now my Amazement ceaſes; or rather, is intirely ſwallowed up by a much more ſtupendous Subject. Methinks, your enormous Bulk is ſhrivelled to an *Atom*; your prodigious Revolutions are contracted to a *Span*; while I muſe upon the far more elevated Heights, and unfathomable Depths; the infinitely more extended Lengths, and

Man, *He humbled Himſelf* farther ſtill. Occupied the loweſt Place, where all was low *and* ignoble. He not only ſubmitted to the Yoke of the Law, but alſo bore the Infirmities, and miniſtered to the Neceſſities of Mortals. He even waſhed the Feet of others, and had not where to lay his own Head.—Yea, He carried His meritorious Humiliation, to the very deepeſt Degrees of poſſible Abaſement. He *became obedient unto Death*—And not to a common or natural Death, but a Death more infamous than the Gibbet; more torturous than the Rack;—*even the* accurſed *Death of the Croſs*. Phil. ii. 6, 7, 8.

unlimited Breadths, *of* this *Love of GOD in CHRIST JESUS**.

CONTEMPLATING this ſtately Expanſe, I ſee a Mirror, which repreſents, in the moſt awful Colours, the *Heinouſneſs* of human *Guilt*.—Ten thouſand Volumes; wrote on purpoſe, to diſplay the Aggravations of my various Acts of Diſobedience; could not ſo effectually convince me of their inconceivable Enormity, as the Conſideration of that *all-glorious Perſon*†; who, to make an Atonement for them, ſpilt the laſt Drop of his Blood.—*I have ſinned*, may every Child of *Adam* ſay; *and what ſhall I do unto Thee, O Thou Obſerver of Men*‡? Shall I give my Firſt-born for my Tranſgreſſion, the Fruit of my Body for the Sin of my Soul? Vain Commutation! and ſuch as would be rejected by the bleſſed GOD, with the utmoſt Abhorrence.—Will all the *Potentates*, that ſway the Sceptre in a thouſand Kingdoms, devote their royal and honoured Lives, to reſcue an obnoxious Creature from the Stroke of Vengeance? Alas! it muſt coſt more, incomparably more, to expiate the Malignity of Sin, and ſave a guilty Wretch from Hell.—Will all the *Principalities* of *Heaven* be content to aſſume my Nature, and reſign themſelves to Death for my Pardon§? Even this, would be too

* Eph. iii. 18, 19.

† *Quo quiſque altius aſcendit in agnitione* CHRISTI, *eo profundius peccati atrocitatem cognoſcet.*

‡ *Job* vii. 20. Not *Preſerver*, as it ſtands in our Verſion, but *Obſerver of Men*. Which Phraſe, as it denotes the exact and inceſſant *Inſpection* of the divine Eye; as it intimates the abſolute Impoſſibility, that any Tranſgreſſion ſhould *eſcape* the divine Notice; is evidently moſt proper, both to aſſign the *Reaſon*, and heighten the *Emphaſis* of the Context.

§ MILTON ſets this Thought, in a very poetical and ſtriking Light.—All the Sanctities of Heaven, ſtand round the Throne of the

too mean a Satisfaction, for inexorable Juſtice; too ſcanty a Reparation, of GOD's injured Honour. So flagrant is human Guilt, that nothing, but a Victim of *infinite Dignity*, could conſtitute an adequate Propitiation.—*He* who ſaid, "Let there be Light, and there was Light;" Let there be a Firmament, and immediately the blue Curtains floated in the Sky; *He* muſt take Fleſh; HE muſt feel the fierce Torments of Crucifixion; and pour out his Soul in Agonies, if ever ſuch Tranſgreſſors are pardoned.

the Supreme Majeſty. GOD foreſees and foretels the Fall of Man, the *Ruin*, which will unavoidably enſue on his Tranſgreſſion, and the utter *Impoſſibility*, of his being able to extricate himſelf, from the Abyſs of Miſery.

> *He, with his whole Poſterity, muſt die;*
> *Die he, or juſtice muſt, unleſs for Him*
> *Some other able, and as willing pay*
> *The rigid Satisfaction, Death for Death.*

After which affecting Repreſentation, intended to raiſe the moſt tender Emotions of Pity, the following Inquiry is addreſſed to all the ſurrounding Angels,

> *Say, heav'nly Powers, where ſhall we find ſuch Love?*
> *Which of you will be mortal, to redeem*
> *Man's mortal Crime? and die, the Dead to ſave?*
> *He aſk'd, but all the heav'nly Quire ſtood mute,*
> *And Silence was in Heav'n—*

There is, to me at leaſt, an inimitable Spirit and Beauty, in the laſt Circumſtance.—That ſuch an innumerable Multitude, of generous and compaſſionate Beings, ſhould be ſtruck *dumb* with Surprize and Terror, at the very Mention of *The deadly Forfeiture and Ranſom fix'd!* No *Language* is ſo eloquent as this *Silence*. Words could not poſſibly have expreſſed, in ſo emphatical a Manner, the *dreadful Nature* of the Taſk; the *abſolute Inability* of any or all Creatures to execute it; the ſuper-eminent and *matchleſs Love* of the Eternal Son, in undertaking the tremendous Work; not only without Reluctance, but unſought and unimplored; with Readineſs, Alacrity, and Delight. *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book III. Line 209. Edit. BENTL.

How vaſt is that Debt; which all the Wealth of both the *Indies* cannot diſcharge! How vitiated that habit of Body; which all the Drugs produced by Nature herſelf, cannot rectify! But how much more *ruined* was thy Condition, O my Soul! how much more *heinous* were thy Crimes! Since nothing leſs than the Sufferings and Death of Meſſiah, the Son of God, and radiant Image of his Glory, could effect thy Recovery, or cancel thy Iniquity.—Though, perhaps, thou art not ſunk ſo very deep in Pollution, as ſome of the moſt abandoned Profligates; yet remember the ineſtimable Ranſom, paid to redeem thee from everlaſting Deſtruction. Remember this; and "never open thy "Mouth any more *," either to *murmur* at the Divine Chaſtiſements, or to *glory* in thy own Attainments. Remember this; and even "*loath* thyſelf † for "the Multitude of thy Provocations," and thy great Baſeneſs.

Once more: Let me view this beautiful, this magnificent Expanſe; and conceive ſome juſter Apprehenſions, of the unknown Richneſs of my *Saviour's Atonement*.—I am informed by a Writer, who cannot miſtake, that the High-Prieſt of My Profeſſion, who was alſo the Sacrifice for my Sins, is *higher than the Heavens* ‡; more exalted in Dignity, more bright with Glory, than all the heavenly Manſions, and all their illuſtrious Inhabitants. If my Heart was humbled, at the Conſideration of its exceſſive Guilt; how do all my drooping Powers revive, at this delightful Thought? The poor Criminal that ſeemed to be *tottering* on the very Brink of the infernal Pit; is *raiſed*, by ſuch a Belief, even to the Portals of Paradiſe. My Self-abaſement, I truſt, will always continue; but my Fears,

* Ezek. xvi. 63. † Ezek. xxxvi. 31. ‡ Heb. vii. 26.

under

under the Influence of ſuch a Conviction, are quite gone *. I do not, I cannot doubt the Efficacy of this Propitiation. *While I ſee a* Glimpſe of its matchleſs Excellency; and *verily believe* myſelf, intereſted in its Merits; I know not what it is, to feel any miſgiving Suſpicions; but am ſtedfaſt in Faith, and joyful through Hope.

Be my Iniquities like Debts of Millions of Talents, here is more than full Payment for all that prodigious Sum. Let the Enemy of Mankind, and Accuſer of the Brethren, load me with Invectives; this one Plea, *A Divine Redeemer died*, moſt thoroughly quaſhes every Indictment. For, though there be much Turpitude, and manifold Tranſgreſſions, "there is no Condemnation to thoſe that are in Christ Jesus."—Nay, were I chargeable with all the vileſt Deeds, which have been committed in every Age of the World, by every Nation of Men; even in this moſt deplorable

* I am ſorry to find, that ſome of my Readers were a little diſguſted at this Expreſſion, "*My Fears are quite gone.*" As thinking, it diſcovered a Tincture of Arrogance in the Writer, and tended to diſcourage the weak Chriſtian. But, I hope, a more mature Conſideration will acquit me, from *both* theſe Charges.—For, what has the Author ſaid? Only, that at ſome *peculiarly happy* Moments, when the Holy Ghoſt bears Witneſs of Christ in his Heart, and He is favoured with a Glimpſe of the Redeemer's matchleſs Excellency—that, in theſe *brighter Intervals* of Life, his trembling Fears, with regard to the deciſive Sentence of the great Tribunal, are turned into pleaſing Expectations. And what is there in ſuch a Declaration, offenſive to the *ſtricteſt* Modeſty, or diſpiriting to the *weakeſt* Believer? Inſtead of creating Diſcouragement, it points out the Way to obtain a ſettled Tranquility. Its natural Tendency is, to engage the ſerious Mind in a more conſtant and attentive Meditation, on the unknown Merits of the Divine MEDIATOR. And were we more *thoroughly* acquainted, more *deeply* affected, with his unutterable Dignity; I am perſuaded, our uneaſy Apprehenſions would *proportionably* vaniſh; our Faith be eſtabliſhed, our Hopes brightened, and our Joys inlarged.

Caſe, I need not ſink into Deſpair. Even ſuch Guilt, though grievous beyond all Expreſſion, is not to be compared with that *Abundance* of *Grace* and Righteouſneſs, which dwell in the incarnate Divinity.—How great, how tranſcendently glorious, are the *Perfections* of the adored JEHOVAH! So great, ſo ſuperlatively precious, is the *Expiation* of the dying JESUS. 'Tis impoſſible for the human Mind, to *exalt* this Atonement *, too highly; 'tis impoſſible for the HUMBLE PENITENT, to *confide* in it, too ſteadily. The Scriptures, the Scriptures of eternal Truth, have ſaid it (exult, my Soul, in the Belief of it!), that the Blood on which we rely, is GOD's *own Blood* †; and therefore all-ſufficient to expiate, omnipotent to ſave.

DAVID, that egregious Sinner, but more exemplary Saint, ſeems to have been well acquainted with this comfortable Truth. What elſe can be the Import of that very remarkable, but moſt devout Declaration? *Thou ſhalt purge me* ‡ *with Hyſſop, and I ſhall be clean:*

* This Doctrine, though rich with *Conſolation* to the ruined Sinner; yet, is it not likely to open a Door for *Licentiouſneſs*; and embolden Tranſgreſſors to proſecute their VICES?—No: It is the moſt powerful Motive to that genuine Repentance, which *flows* from an unfeigned Love of GOD; and *operates* in a hearty Deteſtation of all Sin. One, who knew the unmeaſurable Goodneſs of the LORD, and was no Stranger to the finful Perverſeneſs of our Nature, ſays, *There is Mercy with Thee:* THEREFORE *ſhalt thou be feared.* Pſal. cxxx. 4.—Words, full to my Purpoſe; which at once add the *higheſt* Authority to this Sentiment, and direct our Minds to its proper Influence, and due Improvement.

† Acts xx. 28.

‡ *Pſal.* li. 7. *Thou ſhalt purge.* I prefer this Tranſlation, before the new one. Becauſe this ſpeaks the Language of a more ſtedfaſt Belief, and gives the higheſt Honour to the Divine Goodneſs. Were the Words intended to bear no more than the common *petitionary* Senſe; and not to be expreſſive of a noble *Plerophery* of Faith; they would rather have been—תטהר and תכבסני *Imperatives*, not *Futures*.

thou ſhalt waſh me, and I ſhall be whiter than Snow.—"I "have been guilty, I muſt confeſs, of the moſt compli- "cated and ſhocking Crimes: Crimes, inflamed by "every aggravating Circumſtance, with regard to "Myſelf, my Neighbour, and my GOD. *Myſelf*, who "have been bleſſed above men, and the diſtinguiſhed "Favourite of Providence; *my Neighbour*, who, in the "moſt dear and tender Intereſts, has been irreparably "injured; *my GOD*, who might juſtly expect the "moſt grateful Returns of Duty, inſtead of ſuch "enormous Violations of his Law. Yet, all horrid "and execrable as *my Offence* is, it is nothing to the "ſuperabundant Merit of that *great Redeemer*, who was "promiſed from the Foundations of the World; in "whom all my Fathers truſted; who is the Hope of "all the Ends of the Earth. Though my Conſcience "be more loathſome, with adulterous Impurity, than "the *Dunghil*; though Treachery and Murder have "rendered it even black as the Gloom of *Hell*; yet, "waſhed in the 'Fountain opened for Sin and for "Uncleanneſs *,' I ſhall be—I ſay not, pure only, "this were a Diſparagement to the Efficacy of my "Saviour's Death; but I ſhall be fair as the *Lily*, and "white as the *Snow*. Nay, let me not derogate from "the glorous Object of my Confidence; cleanſed by "this ſovereign ſanctifying Stream, I ſhall be *fairer* "than the full-blown Lily, *whiter* than the new-fallen "Snows."

POWER, ſaith the Scripture, *belongeth unto GOD* †.—And in what majeſtic Lines, is this Attribute of JEHOVAH written, thoroughout the whole Volume of the Creation? Eſpecially, through thoſe magnificent Pages, unfolded in yonder ſtarry Regions.

* Zech. xiii. 1. † Pſal. lxii. 11.

Which are therefore ſtiled by the ſweet and ſeraphic Singer of *Iſrael*, "The Firmament of his Power*." Becauſe the grand *Exploits* of *Omnipotence* are there diſplayed, with the utmoſt Pomp; and recorded, in the moſt legible Characters.

WHO, that looks upward to the midnight Sky; and, with an Eye of Reaſon, beholds its rolling Wonders; who can forbear enquiring, Of *what* were thoſe mighty Orbs *formed?*—Amazing to relate! They were produced without Materials. They ſprung from Emptineſs itſelf. The ſtately Fabric of univerſal Nature emerged out of *Nothing*.—What *Inſtruments* were uſed by the Supreme Architect, to faſhion the Parts with ſuch exquiſite Niceneſs, and give ſo beautiful a Poliſh to the whole? How was all connected into one finely-proportioned, and nobly-finiſhed Structure?—A *bare Fiat* accompliſhed all. LET THERE BE, ſaid GOD. He added no more; and immediately the marvellous Edifice aroſe; adorned with every Beauty; diſplaying innumerable Perfections and declaring, amidſt enraptured Seraphs, its great Creator's Praiſe. "By the "*Word* of the LORD were the Heavens made, and all "the Hoſt of them by the *Breath* of his Mouth†."—

What

* Pſal. cl. 1.

† If this Thought is admitted a Second Time, and ſuffered to ennoble the next Paragraph; it is partly, becauſe of its unequalled *Sublimity*; partly, becauſe it awakens the moſt *grand* Idea of creating Power; and partly, becauſe the Practice of the *Pſalmiſt*, an an Authority too great to be controverted, is my Precedent. The beautiful Stanza quoted from *Pſal.* xxxiii. 6. is a Proof, how thoroughly the Royal Poet entered into the Majeſty of the *Moſaic* Narration. The Repetition of the Sentiment, *ver.* 9, intimates, how peculiarly he was charmed, with that *noble Manner*, of deſcribing the Divine Operations. While the Turn of his own Compoſition ſhews, how perfectly he poſſeſſed the ſame *elevated Way* of thinking. And this, long before *Longinus* wrote the celebrated Treatiſe, which

What forceful Machinery *fixed* ſome of thoſe ponderous Globes, on an immoveable Baſis? What irreſiſtible Impulſe *bow'ed* others, through the Circuit of the Heavens? What coerſive Energy *confined* their impetuous Courſes, within Limits aſtoniſhingly large, yet moſt minutely true?—Nothing but his *ſovereign Will*. For all Things were at firſt conſtituted, and all to this Day abide, according to his Ordinance.

WITHOUT any toilſome Aſſiduity or laborious Proceſs, to—raiſe—to touch—to *ſpeak* ſuch a Multitude of immenſe Bodies into Being—to *launch* them through the Spaces of the Sky, as an Arrow from the Hand of a Giant—to impreſs on ſuch *unwieldy* Maſſes a Motion, far out-ſtripping the Swiftneſs of the winged Creation *—and to *continue* them in the ſame rapid Whirl, for Thouſands and Thouſands of Years—What an amazing Inſtance of infinite Might is this!—Can any thing be impoſſible to the LORD, the LORD GOD; the Creator and Controuler, of all the Ends of the Earth all the Regions of the Univerſe? Rather, is not all that we count *difficult*, perfect Eaſe to that glorious

which has taught the Heathen, as well as the Chriſtian World, to admire the *Dignity* of the *Jewiſh* Legiſlator's Stile. *Vid.* LONGIN. *de Sublim.* Sect. IX

* To give one Inſtance of this Remark.—The Earth, in the diurnal Revolution, which it performs on its own Axis, *whirls about* at the Rate of above a Thouſand Miles an Hour. And as the great Orbit, which it deſcribes annually round the Sun, is reckoned at 574 Millions of Miles, it muſt *travel* near a Million and Half, each Day.—What a *Force* muſt be requiſite, to protrude ſo vaſt a Globe: and wheel it on, loaded as it is with huge Mountains, and ponderous Rocks, at ſuch a prodigious Degree of Rapidity! It ſurpaſſes human Conception!—How natural, how pertinent how almoſt neceſſary, after ſuch an Obſervation, is the Acknowledgement made by holy *Job! I know that* THOU *canſt do every thing, and that no Thought*, no imaginable Scheme, *can be with-holden from thee*, can lie beyond thy Power to execute. Chap. xlii. 2.

Being,

Being, who only ſpake, and the World was made *? Who only gave Command, and the ſtupendous Axle was lodged faſt, the lofty Wheels moved complete?—What a ſure Defence, O my Soul, is this everlaſting Strength of thy GOD! Be this thy continual *Refuge*, in the Article of Danger; this thy never-failing *Reſource*, in every Time of Need.

WHAT cannot this uncontroulable Power, of the great JEHOVAH, effect for his People? Be their Miſeries ever ſo galling, cannot this GOD relieve them? Be their Wants ever ſo numerous, cannot this GOD ſupply them? Be their Corruptions within, ever ſo inveterate; or their Temptations without, ever ſo importunate; cannot this mighty, mighty GOD ſubdue the former, and fortify them againſt the latter?—Should *Trials*, with an inceſſant Vehemence, ſift thee as Wheat; ſhould *Tribulation*, with a Weight of Woes, almoſt grind thee to Powder; ſhould *Pleaſure* with her bewitching Smiles, ſolicit thee to delicious Ruin; yet "hold thee faſt by GOD," and lay thy Help upon Him, that is omnipotent †. Thou canſt not be involved

* Pſal. xxxiii. 9.

† It is a moſt charming Deſcription, as well as a moſt comfortable Promiſe, which we find in *Iſa.* xl. 29, 30, 31.—*He giveth Power to the Feeble; and to them that have no Might* at all, *He* not only imparteth, but *increaſeth Strength*; making it to abound, where it did not ſo much as exiſt.—Without this Aid of JEHOVAH, *even the Youths*, amidſt the very Prime of their Vigour and Activity, *ſhall become languid* in their Work, *and weary* in their Courſe. *And the young Men*, to whoſe Reſolution and Abilities nothing ſeemed impracticable, *ſhall* not only not ſucceed, but *utterly fall*, and miſcarry in their various Enterprizes—*Whereas, they that wait upon the LORD*, and confide in his Grace, ſhall preſs on, with a generous Ardor, from one Degree of religious Improvement to another. Inſtead of exhauſting, they *ſhall renew their Strength*; Difficulties

volved in ſuch calamitous Circumſtances, or expoſed to ſuch imminent Peril; but thy GOD, whom thou ſerveſt, is able to deliver thee from the one, and to ſupport thee under the other.—To *ſupport!* to *deliver!* Let me not diſhonour the unlimited Greatneſs of his Power. He is able to exalt Thee, from the deepeſt Diſtreſs, to the moſt triumphant Joy; and to make even a Complication of Evils, work together for thy everlaſting Good. *He is able*, not only to accompliſh what I have been ſpeaking, but *to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can aſk, or think* *.

O!

Difficulties ſhall animate, and Toil invigorate them. *They ſhall mount up*, as with ſoaring *Wings*, above all Oppoſition; they ſhall be carried through every Diſcouragement, *as Eagles* cleave the yielding Air. *They ſhall run*, with Speed and Alacrity, the Way of GOD's Commandments, *and not be weary: They ſhall hold on*, (ילכו *progredientur, carpent iter*) with Conſtancy and Perſeverance, in thoſe peaceful Paths, *and not faint*; but arrive at the End of their Progreſs, and receive the Prize of their High Calling.

To this moſt chearing Doctrine, permit me to add its no leſs beautiful and delightful *Contraſt*. *Eliphaz*, ſpeaking of the Enemies of the Righteous, ſays—אם נכחד קימנו—which is rendered by a great Critic in ſacred Learning, *Nihil exciſum factio nobis adverſaria*—We ſhould reckon, our Language acquitted itſelf tolerably well, if, when depreciating the Abilities of an Adverſary, it ſhould repreſent them weak as the *ſcorched Thread*, feeble as the *diſſolving Smoke*. But theſe are cold Forms of Speech, compared with the Eloquence of the Eaſt. According to the Genius of our Bible, *All the Power that oppoſes the Godly, is* a mere Nothing; or, to ſpeak with a more emphatical Air of Contempt, *a deſtroyed, an extirpated Nothing*.—Admire this Expreſſion, ye that are charmed with daring Images, and (what *Tully* calls *verbum ardens*) a ſpirited and glowing Diction.—Remember this Declaration, ye that fight the good Fight of Faith: The united Force of all your Enemies, be it ever ſo formidable to the Eye of Fleſh, is, before your Almighty Guardian, *Nihil nihiliſſimum*, not only Nothing, but *leſs than nothing*, and Vanity. *Job* xxii. 20.

* I ſhould, in this Place, avoid ſwelling the Notes any farther, was it not to take Notice of the inimitable Paſſage quoted above, and

to

O! THE *wretched Condition* of the Wicked, who have this LORD of all Power for their Enemy! O! the *deſperate Madneſs* of the Ungodly, who provoke the Almighty to Jealouſy!—Beſotted Creatures! are you able to contend with your Maker, and enter the Liſts againſt incenſed Omnipotence? Can you *bear* the Fierceneſs of his Wrath, or ſuſtain the Vengeance of his liſted Arm? At his Preſence, though awfully ſerene, the Hills melt like Wax, and the "Mountains "ſkip like frighted Lambs." At the leaſt Intimation of his Diſpleaſure, the Foundations of Nature rock, and the "Pillars of Heaven tremble." How then can a withered Leaf endure, when "his Lips are full of "Indignation, and his Tongue as a devouring Fire?" —Or can any thing *ſcreen* a guilty Worm, when the great and terrible GOD ſhall *whet his glittering Sword, and his Hand take hold on* inexorable *Judgment*? When *that Hand*, which ſhoots the Planets, Maſſes of exceſſive Bulk*, with ſuch ſurpriſing Rapidity, through the Sky:

to be found *Eph.* iii. 20.—Which, if I do not greatly miſtake, is the moſt complete Repreſentation of Divine Power, that it is poſſible for Words to frame.—To do all that our Tongues can *aſk*, is a Miracle of Might. But we often think more than we can expreſs, and are actuated with "*Groanings unutterable.*" Yet, to anſwer theſe vaſt Deſires, is not beyond the Accompliſhment of our heavenly Father.—Nay, to make his Gifts and his Bleſſings commenſurate to the *largeſt Stretch* of human Expectations, is a ſmall Thing with the GOD of Glory. He is able to do *above all*, that the moſt inlarged Apprehenſion can imagine; yea, to do *abundantly* more, *exceeding abundantly* more, than the Mind itſelf, in the utmoſt Exertion of all its Faculties, is capable of *wiſhing*, or knows how to *conceive*.

* One of the Planets (*Saturn*) is ſuppoſed to be more than 90 Times as big, as the Globe on which we live. According to the ſame Calculation, the largeſt of the Planets (*Jupiter*) is above 200 times vaſter, than this vaſt Collection of ſpacious Foreſts, towering Mountains, extenſive Continents, and boundleſs Oceans.—

Sky: *that Hand*, which darts the Comets to ſuch unmeaſurable Diſtances, beyond the Orbit of our remoteſt Planet, beyond the Purſuit of the ſtrongeſt Eye: when THAT HAND is ſtretched out to puniſh, can the Munition of Rocks, the Intervention of Seas, or even interpoſing Worlds, divert the Blow?—Conſider this, *Ambition*; and bow thy haughty Creſt. Conſider this, *Diſobedience*; and bend thy Iron Sinew. O! conſider this, all ye that forget, or affront, the tremendous JEHOVAH. He can, by a ſingle Act of his Will, lay the Univerſe in utter Ruin: and can He want Power to bring *you*, in a Moment, in the Twinkling of an Eye, to the Duſt of Death, or to the Flames of Hell? He has—I ſay not, Ten thouſand Lightnings to ſcorch you to Aſhes; Ten thouſand Thunders to cruſh you into Atoms; but, what is unſpeakably more dreadful—He has an *Army* of Terrors, even in the *Look* of his angry Countenance. His very Frown is worſe than Deſtruction.

I CANNOT diſmiſs this Subject, without admiring the *Patience* of the bleſſed GOD. Who, though ſo ſtrong and powerful, yet "is provoked every Day."—Surely, as is his Majeſty, ſo is his Mercy; his Pity altogether commenſurate to his Power. If I vilify but the Name of an earthly Monarch; I loſe my Liberty, and am confined to the Dungeon. If I appear in Arms, and draw the Sword, againſt my national Sovereign; my Life is forfeited, and my very Blood will ſcarce atone for the Crime. But Thee I have diſhonoured, O! thou King immortal and inviſible! Againſt Thee my Breaſt has fomented *ſecret Diſaffection*; my Behaviour has riſen up in *open Rebellion*; and yet I am ſpared,

Such enormous Magnitude! winged with ſuch prodigious Speed! —It raiſes Aſtoniſhment beyond Expreſſion.—*With GOD is terrible Majeſty!* Job xxxvii. 22.—*Who ſhall not fear* THEE, O LORD, *and glorify thy Name?* Rev. xv. 4.

yet

yet I am preſerved. Inſtead of being baniſhed from thy Preſence; I ſit at thy Table, and am fed from thy Hand. Inſtead of purſuing me with *Thunder-bolts* of Vengeance, thy *Favours* ſurround me on every Side. That Arm, that injured Arm, which might juſtly fall, with irretrievable Ruin, on a Traitor's Head; is moſt graciouſly ſtretched out, to careſs him, with the tendereſt Endearments; to cheriſh him, with every Inſtance of parental Kindneſs.—O! thou mightieſt, thou beſt of Beings, how am I pained at my very Soul, for ſuch ſhameful and odious Diſingenuity! Let me always abominate myſelf, as the baſeſt of Creatures; but *adore* that unwearied Long-ſuffering of thine, which refuſes to be irritated; *love* that unremitted Goodneſs, which no Acts of Ingratitude could ſtop, or ſo much as check, in its gracious Current. O! let this ſtubborn Heart; which Duty could not bind; which Threatenings could not awe; be the Captive, the *willing Captive*, of ſuch triumphant Beneficence.

I HAVE often been ſtruck with Wonder at that Almighty Skill, which *weighed* the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Balance; which *proportioned* the Waters in the Hollow of its Hand, and *adjuſted* the Duſt of the Earth * by a Meaſure. But how much more marvel-

* *Iſa.* xl. 12. *The Duſt of the Earth*, in this ſublime Scripture, ſignifies the dry Land, or *ſolid* Part of our Globe. Which is placed in Contradiſtinction to the whole Collection of *fluid* Matter, mentioned in the preceding Clauſe.—Perhaps, this remarkable Expreſſion may be intended to intimate, not only the extreme Niceneſs, which ſtated the Dimenſions of the World *in general*, or *in* the groſs; but alſo that *particular Exactneſs*, with which the very ſmalleſt Materials, that conſtitute its Frame, (not excepting each individual Atom,) were calculated and diſpoſed.—*q. d.* 'Tis a ſmall Thing to fly, No ſuch enormous Redundancies, as unneceſſary Ridges of Mountains, were ſuffered to ſubſiſt. There was not ſo much as the

marvellous is that magnificent Œconomy, which *poiſed* the Stars with inexpreſſible Nicety, and *meted* out the Heavens with a Span! Where all is prodigiouſly vaſt; immenſely various; and yet more than mathematically exact. Surely, the *Wiſdom* of GOD manifeſts itſelf in the Skies, and ſhines in thoſe lucid Orbs. Shines on the contemplative Mind, with a Luſtre incomparably brighter, than that which their united Splendors tranſmit to the Eye.

BEHOLD yonder countleſs Multitude of Globes; conſider their amazing Magnitude; regard them as the Sovereigns of ſo many Syſtems, each accompanied with his planetary Equipage. Upon this Suppoſition, what a Multiplicity of mighty Spheres, muſt be perpetually running their Rounds, in the upper Regions! Yet, none miſtake their Way, or *wander* from the Goal; though they paſs through trackleſs and unbounded Fields. None *fly off* from their Orbits, into extravagant Excurſions; none *preſs in* upon their Centre, with too neat an Approach. None *interfere* with each other in their perennial Paſſage; or *intercept* the kindly Communications of another's Influence *. But all their Rotations proceed in eternal Harmony; keeping ſuch Time, and obſerving ſuch Laws, as are moſt exquiſitely adapted to the Perfection of the Whole.

the leaſt Grain of Sand *ſuperfluous*, or a ſingle Particle of Duſt *deficient*.—As the grand Aim of the Deſcription is, to celebrate the *conſummate Wiſdom*, exemplified in the Creation; and to diſplay that *perfect Proportion*, with which every Part tallies, coincides, and harmonizes, with the Whole; I have taken Leave to alter the Word of our *Engliſh* Tranſlation *comprehend*, and introduce in its Stead a Term, equally faithful to the *Hebrew*, and more ſignificative of the Prophet's preciſe Idea.

* The Interception of Light, by means of an Eclipſe, happens very *rarely*. And then is of ſo *ſhort* a Continuance, as not to be at all inconvenient. Nay, it is attended with ſuch *Circumſtances*, as render it rather uſeful, than prejudicial.

WHILE I contemplate this "excellent Wiſdom, "which made the Heavens," and attunes all their Motions; how am I abaſhed at that Mixture of Arrogance and Folly, which has, at any Time, inclined me to *murmur* at thy *Diſpenſations* O LORD! What is this, but a Sort of implicit Treaſon againſt thy Supremacy; and a tacit Denial of thy infinite Underſtanding?—Haſt Thou ſo regularly placed ſuch a wonderful Diverſity of Syſtems, through the Spaces of the Univerſe?—Didſt Thou, without any probationary Eſſays, without any improving Retouches, ſpeak them into the moſt conſummate Perfection?—Doſt Thou continually ſuperintend all their Circumſtances, with a Sagacity that never miſtakes the minuteſt Tittle of Propriety? And ſhall I be ſo unaccountably ſtupid, as to queſtion the *Juſtneſs* of thy *Diſcernment*, in "chooſing my Inherit-"ance, and fixing the Bounds of my Habitation!"—Not a ſingle Erratum, in modelling the Structure; determining the Diſtance *; and conducting the Career of *unnumbered* Worlds! And ſhall my peeviſh Humour preſume to cenſure thy Interpoſition, with regard to the Affairs of *one* inconſiderable Creature; whoſe Stature, in ſuch a comparative View, is leſs than a Span; and his preſent Duration, little more than a Moment?

O! THOU GOD, "in whoſe Hand my Breath is, "and whoſe are all my Ways," let ſuch Sentiments as now poſſeſs my Thoughts, be always lively on my

* The Sun in particular (and let this ſerve as a Specimen of that moſt curious Exactneſs, with which the other celeſtial Bodies are conſtituted, and all their Circumſtances regulated) the Sun is formed of ſuch a determined Magnitude, and placed at ſuch a convenient Diſtance—"as not to annoy, but only refreſh us, and nou-"riſh the Ground with its kindly Warmth. If it was *larger*, it "would ſet the Earth on Fire; if *ſmaller*, it would leave it frozen. "If it was *nearer* us, we ſhould be ſcorched to Death; if *farther* "from us, we ſhould not be able to live for Want of Heat."

STACKHOUSE's *Hiſtory of the Bible.*

Heart I.

Heart! Theſe ſhall compoſe my Mind into a *chearful* Acquieſcence, and a *thankful* Submiſſion; even when Afflictions gall the Senſe, or Diſappointments break my Schemes. Then ſhall I, like the grateful Patriarch *, in all the Changes of my Condition, and even in the Depths of Diſtreſs, erect an *Altar* of adoring Reſignation; and inſcribe it with the Apoſtle's *Motto*, TO GOD ONLY WISE. Then, ſhouldſt Thou give me Leave to be the Carver of my own Fortunes, I would humbly deſire to relinquiſh the Grant, and recommit the Diſpoſal of myſelf to thy unerring Beneficence. Fully perſuaded, that *thy Counſels*; though contrary to my froward Inclinations, or even afflictive to my Fleſh; are incomparably more eligible, than the blind Impulſe of my own Will, however ſoothing to animal Nature.

ON a careleſs Inſpection, you perceive no Accuracy or Uniformity in the Poſition of the heavenly Bodies. They appear like an *illuſtrious Chaos*; a promiſcuous Heap of ſhining Globes; neither ranked in Order, nor moving by Line.—But, what *ſeems* Confuſion, *is* all Regularity. What carries a Show of Negligence, is really the Reſult of the moſt maſterly Contrivance. You think, perhaps, they rove in their aëreal Flight; but they rove by the niceſt Rule, and without the leaſt Error. Their Circuits, though ſeemingly devious; their Mazes, though intricate to our Apprehenſions †; are marked out, not indeed with golden Compaſſes, but by the infinitely more exact Determinations of the all-wiſe Spirit.

* See *Gen.* xii. 7, 8.

† —— Mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd; yet regular
Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem.
MILT.

So, what wears the *Appearance* of Calamity, in the Allotments appointed for the Godly, has really the *Nature* of a Bleſſing. It iſſues from fatherly Love, and will terminate in the richeſt Good. If *Joſeph* is ſnatched from the Embraces of an indulgent Parent, and abandoned to Slavery in a foreign Land; it is in order to ſave the holy Family, from periſhing by Famine; and to preſerve "the Seed, in whom all the Nations of the "Earth ſhould be bleſſed." If he falls into the deepeſt Diſgrace, it is on purpoſe that he may riſe to the higheſt Honours. Even the Confinement of the Priſon, by the unſearchable Workings of Providence, opens his Way to the Right-hand of the Throne itſelf.—Let the moſt afflicted Servant of JESUS, wait the final Upſhot of Things. He will *then* diſcover the apparent Expediency of all thoſe Tribulations; which *now*, perhaps, he can hardly admit, without Reluctance; or ſuffer, without ſome Struggles of Diſſatisfaction. Then, the guſhing Tear, and the heaving Sigh, will be turned into Tides of Gratitude, and Hymns of holy Wonder.

IN the mean time, let no audacious Railer, preſumptuouſly impeach the Divine Procedure; but, adoring where we cannot comprehend, let us expect the *Evolution* of the myſterious Plan. Then, ſhall every Eye perceive; that the ſeeming Labyrinths of Providence, were the moſt *direct* and *compendious* Way; to effect his general Purpoſes of Grace, and to bring about each One's particular Happineſs *.—Then, alſo, ſhall it be clearly ſhewn, in the Preſence of applauding Worlds; Why, Virtue pined in Want, while Vice rioted in

* ——— The *Moral World*,
Which, though to Us it ſeems embroil'd, moves on
In higher Order; fitted, and impell'd
By *Wiſdom*'s fineſt Hand, and iſſuing all
In gen'ral Good.

THOMS. *Wint.* l. 586. laſt Edit.

Affluence.

Affluence. Why, amiable Innocence ſo often dragged the Dungeon *Chain*, while horrid Guilt trailed the *Robe* of State.—That Day of univerſal Audit, that Day of everlaſting Retribution, will not only *vindicate*, but *magnify*, the whole Management of Heaven. The auguſt Seſſions ſhall cloſe with this unanimous, this glorious Acknowledgment: "Though *Clouds and Darkneſs*, impenetrable by any human Scrutiny, *were* "ſometimes *round about* the ſupreme Conductor of "Things; yet *Righteouſneſs and Judgment were the* "conſtant *Habitation of his Seat* *; the invariable "Standard of all his Adminiſtrations."—Thus (if I may illuſtrate the grandeſt Truths, by inferior Occurrences) while we view the Arras, on the Side of *leaſt Diſtinction*, it is void of any elegant Fancy; without any nice Strokes of Art; nothing but a confuſed Jumble of incoherent Threads. No ſooner is the Piece beheld in its *proper Aſpect*, but the ſuſpected Rudeneſs vaniſhes, and the moſt curious Arrangement takes place. We are charmed with Deſigns of the fineſt Taſte, and Figures of the moſt graceful Form. All is ſhaped with Symmetry; all is clad in Beauty.

THE *Goodneſs* of GOD is moſt eminently diſplayed in the Skies.—Could we take an underſtanding Survey, of whatever is formed by the Divine Architect, throughout the whole Extent of *material* Things; our Minds would be tranſported with their Excellencies, and our Tongues echo back that great Encomium, They are "good, very good †." Moſt *beautiful* ‡ in themſelves; contrived by unerring Wiſdom, and executed with inimitable Skill. Moſt *uſeful* ‡ in their Functions;

* Pſal. xcvii. 2. † Gen. i. 31.

‡ ‡ This καλοκαγαθια of the Univerſe, and all its Parts, has been very highly, and very juſtly extolled, by the ancient Inquirers

tions; exactly fitting the Places they fill, and completly anſwering the Purpoſes, for which they were intended.—All the Parts of the inanimate Creation proclaim, both by their intrinſic and relative Excellencies, the all-diffuſive Beneficence of their Maker.

How much more wonderful are the Diſplays of Divine Indulgence, in the Worlds of Life! Becauſe, dead Matter is incapable of Delight; therefore, the gracious Creator has raiſed innumerable Ranks of *perceptive Exiſtence*. Such as are qualified to taſte his Bounty, and enjoy each a Happineſs ſuited to its peculiar State. With this View, He furniſhed the Regions of inferior Nature, with an Order and a Series of ſenſitive Beings. The *Waters* teem with Shoals of finny Inhabitants. The *dry Land* ſwarms with Animals of every Order. The Dwellings of the *Firmament*, are occupied by Multitudes of winged People. Not ſo much as a *green Leaf*, Philoſophers ſay, but lodges, and accommodates, its puny animalcule Tenants *.—And wherefore

into Nature. And was, indeed, an illuſtrious Scene, ſpread before the Sages of the Heathen World; wherein to contemplate the Goodneſs, and the Glories, of the Supreme Being.—It was nobly ſaid, by a Pagan Philoſopher, on this Occaſion; Εις ερωτα μεταβληθηναι τον Θεον μελλοντα δημιουργειν. *That GOD, when he undertook the Work of Creation, transformed Himſelf into Love.*—But he need not *transform* Himſelf into this amiable Principle; for "GOD "*is* Love." As was much more nobly ſaid by One, whom that *Philoſopher* would have termed a *Barbarian*. 1 *John* iv. 8.

* A very celebrated Poet, in a beautiful Paragraph on this Subject, informs his Readers; That all Nature ſwarms with Life. In ſubterranean *Cells*, the Earth heaves with vital Motion. Even the hard *Stone*, in the very inmoſt Receſſes of its impenetrable Citadel, holds Multitudes of animated Inhabitants. The *Pulp* of mellow Fruit, and all the Productions of the Orchard, feed the inviſible Nations. Each *Liquid*, whether of acid Taſte, or milder Reliſh, abounds with various Forms of ſenſitive Exiſtence. Nor is the pure *Stream*, or tranſparent *Air*, without their Colonies of unſeen

wherefore this Diverſity, this Profuſion of living Creatures; flying the Air, treading the Ground, and gliding through the Paths of the Sea? For this moſt glorious Reaſon—That the eternal Sovereign may exerciſe his ſuperabundant Goodneſs: that his *Table* may be furniſhed, with Millions and Millions of *Gueſts*; that he may fill, every Hour, every Moment, their Mouths with Food, or their Hearts with Gladneſs.

BUT, what a ſmall Theatre are three or four *Elements*, for the Operations of JEHOVAH's Bounty! His magnificent Liberality, ſcorns ſuch ſcanty Limits. If you aſk, Wherefore has He created *all Worlds*, and repleniſhed them with an unknown Multiplicity of Beings; riſing, one above another, in an endleſs Gradation of ſtill richer Endowments, and ſtill nobler Capacities? The Anſwer is—For the Manifeſtation of his own Glory, and eſpecially for the *Communication* of his inexhauſtible Beneficence *.—The great Creator could propoſe no Advantage to Himſelf. His Bliſs is incapable

ſeen People.—In which Conſtitution of Things, we have a wonderful Inſtance, not only of the Divine Goodneſs to thoſe minute Beings, in giving them a *Capacity* for animal Gratifications; but of his tender Care for Mankind, in making them *imperceptible* to our Senſes.

——— Theſe, conceal'd
By the kind Art of forming Heav'n, eſcape
The groſſer Eye of Man: For, if the Worlds
In Worlds inclos'd ſhould on his Senſes burſt;
From Cates ambroſial, and the nectar'd Bowl,
He'd turn abhorrent; and, in dead of Night,
When Silence ſleeps o'er all, be ſtunn'd with Noiſe.

THOMSON's *Summer*.

* A ſacred Writer, conſidering this delightful Subject; and confining his Obſervation, within the *narrow Limits* of his own Country; cries out, with a Mixture of Amazement and Gratitude; *How great is his Goodneſs, and how great is his Beauty!*—Who then can forbear being loſt in Wonder, and tranſported with

ble of any Addition. "Before the Mountains were "brought forth, or ever the Earth and the World "were made," He was ſupremely happy, in his own independent and all-ſufficient Self. His grand Deſign therefore, in erecting ſo many ſtately Fabrics; and peopling them with ſo many Tribes of Inhabitants; was, To *transfuſe* his exuberant Kindneſs, and *impart* Felicity in all its Forms. Ten Thouſand Worlds, ſtocked with Ten thouſand Times Ten thouſand Ranks, of ſenſitive and intelligent Exiſtence, are ſo many ſpacious Gardens; which, with Rivers of communicated Joy, this ever-flowing Fountain waters continually.

BOUNDLESS *, and (which raiſes our Idea of this Divine Principle, to the very higheſt Degree of Perfection) diſintereſted * Munificence! How *inexpreſſibly amiable* is the bleſſed GOD, conſidered in this charming Light! Is it poſſible to conceive any Excellence, ſo adorable and lovely; as infinite Benevolence, guided by unerring Wiſdom, and exerting Almighty Power, on purpoſe to make a whole Univerſe happy?—O my Soul, what an *irreſiſtible Attractive* is here! What a moſt worthy Object, for thy moſt fervent Affection! Shall now every glittering Toy, become a Rival to this tranſcendently beneficent Being, and rob Him of thy Heart?—No. Let his all-creating Arm teach thee,

Delight; when he extends his Survey, to thoſe infinitely more *copious Communications* of Divine Bounty; which, like ſalutary and refreſhing Streams, run through all Worlds; and make, not only the *little Valleys* of a ſingle Kingdom, but the Immenſity of Creation *laugh and ſing*? Zech. ix. 17.

* * In this Senſe, *There is none good, but One, that is GOD.* None univerſally and eſſentially good. None, whoſe Goodneſs extends itſelf, in an infinite *Variety* of Bleſſings, to *every* capable Object; or, who always diſpenſes his Favours, from the *ſole* Principle of *free* and diſintereſted Benevolence.

to truſt in the Fulneſs of his Sufficiency:—Let his all-ſuperintending Eye incline thee, to acquieſce in the Diſpenſations of his Providence:—And let his Bounty; ſo freely vouchſafed; ſo amply diffuſed; induce thee to *love* Him, with all the Ardor of a grateful and admiring Soul: induce thee to *ſerve* Him, not with a joyleſs Awe, or ſlaviſh Dread, but with unfeigned Alacrity, and a delightful Complacency.

If the Goodneſs of God is ſo admirably ſeen, in the Works of Nature, and the Favours of Providence; with what a noble Superiority, does it *even triumph*, in the *Myſtery* of *Redemption**! Redemption is the brighteſt Mirror, in which to contemplate this moſt lovely Attribute of the Deity. Other Gifts, are only as *Mites* from the Divine Treaſury; but Redemption opens, I had almoſt ſaid exhauſts, all the *Stores* of Indulgence and Grace. Herein, "God *commendeth* his Love†:" not only manifeſts, but ſets it off, as it were, with every bright and grand Embelliſhment: manifeſts it in ſo ſtupendous a Manner, that it is beyond Parallel; beyond Thought; "above all Bleſſing and Praiſe."—Was

* In this, and in other Parts of the *Contemplations*, the Reader will obſerve; That the Attributes of the Deity are repreſented, as ſhining, with more diſtinguiſhed Luſtre, in the Wonders of *Redemption*, than in the Works of *Creation*. If *ſuch* Remarks ſhould ſeem to be unprecedented, or to ſtand in Need of a Vindication; permit me to ſubjoin the Sentiments of a great Critic, equally verſed in *both* thoſe ſublime Theories—"In a perfect Orator, "He ſays, *Tully* requires ſome Skill in the Nature of heavenly "Bodies; becauſe, his Mind will become more extenſive and un-"confined; and, when he deſcends to treat of human Affairs, He "will both think and write in a more exalted and magnificent "Manner. For the ſame Reaſon, that excellent Maſter would have "recommended the Study of thoſe great and glorious Myſteries, "which *Revelation* has diſcovered to Us; *to which the nobleſt Parts "of this Syſtem of the World are as much inferior, as the Creature "is leſs excellent than the Creator.*" *Spect.* Vol. VIII. N° 633.

† Rom. v. 8.

HE not thy *Son*, Everlaſting GOD, thy *only* Son; the Son of thy Boſom from eternal Ages; the higheſt Object of thy complacential Delight? Was not thy Love to this adorable Son, incomparably greater than the tendereſt Affection of *Any*, or the united Affections of *All*, mortal Parents? Was not the bleſſed JESUS more illuſtrious in Excellency, than all Angels; more exalted in Dignity, than all Heavens? Yet didſt thou reſign HIM, for poor Mortals! for vile Sinners!—Couldſt thou ſee him deſcend, from his Royal *Throne*; and take up his Abode, in the ſordid *Stable*? See him forego the *Homage* of the Seraphim; and ſtand expoſed to the reproachful *Indignities*, of an inſolent Rabble? See Him arraigned at the Bar, and ſentenced to Death; numbered with Malefactors, and nailed to the Gibbet; bathed in his own innocent Blood, and pouring out his Soul in Agonies of Sorrow?—Could the Father, the Father *himſelf*, with unknown Philanthropy *, ſay? "It ſhall, it ſhall, be ſo! My Pity to rebellious Man "pleads, and prevails. Awake, therefore, O *Sword* †, "edged with divine Wrath. Awake; and be ſheathed in "that *immaculate* Breaſt; pierce that *dearly beloved* Heart. "I am content, that my Son endure the Sharpneſs of "Death, rather than ſinful Mortals periſh for ever."—Incomprehenſible Love! May it henceforward, be the favourite Subject of my *Meditation*; more delightful to my muſing Mind, than Applauſe to the ambitious Ear! May it be the darling Theme of my *Diſcourſe*; ſweeter to my Tongue, than the Droppings of the Honeycomb to my Taſte! May it be my choiceſt *Comfort*, through all the Changes of Life; and my reviving *Cordial*, even in the laſt Extremities of Diſſolution itſelf!

A *PROPHET* contemplating, with a diſtant Survey, this unexampled Inſtance of Almighty Love, is

* *Philanthropy*, that is, Loving-kindneſs to Man.

† Zech. xiii. 7.

wrapt

wrapt into a *Tranſport* of *Devotion*. At a Loſs for proper Acknowledgments, he calls upon the whole Univerſe to aid his labouring Breaſt, and ſupply his Lack of Praiſe. *Sing melodiouſly, ye* vaulted *Heavens; exult, and even leap for Gladneſs, thou* cumberous *Earth; ye Mountains*, break your long Silence, and *burſt into Peals of loudeſt Acclamation*; for the* LORD, by this precious Gift, and this great Salvation, *hath comforted his People.*—A *ſacred Hiſtorian* hath left it upon Record; that, at the firſt Exhibition of this ravithing Scene, there was with the Angel, who brought the bleſſed Tidings, a Multitude of the heavenly Hoſt; praiſing GOD, and making the Concave of the Skies reſound with their Hallelujahs. At the Dawn of the Sun of Righteouſneſs, when He was beginning to riſe with Healing in his Wings, the *Morning Stars* ſang together, and all the *Sons* of *GOD* ſhouted for Joy.—And ſhall *Man*, whom this gracious Diſpenſation principally reſpects; ſhall *Man*, who is the Centre of all theſe gladdening Rays; ſhall He have no Heart to adore, no Anthem to celebrate, This

Love without End, and without Meaſure Grace?
MILT.

* *Iſa.* xlix. 13.—I have not adhered to our common Tranſlation, but endeavoured to preſerve, ſomewhat more faithfully, the noble *Pathos*, and inimitable *Energy*, of the ſacred Original.—The Love of GOD, manifeſted in a Divine and dying Saviour, is a Bleſſing of ſuch inconceivable Richneſs; as muſt render all Acknowledgments *flat*, and all Encomiums *langwid*. Yet, I think, the moſt poetical and moſt emphatical Celebration of that unſpeakable Inſtance of Goodneſs, is contained in this rapturous Exclamation of the Prophet. Which intimates, with a wonderful Majeſty of Sentiment, that even the whole Compaſs of the *inanimate Creation*; could it be ſenſible of the Benefit, and capable of Delight; would expreſs its *Gratitude*, in all theſe Demonſtrations of the moſt lively and exuberant Joy.

How *pure* is the State of the Sky, and how *clear* its Aſpect! Clearer than the limpid Stream; purer than the tranſparent Cryſtal; and more curiouſly fine, than the poliſhed Mirror. That *ſtately Ceiling*; fretted with Gold, and ſtretched to an Extent of many Millions of Leagues; is not diſfigured with a ſingle Flaw. That *azure Canopy*; embroidered with Stars, and ſpacious enough to form a Covering for unnumbered Worlds; is without the leaſt Spot or Wrinkle.—Yet this, even this, will ſcarce yield us, ſo much as a faint Repreſentation of the *Divine Purity*. GOD, is a GOD of matchleſs and tranſcendent Excellency. His Ways are Uprightneſs itſelf. His Counſels and Words are the very Sanctity of Wiſdom and of Truth. The *Laws*, which he has given to univerſal Nature; are exquiſitely contrived, and beyond all Poſſibility of Improvement. The *Precepts*, which he has appointed for the human Race; are a complete Summary, of all that is honourable in itſelf, and perfective of the rational Mind. —Not the leaſt *Overſight*, in planning a Series of Events for all Futurity. Not the leaſt Mal-adminiſtration, in managing the Affairs of every Age, ſince Time began; and of every Nation, under the whole Heavens.—Pardon theſe diſparaging Expreſſions. A *negative* Perfection is far, far beneath thy Dignity, *O Thou moſt Higheſt**. In all theſe Inſtances; in all thy Acts, and all thy Attributes; Thou art not only holy, but "*glorious* in *Holineſs*."

So

* *O Thou moſt Higheſt.*—This Expreſſion occurs more than once, in the Pſalms uſed by the Eſtabliſhed Church. It is, I think, one of thoſe *Beauties*; which, becauſe often exhibited, generally eſcape our Notice. It is a *Superlative* formed on a Superlative; and, though not ſtrictly conformable to grammatical Rules, is nobly ſuperior to them all.——The Language ſeems to be ſenſible of its own Deficiency: when the incomprehenſible JEHOVAH is addreſſed, or celebrated. Oppreſſed, as it were, with the Glories of the

So inconceivably holy is the LORD GOD of Hoſts, that he ſees *Defilement* even in the *Brightneſs* of the Firmament. The living Sapphire of the Heavens, before his Majeſty, loſes its Luſtre. *Yea, the Stars* (though the moſt pure and reſplendent Part of the Heavens) *are not pure in his Sight. How much leſs Man, who* in his fallen and depraved State, *is* but as *a Worm*, that crawls in the corrupted Carcaſe; *and the Son of Man, who*, by reaſon of his manifold actual Impurities, *is* too juſtly compared to *an Inſect*, that wallows amidſt Stench and Putrefaction*?—Is there not then

the Subject, it labours after a *more emphatical* Manner of Diction, than the ordinary Forms of Speech afford —It is, if I rightly judge, one of thoſe daring and happy Peculiarities of a maſterly Genius, which Mr. POPE ſo finely deſcribes; and, while he deſcribes, exemplifies:

> Great Wits ſometimes may *gloriouſly offend*,
> And *riſe* to *Faults* true Critics dare not mend;
> From vulgar Bounds with brave Diſorder part,
> And ſnatch a Grace beyond the Reach of Art.
>
> *Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

St. *Paul's*—ελαχιστοτερῳ παντων των αγιων—is a beautiful Paſſage of the like Nature. Which our Tranſlators have very properly rendered; *Leſs than the leaſt of all Saints.*—His πολλῳ μαλλον κρεισσον is another Inſtance of the ſame Kind. But here the *Engliſh* Verſion fails. *Far better* is extremely *flaccid*, compared with the *nervous* Original. And I greatly queſtion, whether it is poſſible to tranſlate the Sentence, with equal Conciſeneſs, and with equal Spirit. See *Eph.* iii. 8. *Phil.* i. 23.

* *Job* xxv. 5, 6. I ſubmit it to the Judgment of the Learned, Whether this is not the true Meaning of the Text.—It may not, perhaps, recommend itſelf to the *ſqueamiſhly nice* Critic; or to thoſe Perſons who dream of, I know not what, *Dignity* in our fallen Nature. But it ſeems, in Preference to every other Interpretation, *ſuitable* to the ſacred Context; and is far, far from being *injurious* to the Character of that apoſtate Race, which is "altogether become abominable," and "is as an unclean Thing."—On this

then abundant Cauſe, for the moſt irreproachable and eminent of Mankind, to renounce all arrogant Pretenſions; to lay aſide every aſſuming Air; to take nothing but *Shame* and Confuſion to themſelves? A holy Prophet, and a holy Prince, felt ſuch humbling Impreſſions, from a Glimpſe of the uncreated Purity. *I abhor myſelf in Duſt and Aſhes**, was the Declaration of the one: *I am a Man of unclean Lips*†, the Confeſſion of the other.—Should not this teach us all, to adore the Divine Mercies, for that precious *purifying Fountain*‡; which was foretold from the Foundation of the World; but was opened at that awful Juncture, when knotty Whips tore the Fleſh; when ragged Thorns mangled the Temples; when ſharpened Nails cut freſh Sluices for the crimſon Current; when the Gaſh of the Spear compleated the dreadful Work, and *forthwith flowed there*, from the wounded Heart, *Blood and Water?*

this Suppoſition, there is not only an apparent, but a very ſtriking Contraſt, between the Purity of GOD, and the Pollution of Man. The *Purity* of the moſt high GOD, which outſhines the Moon, and eclipſes the Stars; the *Pollution* of degenerate Man, which excluſive of a Saviour, would render him as loathſome to the all-ſeeing Eye, as the vileſt Vermin are in ours.—Without aſſigning this Senſe to the Paſſage, I cannot diſcern the Force of the *Antitheſis*, nor indeed the *Propriety* of the Sentiment. Worms, in the general, give us an Idea of *Meanneſs* and *Infirmity*; not of *Defilement* and *Impurity*. Unleſs they are Inſects, hatched amidſt Putrefaction, and conſidered in ſuch noiſome Circumſtances.—The two Words of the Original, רמה and שלעת are evidently uſed in this Signification, by *Moſes* and *Iſaiah*. By the former, to denote the Vermin, which devoured the *putrefied* Manna; by the latter, to expreſs the Reptiles, which ſwarm in the Body that ſees *Corruption*, *Exod.* xvi. 20. *Iſa.* xiv. 11.

* Job xlii. 6. † Iſa. vi. 5.

‡ *In that Day there ſhall be a Fountain, opened to the Houſe of* David, *and to the Inhabitants of* Jeruſalem, *for Sin and Uncleanneſs.* Zech. xiii. 1.

ESPECIALLY, ſince GOD himſelf ſaw no Blemiſh in his *dear Son*. *He looketh to the Moon, and it ſhineth not:* yet his all-penetrating and jealous Eye, diſcerned nothing amiſs, nothing defective, in our glorious Redeemer. Nothing amiſs? He bore this moſt illuſtrious Teſtimony, concerning his holy Child JESUS: "In "Him I am *pleaſed*; I am *well pleaſed*; I acquieſce, "with intire Complacency, and with the higheſt De-"light, in his Perſon; his Undertaking; and the "whole Execution of his Office."—How ſhould this Thought, enliven our Hopes; while the other, mortifies our Pride? Should not our Hearts ſpring within us, and even leap for Joy; at the repeated Aſſurance given us by Revelation, That ſuch a divinely excellent Perſon is our Mediator? What apparent Reaſon has every Believer, to adopt the bleſſed Virgin's Exclamation! "*My Soul doth magnify the LORD* for his tran-"ſcendent Mercy; *and my Spirit rejoices*, not in wide "extended Harveſts, waving over my fertile Glebe*; "not in Armies vanquiſhed, and leaving the peculiar "Treaſure of Nations for my Spoil*; but in an infi-"nitely richer, nobler Bleſſing, even *in GOD my Sa-"viour*."—That a Perſon ſo ſublime and perfect, has vouchſafed to become my *Surety*: to give Himſelf for my *Ranſom*, in the World below; and act as my *Advocate*, in the Royal Preſence above: yea, to make *my* Recovery, the Reward of his Sufferings; *my* final Felicity, the Honour of his mediatorial Kingdom!

WHEN an innumerable Multitude† of Bodies, many of them more than a *Hundred Thouſand Miles* in Dia-

* * The inſpired Penman, from theſe Two Occaſions of diſtinguiſhed Joy, ſets forth the incomparably *greater Delight*, which ariſes from the Gift of a Saviour, and the Bleſſing of Redemption. *Iſa.* ix. *ver.* 3. compared with *ver.* 6.

† This refers, not only to the Planets which paſs and repaſs about our Sun, but alſo to the other Planetary Worlds, which are ſuppoſed to attend the ſeveral fixed Stars.

meter,

meter*, are all ſet in Motion:—when the Orbits, in which they perform their periodical Revolutions, are extended at the Rate of ſeveral Hundreds of *Millions*:—when each has a *diſtinct* and ſeparate Sphere, for finiſhing his vaſt Circuit:—when no one knows, what it is to be cramped; but each moſt *freely expatiates*, in his unbounded Career:—when every one is placed, at ſuch an *immenſe Remove* from each other; that they appear to their reſpective Inhabitants, only as ſo many Spots of Light:—How aſtoniſhing muſt be the Expanſe, which yields *Room* for all thoſe mighty Globes, and their widely-diffuſed Operations! To what prodigious Lengths, did the Almighty Builder ſtretch his Line, when he marked out the ſtupendous Platform!—I wonder at ſuch an immeaſurable Extent. My very Thoughts are loſt, in this Abyſs of Space. But, be it known to Mortals; be it never forgot by Sinners; that, in all its moſt ſurpriſing Amplitude, it is *ſmall*, it is *ſcanty*, compared with the Bounty and the Mercy of its Maker.

His *Bounty* is abſolutely without Limits*, and without End. The moſt laviſh Generoſity cannot exhauſt,

* The Diameter of *Jupiter* is calculated at 130650 Miles, while his Orbit is reckoned to conſiſt of 895,134,000. Which Computation, according to the Maxims of Aſtronomy, and the Laws of Proportion, may, as is taken for granted in the Contemplations, be applied to *other Planets* revolving round *other Suns*.

* By *Bounty*, I mean, not the actual Exerciſe, or the ſenſible Effects, of this Excellency in the Deity. Theſe *are*, and always *muſt be*, through the immenſe Perfection of the Attribute, and the neceſſary Scantineſs of the Recipient, bounded. But, I would be underſtood, as ſpeaking of the Divine *Power*, and the Divine *Will*, to exert Divine Beneficence. Theſe can have no real, no imaginable limits. Theſe, after a Profuſion of Bleſſings, diſtributed to unnumbered Worlds, continued through unnumbered Ages, muſt *ſtill* have more to beſtow; for *ever* have more to beſtow; *infinitely* more to beſtow, than it is poſſible for Creation itſelf to receive.

or even diminiſh, his Munificence. O! all ye Tribes of Men; or rather, all ye Claſſes of intelligent Creatures; ye are not ſtreightened in the *Liberality* of your ever-bleſſed Creator; be not ſtreightened in your own *Expectations*. "Open your Mouth wide, and He ſhall "fill it," with copious and continual Draughts from the Cup of Joy. Your GOD, on whom is your whole Dependence, is more than able; is more than willing; to "ſupply all your Need, according to his Riches in "Glory."—When the LORD JEHOVAH is the Giver, and his Grace * the Gift; let your wiſhes be unbounded, and your Cravings inſatiable. All that created Beings can poſſibly *covet*, is but a very ſmall Pittance of that unknown Happineſs, which the Everlaſting Benefactor is ready to *beſtow*. Suppoſe every charitable Diſpoſition, which warms the Hearts of the human Race, added to thoſe more inlarged Affections, which glow in heavenly Boſoms; what were they all, even in their higheſt Exerciſe, compared with the Benignity of the Divine Nature?—Bleſs *me* then, Thou eternal Source of Love; bleſs *all* that reverence thy holy Name; according to thy own moſt profuſe Goodneſs. Whoſe great Prerogative it is, to diſdain all Meaſure. O! bleſs us, in proportion to that Grace; the Richneſs of which (unutterable by the Tongues of Men, and of Angels) was once *ſpoken* in the Groans, and *written* in the Wounds, of thy expiring Son!

SPACIOUS indeed are theſe Heavens! Where do they begin? Where do they end? What is their Ex-

* 2 *Cor.* ix. 8. *GOD is able to make* all *Grace* abound *towards you, that ye, having* all Sufficiency *in* all Things, *may* abound *to* every *good Work*.—How beautiful, and emphatical, is this Deſcription! Inferior to nothing, but that Extent of Ability, and thoſe Riches of Liberality, which it ſo eloquently celebrates. Does it not *exhauſt* all the Powers of Language; while it attempts to give us a *Specimen*, of the Munificence of the LORD?

tent?

tent? Can Angels anſwer my Queſtion? Have Angels travelled the vaſt Circuit? Can Angels meaſure the Bounds of Space? No; 'tis boundleſs, 'tis unknown, 'tis amazing all.—How charming then to reflect, That the *Mercy* of GOD is "greater than the Heavens;" is more extenſive than the Dimenſions of the Sky. Tranſporting Reflection! Let me indulge Thee once more *. Let me think over the delightful Diſplays of this lovely Attribute; and, while I admire the *Trophies* of forgiving Goodneſs, add one to the Number.—With what amiable and affecting Colours, is this repreſented in the *Parable* of the *Prodigal!* What could induce that fooliſh Youth, to forſake his Father's Houſe? Had he not been tenderly cheriſhed by the good Parent; and loaded with Benefits, from his indulgent Hand? Were not the Reſtraints of parental Government, an eaſy Yoke? or rather, a *Preſervative* from *Ruin?* Notwithſtanding every endearing Obligation, he revolts from his Duty; and launches into ſuch ſcandalous Irregularities, as were diſhonourable to his Family, and deſtructive to himſelf.—When Neceſſity, not Choice, but ſharp Neceſſity drove him to a ſubmiſſive Return; does the injured Father ſtand aloof, or ſhut his Doors? Quite the Reverſe. He eſpies him, while he is yet a *great Way off*; and, the Moment he beholds the pro-

* *Once more* refers to Page 85, of *Reflections on a Flower-Garden.*—The following Pages, to the 135th, exhibit a *digreſſive* View of the Divine Mercy. I thought it proper to appriſe my Reader of this Excurſion; though, I hope, it will be needleſs to offer an Apology, for enlarging upon a Theme incomparably joyous. Who can complain of *Tediouſneſs*, while I ſpeak Conſolation to diſtreſſed, and Recovery to ruined Creatures? The Divine Mercy is the ſole Fountain of all our preſent and future Bleſſings. In Conformity to this benign Attribute, human Hopes ariſe, and human Felicity flows. Who, therefore, can be weary of *viewing* and *reviewing*; when the Lengths and Breadths of forgiving Grace, are the raviſhing Proſpect?

ſligate Youth, He *has Compaſſion on Him.* His Bowels yearn; they "ſound like an Harp," touched with Notes divinely ſoft. He never once thinks of his ungracious Departure, and infamous Debaucheries. Pity, parental Pity, paſſes an Act of Oblivion; and, in one Inſtant, cancels a Series of long-continued Provocations.—So ſtrong are the Workings of fatherly Affection; that he is almoſt impatient to embrace the naked and deſtitute Wretch. The Son's Pace is ſlow, *He aroſe and came*; the Father's is ſwift, He ſprung forth (aged as he was) and *ran.* And is there a ſingle Frown in his Brow, or one upbraiding Word on his Tongue?—Inſtead of loathing the ſordid Greature, or reproaching him for his odious Exceſſes; he *falls* on his *Neck*, claſps him in his Arms, and hugs him to his Boſom. Inſtead of diſowning the riotous Spendthrift, or rejecting him for his undutiful Behaviour; He receives and welcomes him with *Kiſſes* of Delight. He rejoices, at his Return from Extravagance and Vice; as he formerly rejoiced, on the Day of his Nativity.—When this Companion of Harlots opens his Mouth, *before he ſpeaks, the Father hears.* He interrupts him, in the midſt of his intended Speech. The Overflowings of his compaſſionate Heart can brook no Delay. He ſeems to be *uneaſy* himſelf, till he has made the afflicted Penitent *glad*, with the Aſſurance of his Acceptance, and the choiceſt of his Favours.—While the poor abaſhed Offender ſeeks nothing more, than not to be abhorred; he is thoroughly reconciled, and honoured before the whole Family. While he requeſts no other Indulgence, than only to be treated as the *meaneſt Servant*; he is cloathed with the *beſt Robe*; he is feaſted with the *fatted Calf*; he is careſſed as the deareſt of Children.—Was there ever ſo bright and winning a Picture, of the tendereſt Mercy; moſt freely vouchſafed, even to the moſt unworthy of Creatures?

Yet *thus*, my Soul; and *thus*, my Fellow-ſinner; will the LORD GOD of everlaſting Compaſſions receive us; if, ſenſible of our Miſery, and thirſting for Salvation, we turn to him through JESUS CHRIST.

WHERE Sin has abounded, ſays the Proclamation from the Court of Heaven, *Grace doth much more abound.* —*Manaſſeh* was a Monſter of Barbarity; for He cauſed his own Children to paſs through the Fire, and filled *Jeruſalem* with innocent Blood. *Manaſſeh* was an Adept in Iniquity; for He not only multiplied, and to an extravagant Degree, his own ſacrilegious Impieties; but He poiſoned the Principles, and perverted the Manners of his Subjects, *making them to do worſe than the* moſt deteſtable of the *Heathen* Idolaters *. Yet, through this ſuper-abundant Grace, He is humbled; He is reformed; and becomes a Child of forgiving Love, an Heir of immortal Glory.—Behold that bitter and bloody Perſecutor *Saul*; when, breathing out Threatenings †, and bent upon Slaughter, he worried the Lambs, and put to Death the Diſciples of JESUS.

Who

* See 2 Chron. xxxiii.

† *Acts* ix. 1. Σαυλος ἐτι ἐμπνεων απειλης και φονου, *Saul yet breathing out Threatening and Slaughter.*—What a Repreſentation is here of a Mind, *mad* with *Rage*, and abandoned to the fierceſt Extremes of Barbarity! I ſcarce know, whether I am more *ſhocked* at the Perſecutor's ſavage Diſpoſition, or *charmed* with the Evangeliſt's lively Deſcription.—The Adverb ἐτι ſeems referable to Chap. viii. Ver. 3. and has, in this Connexion, a peculiar Force. The Havock he had committed, the inoffenſive Families he had *already* ruined, were not ſufficient to aſſuage his vengeful Spirit. They were only a *Taſte*; which, inſtead of glutting the Blood-hound, made him more cloſely purſue the Track, and more eagerly pant for Deſtruction. He is *ſtill* athirſt for Violence and Murder. So eager and inſatiable is his Thirſt, that he even *breathes out* Threatening and Slaughter. His Words are Spears and Arrows, and his Tongue a ſharp Sword. 'Tis as natural for him to *menace* the Chriſtians, as to breathe the Air.—Nay, they *bleed*

every

Who, upon the Principles of human Judgment, would not have pronounced *Him* a Veſſel of Wrath, deſtined to unavoidable Damnation? Nay, would not have been ready to conclude; that, if there were heavier Chains, and a deeper Dungeon, in the World of Woe; they muſt ſurely be reſerved, for ſuch an implacable Enemy of true Godlineſs? Yet, (admire, and adore, the inexhauſtible Treaſures of Grace!) this *Saul*, is admitted into the goodly Fellowſhip of the Prophets; is numbered with the noble Army of Martyrs, and makes a diſtinguiſhed Figure among the glorious Company of the Apoſtles.—The *Corinthians*, were flagitious even to a Proverb. Some of them wallowed in ſuch abominable Vices, and habituated themſelves to ſuch outrageous Acts of Injuſtice, as were a Reproach to human Nature. Yet, even theſe Sons of Violence, and Slaves of Senſuality, "were waſhed; were ſanctified; were juſtified *." *Waſhed*, in the precious Blood of a dying Redeemer; *ſanctified*, by the powerful Operations of the Bleſſed Spirit; *juſtified*, through the infinitely tender Mercies of a gracious GOD. Thoſe, who were once the Burden of the Earth, are now the Joy of Heaven, and the Delight of Angels.

THERE is another Inſtance in Scripture, which moſt loudly publiſhes that ſweeteſt of the Divine Names, *The LORD, the LORD GOD, merciful and gracious, long-ſuffering, and abundant in Goodneſs and Truth; keeping Mercy for Thouſands, forgiving Iniquity, Tranſgreſſion, and Sin* †. An Inſtance this, which exceeds all the former; which exceeds whatever can be imagined; which if I was to forget, the very Stones might

every Hour, every Moment, in the Purpoſes of his rancorous Heart. It is only owing to Want of Power, that every Syllable he utters, every Breath he draws, does not deal about Deaths, and cauſe ſome of the innocent Diſciples to fall.

* 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10, 11. † Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7.

cry out, and ſound it in my Ears. I mean the Caſe of thoſe Sinners, who murdered the *Prince of Peace*, and LORD of Glory.—Theſe Men, could ſcarce have the Shadow of an Excuſe for their Crime; hardly a Circumſtance, to extenuate their Guilt. They were well acquainted with his exemplary Converſation; they had often heard his heavenly Doctrines; they were almoſt daily Spectators of his unequalled Miracles. They therefore had all poſſible Reaſon to *honour* Him, as the moſt illuſtrious of Beings; and to *receive* his Goſpel, as the moſt ineſtimable of Bleſſings. Yet, notwithſtanding all theſe engaging Motives to love Him, even above their own Lives; they ſeize his Perſon; aſperſe his Character; drag him before a heathen Tribunal; and extort a Sentence of Death, againſt Innocence and Holineſs itſelf. Never was the *vileſt Slave*, ſo contumeliouſly abuſed; nor the moſt *execrable Malefactor*, ſo barbarouſly executed. The Sun was confounded at the ſhocking Scene; and one cannot but wonder, how the avenging Lightnings could with-hold their Flaſhes. The Earth trembled at the horrid Deed; and why, why did it not cleave aſunder, and open a Paſſage, for ſuch Blood-thirſty Miſcreants, into the nethermoſt Hell? Shall *Theſe* ever hope to obtain Forgiveneſs, from the righteous Judge? Shall not *Theſe* be conſigned over to inexorable Wrath, and the ſevereſt Torments?—O the miraculous Effects of Divine Grace! O the triumphant Goodneſs of GOD our Saviour! Many, even of *theſe* impious Wretches, at the Deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt, were convinced of their miſerable State; were wounded with penitential Remorſe; fled to the Sanctuary of the Croſs; had their Pardon ratified by the baptiſmal Seal; and, continuing in the Apoſtles Doctrine, were made Partakers of the Kingdom of Heaven. Where they now ſhine, as ſo many everlaſting *Monuments* of moſt diſtinguiſhed *Mercy*; and receive

ceive Beatitude paſt Utterance, from that very Redeemer, whom once " with wicked Hands they crucified and ſlew."

WELL might the Prophet cry out, with a pleaſing Amazement; " Who is a GOD like unto Thee, that " pardoneth Iniquity, and paſſeth by Tranſgreſſion *!" —Let all Fleſh know aſſuredly; let all Fleſh rejoice greatly; That with the LORD there is *ſuch Mercy*, and with his CHRIST *ſuch plentiful Redemption.*—And O! for the Voice of an Arch-Angel, to circulate the Glad-Tidings through the Univerſe. That the *American* Savage, as well as the *European* Sage, may learn the *exceeding Riches of Grace* in Chriſt. Through whoſe infinitely ſatisfying Propitiation, all Manner of Sin, Barbarity, and Blaſphemy, are freely forgiven unto Men.

WHAT a grand, and majeſtic *Dome*, is the Sky! Where are the *Pillars*, which ſupport the ſtately Concave? What Art, moſt exactly true, balanced the Preſſure? What Props, of inſuperable Strength, ſuſtain the Weight? How is that immeaſurable Arch *upheld*, unſhaken and unimpaired; while ſo many Generations of buſy Mortals, have *ſunk* and diſappeared, as Bubbles upon the Stream?—If thoſe Stars are of ſuch an amazing Bulk; how are they alſo *faſtened*, in their lofty Situation? By what Miracle in Mechanics, are ſo many Thouſands of ponderous Orbs, kept from falling upon our Heads; kept from daſhing, both the World to Pieces, and its Inhabitants to Death? Are they hung in golden, or adamantine, Chains? Reſt they their enormous Load, on Rocks of Marble, or Columns of Braſs?—No; they are *pendulous* in fluid Æther. Yet, are more immoveably *fixed*, than if the everlaſting

* Mic. vii. 18.

Mountains lent their Forefts, for an Axle-Tree; or their Ridges, for a Baſis. The Almighty Architect *ſtretches out the North*, and its whole ſtarry Train, *over the empty Place*. He *hangs the Earth*, and all the ethereal Globes, *upon nothing* *. Yet are their Foundations laid ſo ſure, that they can "never be moved at "any Time."

No unfit Repreſentation, to the *ſincere* Chriſtian, of his *final* Perſeverance †: ſuch as points out the Cauſe, which

* Job xxvi. 7.

† With Regard to the *final Perſeverance* of the true Believer; I am ſenſible, this Point is not a little controverted.—The Sentiments, which follow, are *my* ſtedfaſt Belief. It is by no Means proper, in a Work of this Nature, to enter upon a Diſcuſſion of the Subject. Neither have I Room, ſo much as to hint, what might be urged for its Support.—Let my Reader obſerve, that I am far from delivering it, as eſſential to Chriſtianity, or neceſſary to Salvation. Millions, of the very contrary Conviction, are, I doubt not, high in the Favour of GOD; and in a growing Meetneſs for his heavenly Kingdom. As I blame none for *rejecting*, none, I hope, will be offended with me for *eſpouſing*, this particular Doctrine.—To be of different Opinions, at leaſt in ſome inferior Inſtances, ſeems an unavoidable Conſequence of our preſent State: where *Ignorance*, in Part, cleaves to the wiſeſt Minds; and *Prejudice* eaſily beſets the moſt impartial Judgments. This may turn to our common Advantage; and afford Room for the Diſplay and Exerciſe of thoſe *healing* Virtues, Moderation, Meekneſs, and Forbearance.—Let me only be permitted to aſk, whether this Tenet does not evidently tend to eſtabliſh the *Comfort* of the Chriſtian, and to magnify the *Fidelity* of GOD our Saviour? Whether, far from countenancing Sloth, or encouraging Remiſſneſs, to *know* that our Labour ſhall not be in vain, is not the moſt prevailing Inducement to *abound* in the Work of the LORD? 1 *Cor.* xv. 58.

Is any One inclined to examine the Reaſons, which made the Author a Proſelyte to this Perſuaſion? He may find them diſplayed in the Memorial, delivered by ſeveral ſelect and eminent Divines of the Church of *England*, at the renowned Synod of *Dordt*.—(See *Acta Synod. Dordrech.* Par. II. Page 246. of the *Latin* Edition, publiſhed in a ſingle Quarto Volume.)—Thoſe, who have no Opportunity

which effects it; and conſtitutes the Pledge, which aſcertains it.—His Nature is all enfeebled. He is not able, of himſelf, to think a good Thought. He has no *viſible* Safeguard, nor any Sufficiency of his *own*. And yet, whole Legions of formidable Enemies, are in a Confederacy to compaſs his Ruin. The *World*, lays unnumbered Snares for his Feet: the *Devil*, is inceſſantly urging the Siege, by a Multitude of fiery Darts, or wily Temptations: the *Fleſh*, like a perfidious Inmate, under Colour of Friendſhip, and a ſpecious Pretence of Pleaſure, is always forward to betray his Integrity.—But, amidſt all theſe threatening Circumſtances, of perſonal Weakneſs, and imminent Danger, an inviſible Aid is his Defence. "*I will uphold* "*thee*, ſays the bleſſed GOD, *with the Right Hand of* "*my Righteouſneſs* *." Comfortable Truth! The Arm, which fixes the Stars in their Orders, and guides

tunity of conſulting the Memoirs of that venerable Aſſembly; I would refer to the Works of the indefatigable and very learned *Turretin*, or to thoſe of the candid and elegant *Witſius*.—Turret. Tom. II. Q. xvi. Witſ. Oecon. Lib. III. Cap. xiii.

The lateſt and fulleſt View of the Point, which I ever remember to have met with, in any of our *Engliſh* Writers, is in the *Lime-ſtreet Lectures*. Which are a Defence of ſeveral moſt important Doctrines of the Goſpel, and contained in two Octavo Volumes; the united Labours of *nine* modern Divines; moſt of whom, are *well* known to the World by their *other* evangelical and uſeful Writings. In thoſe Lectures, the final Perſeverance of the Saints, is very particularly ſtated; and, to *my* Apprehenſion at leaſt, moſt ſatisfactorily proved. The Arguments, uſually urged againſt *it*, are impartially conſidered; and I cannot but think (with all due Deference to the Judgment of others) unanſwerably confuted.

And here (not to ſwell this note any farther) I ſhall only juſt hint, that the judicious *Hooker* (an Authority, perhaps, as weighty and unexceptionable as any that can well be produced) gives a *ſolemn Atteſtation* to this Tenet, in a ſhort Diſcourſe on the Perpetuity of Faith, ſubjoined to his *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*. Fol. Edit.

* Iſa. xli. 10.

the Planets in their Courſe, is ſtretched out to preſerve the Heirs of Salvation. "—*My Sheep*, adds the great "Redeemer, *are mine: and they ſhall never periſh*; *neither ſhall any pluck them out of my Hand* *." What Words are theſe! And did they come from HIM, who hath all Power in Heaven, and on Earth? And were they ſpoke to the weakeſt of the Flock; to every unfeigned Follower of the great Shepherd? Then, Omnipotence itſelf muſt be *vanquiſhed*; before they can be *deſtroyed*, either by the Seductions of Fraud, or the Aſſaults of Violence.

IF you aſk therefore, What Security we have, of enduring to the End, and continuing faithful unto Death? —The very *ſame* that eſtabliſhes the Heavens, and ſettles the Ordinances of the Univerſe. Can *theſe* be thrown into Confuſion †? Then, may the true Believer draw back unto Perdition. Can the Sun be diſlodged from his Sphere, and ruſh lawleſly through the Sky? Then, and then only, can the Faith of GOD's Elect ‡ be *finally* overthrown.—Be of good Courage then, my Soul; rely on thoſe Divine Succours, which are ſo ſolemnly ſtipulated, ſo faithfully promiſed. Though thy Grace be languid, as the glimmering Spark; though the Overflowings of Corruption, threaten it with total Extinction; yet, ſince the great JEHOVAH has undertaken to cheriſh the dim Principle, "many "Waters cannot quench it, nor all the Floods drown "it." Nay, though it were feeble as the *ſmoaking Flax* §, Goodneſs and Faithfulneſs ſtand engaged, to augment

* John x. 28. † Jer. xxxi. 35, 36. ‡ Tit. i. 2.

§ The *Tenderneſs* and *Faithfulneſs* of GOD to his People, are finely pictured by the Prophet *Iſaiah*, Chap. xliii. Ver. 3. Which Paſſage, becauſe of its rich Conſolation, and uncommon Beauty, is deſervedly adopted by St. *Matthew*, and ingrafted into the Syſtem of evangelical Truths.—*He will not* himſelf *break*, nor ſuffer to be broken by any other, *the bruiſed Reed*; *nor quench the ſmoaking Flax.*

augment the Heat; to raiſe the Fire, and feed the Flame; till it beam forth, a Lamp of immortal Glory, in the Heavens.

As to the *Faithfulneſs* of a covenanting GOD, this may be emblematically ſeen, in the Stability of the heavenly Bodies, and the Perpetuity of their Motions *.—Thoſe that are *fixed* or *ſtationary*, continue unalterable in their grand Elevations. No injurious Shocks; no Violence of conflicting Elements; are able to diſplace thoſe everlaſting Hinges, on which dependent Worlds revolve. Through the whole Flight of Time, they recede not, ſo much as a Hair's Breadth, from the preciſe central Point of their reſpective Syſtems.—While the *Erratic* or *Planetary*, perform their prodigious Stages, without any Intermiſſion, or the leaſt Embarraſſment. How ſoon, and how eaſily, is the moſt finiſhed Piece of human Machinery diſconcerted! But all the celeſtial Movements, are ſo nicely adjuſted; all their Operations, ſo critically proportioned; and their mutual Dependencies, ſo ſtrongly connected; that

Flax. Was it poſſible, to have choſen two more delicate, and expreſſive Repreſentations?—Could any Image, be more ſignificant of a very infirm, and enfeebled *Faith*; than the flexile *Reed*, that bends before every Wind? Which, beſides its natural Weakneſs, is made abundantly weaker by being *bruiſed*: and ſo, is ready to fall in Pieces of itſelf.—Or could any Thing, with a more pathetical Exactneſs, deſcribe the extreme Imbecility, of that other Principle of the Divine Life, *Love*? The State of the *Flax*, juſt beginning to burn, is liable to be put out by the leaſt Blaſt: more liable ſtill, is the *Wick* of the Lamp, when it is not ſo much as kindled into a glimmering Flame, but only *breathing Smoke*, and uncertain whether it ſhall take Fire or no.—Yet true Faith, and heavenly Love, though ſubſiſting amidſt ſuch pitiable Infirmities, will not be abandoned by their great Author; ſhall not be extinguiſhed by any Temptations; but be maintained, invigorated, and made finally triumphant. *Matt.* xii. 20.

* Pſal. cxix. 89, 90.

they

they prolong their beneficial Courſes, throughout all Ages.—While *mighty Cities* are overwhelmed with Ruin, and their very Names loſt in Oblivion: While *vaſt Empires* are ſwept from their Foundations, and leave not ſo much as a ſhadowy Trace of their ancient Magnificence: While *all terreſtrial* Things are ſubject to Viciſſitude, and fluctuating in Uncertainty: *Theſe* are permanent in their Duration. *Theſe* are invariable in their Functions. "Not one faileth."—Who doubts the conſtant Succeſſion, of Day and Night; or the regular Returns, of Summer and Winter? And why, O! why ſhall we doubt the *Veracity* of GOD, or diſtruſt the *Accompliſhment* of his holy Word? Can the Ordinances of Heaven depart? Then only can GOD forget to be gracious; or neglect the Performance of his Promiſe.—Nay, our LORD gives us yet firmer Ground of Affiance. He affords us a ſurer Bottom for our Faith, than the *Fundamental Laws* of the Univerſe. *Heaven and Earth*, He ſays, *ſhall paſs away*; *but my Word ſhall not*, in a ſingle Inſtance, or in one Tittle of their Import, *paſs away*. No. his ſacred Word, whatever may obſtruct it; whoever may oppoſe it; ſhall be fulfilled to the very uttermoſt.

O powerful Word! How aſtoniſhing is its Efficacy! When this Word was iſſued forth, a thouſand Worlds emerged out of nothing. Should the mighty Orders be repeated, a thouſand more would ſpring into Exiſtence. By this Word, the vaſt Syſtem of created Things is *upheld*, in conſtant and immutable Perfection. Should it give command, or ceaſe to exert its Energy; the univerſal Frame would be diſſolved, and all Nature revert to her original Chaos. And this very Word is *pledged* for the Safety, the Comfort, the Happineſs of the Godly. This inviolable, this Almighty Word, *ſpeaks* in all the Promiſes of the Goſpel.—How ſtrangely infatuated are our Souls, that we ſhould value it ſo little?

little? What Infidels are we in fact, that we ſhould depend upon it no more! Did it *create*, whatever has a Being; and ſhall it not *work* Faith, in our Breaſts? Do unnumbered Worlds, owe their Support to this Word; and ſhall it not be ſufficient, to buoy up our Souls in Troubles, or eſtabliſh them in Trials? Is it the *Life* of the Univerſe, and ſhall it be a *dead* Letter to Mankind?

If I wiſh to be heard, when I implore heavenly Bleſſings; is not *this Privilege* moſt clearly made over to my Enjoyment, in that well-known Text, "aſk, and it ſhall be given you *?"—If I long for the Eternal Comforter, to dwell in my Heart, and ſanctify my Nature; have I not an apparent Title to this *high Prerogative*, conferred in that ſweet aſſertive Interrogation; "How much more ſhall your heavenly Father, give "the Holy Spirit to thoſe that aſk him †?"—If I earneſtly covet the ineſtimable Treaſures, that are compriſed in the great Immanuel's Mediation; can I have a firmer Claim to the *noble Portion*, than is granted in that moſt precious Scripture; "Him that cometh "to Me, I will in no-wiſe caſt out ‡?"—What Aſſurance, of being intereſted in theſe unſpeakable Mercies, would I deſire? What *Form* of *Conveyance*; what *Deed* of *Settlement*; were it left to my own Option, ſhould I chooſe? Here is the Word of a King; the King immortal and inviſible; all whoſe Declarations § are Truth itſelf.—If a Monarch beſtows Immunities on a Body of Men, and confirms them by an authentic Charter; no one controverts, no one queſtions, their Right

* Matt. vii. 7. † Luke xi. 13. ‡ John vi. 37.

§ ——— If *theſe* fail,
The pillar'd Firmament is Rottenneſs,
And Earth's Baſe built on Stubble. Milt. *Comus.*

to

to the Royal Favours. And why ſhould we ſuſpect the *Validity* of thoſe glorious Grants, which are made by the everlaſting Sovereign of Nature; which He has alſo *ratified* by an Oath, and *ſealed* with the Blood of his Son?—Corporations may be diſfranchiſed, and Charters revoked. Even Mountains may be removed, and Stars drop from their Spheres. But a Tenure, founded on the Divine Promiſe, is unalienably *ſecure*; is *laſting*, as Eternity itſelf.

WE have endeavoured to ſpell a *Syllable* of the eternal Name, in the ancient Manuſcript of the Sky. We have catched a *Glympſe* of the Almighty's Glory, from the Luſtre of innumerable Stars. But, would we behold all his Excellencies, pourtrayed in *full* Perfection; and drawn to the very Life; let us attentively conſider the REDEEMER.—I obſerve, there are ſome Parts of the Firmament, in which the Stars ſeem, as it were, to *cluſter*. They are ſown thicker, they lie cloſer, than uſual; and ſtrike the Eye with redoubled Splendor. Like the Jewels on a Crown, they mingle their Beams; and reflect an Increaſe of Brilliancy, on each other.—Is there not ſuch an Aſſemblage, ſuch a *Conſtellation* of the Divine Honours, moſt amiably effulgent in the bleſſed JESUS?

DOES not infinite *Wiſdom** ſhine, with ſurpaſſing Brightneſs, in CHRIST? To the Making of a World, there was no Obſtacle; but to the Saving of Man, there ſeemed to be unſurmountable Bars. If the Rebel is ſuffered to eſcape; where is the *inflexible Juſtice*, which denounces "Death as the Wages of Sin?" If the Offender is thoroughly pardoned; where is the *inviolable Veracity*, which has ſolemnly declared, "The "Soul that ſinneth, ſhall die?" Theſe awful Attributes

* See the next Note.

are ſet in terrible Array; and, like an inpenetrable Battalion, oppoſe the Salvation of apoſtate Mankind. Who can ſuggeſt a Method to *abſolve* the traiterous Race; yet vindicate the Honours of Almighty Sovereignty? This is an Intricacy, which, the moſt exalted finite Intelligences, are unable to clear.—But, behold the *unſearchable Secret* revealed! revealed, in the wonderful Redemption, accompliſhed by a dying Saviour! So plainly revealed, that "He who runs may read;" and even *Babes* underſtand, what Minds of the deepeſt Penetration could not contrive.—The Son of GOD, taking our Nature, obeys the Law, and undergoes Death, in our Stead. By this means, the threatened *Curſe* is executed, in all its Rigour; and free *Grace* is exerciſed, in all its Riches. Juſtice maintains her Rights, and, with a ſteady Hand, adminiſters impartial Vengeance; while Mercy diſpenſes her Pardons, and welcomes the repentant Criminal into the tendereſt Embraces. Hereby, the ſeemingly thwarting Attributes are reconciled. The Sinner is ſaved, not only in *full Conſiſtence*, with the Honour of the ſupreme Perfections; but to the moſt *illuſtrious Manifeſtation* of them all.

WHERE does the Divine *Power** ſo ſignally exert itſelf, as in the Croſs of CHRIST, and in the Conqueſts of Grace!—Our LORD, in his loweſt State of Humiliation, gained a more glorious Victory; than when, through the dividing Sea, and the waſte howling Wilderneſs, "He rode upon his Chariots and Horſes of "Salvation." When his Hands were riveted, with

* CHRIST, *the Wiſdom of GOD, and the Power of GOD.* 1 Cor. i. 24.—*To the Intent that now, unto the Principalities and Powers in heavenly Places, might be known by the Church* (by the amazing Contrivance, and Accompliſhment of its Redemption) *the* deep, extenſive, and (πολυποικιλος) *greatly diverſified Wiſdom of GOD.* Eph. iii. 10.

Irons,

Irons, to the bloody Tree; He diſarmed Death of its Sting, and plucked the Prey from the Jaws of Hell. Then, even then, while he was crucified in *Weakneſs*, He vanquiſhed the *ſtrong Man*, and ſubdued our moſt formidable Enemies. Even then, he ſpoiled Principalities; triumphed over the Powers of Darkneſs; and led Captivity captive.—Now he is exalted to his heavenly Throne, with what a prevailing Efficacy does his Grace go forth, "conquering, and to conquer!"—By this, the *Slaves* of Sin are reſcued from their Bondage, and reſtored to the *Liberty* of Righteouſneſs. By this, depraved Wretches, whoſe Appetites were *ſenſual*, and their Diſpoſitions *deviliſh*; are not only renewed, but renewed after the Image of GOD, and made Partakers of a *Divine* Nature. Millions, Millions of loſt Creatures are ſnatched, by the Interpoſition of Grace, like *Brands* from the Burning; and, tranſlated into everlaſting Manſions, ſhine brighter than the *Stars*, ſhine bright as the *Sun*, in the Kingdom of their Father.

WOULD you then ſee an incomparably more bright Diſplay of the Divine Excellence, than the unſpotted Firmament, the Spangles of Heaven, or the golden Fountain of Day exhibit? Contemplate JESUS of *Nazareth*. He is the Brightneſs of his Father's Glory, and the expreſs Image of his Perſon. In his immaculate Nature; in his heavenly Tempers; in his moſt holy Life; the *moral Perfections* of the Deity are repreſented, to the higheſt Advantage *.—Hark! how *Mercy*, with her charming Voice, ſpeaks in all He utters. See! how *Benevolence* pours her choiceſt Stores, in all He does. Did ever *Compaſſion* look ſo amiably ſoft, as in thoſe pitying Tears; which ſwelled his Eyes, and trickled down his Cheeks, to bedew the Rancour of

* In this Senſe, that Saying of our LORD is eminently true, *He that hath ſeen ME, hath ſeen the FATHER.* John xiv. 9.

his

his inveterate Enemies?—Was it poſſible for *Patience* to aſſume a Form ſo lovely; as that ſweetly-winning Conduct, which bore the Contradiction of Sinners? Which intreated the Obſtinate, to be reconciled; beſought the Guilty, not to die?—In other Things, we may find ſome *ſcattered* Rays of JEHOVAH's Glory; but in CHRIST they are all collected and united. In CHRIST, they beam forth, with the ſtrongeſt Radiance, with the moſt delightful Effulgence. *Out of Sion*, and in *Sion*'s great Redeemer, *hath GOD appeared in perfect Beauty.*

SEARCH then, my Soul, above all other Purſuits, ſearch the Records of redeeming Love. Let theſe be the principal Object of thy Study. Here employ thyſelf, with the moſt unwearied Aſſiduity.—*In theſe are hid all the Treaſures of Wiſdom and Knowledge* *. *Such Wiſdom*; as charms and aſtoniſhes the very Angels: Engages their cloſeſt Attention, and fills them with the deepeſt Adoration †. *Such Knowledge*; as qualifies the

* *Coloſſ.* ii. 3.—Not a mean Degree, but a *Treaſure*; not one Treaſure, but *many*; not many only, but *all* Treaſures, of true Wiſdom, and ſaving Knowledge; are in CHRIST, and his glorious Goſpel.—The tranſcendent *Excellency* of thoſe Treaſures ſeems to be finely intimated, in that other Expreſſion ἀπόκρυφοι, *hid*; (which may be interpreted by the *Hebrew* טְמוּנִים, *Job* iii. 21.) *laid up*, with the utmoſt Care, and the greateſt Safety. Not left at all Adventures, to be ſtumbled upon, by every giddy Wanderer; or to fall into the Arms of the yawning Sluggard; but, like Jewels of the brighteſt Luſtre, or Riches of the higheſt Value, *kept in Store* to adorn and reward the diligent Searcher.

† This, I believe, is the *Import* of the Apoſtle's Language, though it is not a *literal* Tranſlation of εἰς ἃ ἐπιθυμοῦσιν ἄγγελοι παρακύψαι. 1 *Pet.* i. 12.—I never had ſuch a lively Apprehenſion of the beautiful Significancy of the laſt Word, as when I have attended a Diſſection of ſome Part of the animal Body. In order to diſcern the *Minutiæ* of the admirable Frame; the latent Wonders of Art

the Poſſeſſor, if not for Offices of Dignity on Earth, yet for the moſt honourable Advancements in the Kingdom of Heaven. Diſunited from which Knowledge, all Application is but elaborate Impertinence; and all Science, no better than pompous Ignorance.—Theſe Records contain the faultleſs Model of Duty, and the nobleſt Motives to Obedience. Nothing ſo powerful, to work a lively Faith, and a joyful Hope; as an attentive Conſideration of our LORD's unutterable Merits. Nothing ſo ſovereign, to antidote the peſtilential Influence of the World, and deliver our Affections from a Slavery to ignoble Objects; as an habitual Remembrance of his extreme Agonies. The genuine, the ever-fruitful *Source* of all *Morality*, is the unfeigned Love of CHRIST; and the Croſs, the CROSS, is the appointed* *Altar*, from which we may fetch a Coal †, to inkindle this ſacred Fire.

BEHOLD, therefore, *the Man*; the matchleſs and ſtupendous Man; whoſe Practice was a Pattern of the moſt exalted Virtue, and his Perſon the Mirror of every Divine Perfection. Examine the Memoirs of his heavenly Temper, and exemplary

Art and Mechaniſm; the Eye is ſo ſharpened, and its Application ſo *intenſely bended*, as gives a very juſt *experimental* Comment on that expreſſive Phraſe, παρακυψαι.—With ſuch earneſt Attention, is the everlaſting Goſpel contemplated, by the *Angelic* Orders! How much more, if it were poſſible, does it deſerve the devout and inceſſant Conſideration of *human* Minds? Since by *them*, it is not only to be ſpeculated, as a bright and raviſhing Diſplay of the Divine Attributes; but to be applied to their fallen Nature, as a moſt benign Scheme of *recovering* Grace; as the ſure and only Method of obtaining Life and Immortality.

* *And I*, ſays our LORD, *if I be liſted up from the Earth*, and extended on the Croſs, *will draw all men unto me*: will give ſuch a rich and tranſcendent Diſplay of *my* Love, as ſhall conſtitute the moſt powerful and prevailing Attractive of *theirs*. *John* xii. 32.

† Alluding to *Iſaiah* vi. 6.

Con-

Converſation. Contemplate that *Choir* of *Graces*, which were aſſociated in his Mind, and ſhed the higheſt Luſtre on all his Actions. Familiarize to thy Thoughts his inſtructive Diſcourſes, and enter into the very Spirit of his refined Doctrines. That the Graces may be tranſfuſed into thy Breaſt, and the Doctrines tranſcribed in thy Life.—Follow Him to *Calvary*'s horrid Eminence; to *Calvary*'s fatal Cataſtrophe. Where Innocence, Dignity, and Merit, were *made perfect through Sufferings:* each ſhining, with all poſſible Splendor, through the tragical Scene; ſomewhat like his own radiant Bow, then glowing with the greateſt Beauty, when appearing on the darkeſt Cloud.—Be thy moſt conſtant Attention fixed, on that lovely and ſorrowful Spectacle. Behold the ſpotleſs Victim, nailed to the Tree, and ſtabbed to the Heart. Hear him pouring out Prayers, for his Murderers; before He poured out his Soul, for Tranſgreſſors. See the Wounds, that ſtream with Forgiveneſs, and *bleed Balm* for a diſtempered World. O! ſee the Juſtice of the Almighty and his Goodneſs; his Mercy and his Vengeance; every *tremendous* and *gracious* Attribute manifeſted; manifeſted with inexpreſſible Glory, in that moſt *ignominious*, yet *grandeſt*, of Tranſactions.

Since God is ſo inconceivably great, as theſe his marvellous Works declare;

Since the great Sov'reign ſends Ten Thouſand Worlds,
To tell us, He reſides above them all,
In Glory's unapproachable Receſs *;

how

* For this *Quotation*, and ſeveral valuable *Hints*, I acknowledge myſelf indebted to thoſe beautiful and ſublime Poems, intituled *Night-Thoughts*.—Of which I ſhall only ſay, That I receive freſh Pleaſure, and richer Improvement, from every renewed Peruſal.

how can We forbear haſtening, with *Moſes*, bowing Ourſelves to the Earth, and worſhipping?

O! what an honourable, as well as advantageous Employ, is Prayer!—*Advantageous.* By Prayer, We cultivate that improving Correſpondence with JEHOVAH, We carry on that gladdening Intercourſe with his SPIRIT, which muſt begin Here, in order to be completed in Eternity.—*Honourable.* By Prayer, we have Acceſs to that mighty Potentate; whoſe Sceptre ſways univerſal Nature, and whoſe rich Regalia fill the Skies with Luſtre. Prayer, places us in his Preſence-Chamber; while "the Blood of Sprinkling," procures us a gracious Audience.

SHALL I then *bluſh* to be found proſtrate, before the Throne of Grace? Shall I be *aſhamed* to have it known; that I offer up ſocial Supplications in the Family, or am conſcientious in obſerving my private Retirements? Rather, let me glory in this unſpeakable Privilege. Let me reckon it the *nobleſt* Poſture, to fall low on my Knees before his Footſtool; and the *higheſt* Honour to enjoy Communion with his moſt exalted Majeſty.—Incomparably more noble, than to ſit, in Perſon, on the triumphal Chariot; or to ſtand, in Effigy, amidſt the Temple of Worthies.

MOST ineſtimable, in ſuch a View, is that Promiſe; which ſo often occurs in the prophetic Writings, and is the crowning Benefit of the new Covenant, *I will*

And, I think, I ſhall have Reaſon to bleſs the indulgent Beſtower of all Wiſdom, for thoſe inſtructive and animating Compoſitions, even in my laſt Moments. Than which, nothing can more emphatically ſpeak their *ſuperior Excellence*, nor give a more ſolid Satisfaction to their worthy Author.—Happy ſhould I think myſelf, if theſe little Sketches of contemplative Devotion, might be honoured with the *moſt inferior* Degree of the ſame Succeſs. Might receive a Teſtimony, not from the Voice of Fame, but from the dying Lips of ſome edified Chriſtian.

*be thy God**.—Will this ſupremely excellent, and Almighty Being, vouchſafe to be *my* Portion? To ſettle upon a poor Sinner, not the Heritage of a County; not the Poſſeſſion of the whole Earth; but his *own* everbleſſed *Self?* May I then, through his free condeſcending Grace, and the unknown Merits of his Son, look upon all theſe infinitely noble Attributes as my Treaſure? May I regard the *Wiſdom*, which ſuperintends ſuch a Multitude of Worlds, as my Guide; the *Power*, which produced, and preſerves them in Exiſtence, as my Guard; the *Goodneſs*, which, by an endleſs Communication of Favours, renders them all ſo many Habitations of Happineſs, as *my exceeding great Reward?* —What a Fund of Felicity, is included in ſuch a Bleſſing! How often does the *Iſraelitiſh* Prince exult in the Aſſurance, that this unutterable and boundleſs Good is his own? Intereſted in this, he bids Defiance to every Evil, that can be dreaded; and reſts in certain Expectation of every Bleſſing, that can be deſired. The *LORD is my Light, and my Salvation; whom then ſhall I fear? The LORD*, with an Air of Exultation, he repeats both his Affiance, and his Challenge, *is the Strength of my Life; of whom then ſhall I be afraid*†? Nothing ſo effectual, as this appropriating Faith, to inſpire a Dignity of Mind, ſuperior to tranſitory Trifles; or to create a Calmneſs of Temper, unalarmed by vulgar Fears, unappalled by Death itſelf. —*The LORD is my Shepherd*, ſays the ſame truly gallant and heroic Perſonage: *therefore ſhall I lack nothing*‡. How is it poſſible, He ſhould ſuffer Want, who has the All-ſufficient Fulneſs for his Supply? So long as unerring Wiſdom is capable of contriving the Means; ſo long as uncontroulable Power is able to execute them; ſuch a One cannot fail of being ſafe and

* Heb. viii. 10. † Pſal. xxvii. 1. ‡ Pſal. xxiii. 1.

happy; whether he continue amidſt the Viciſſitudes of Time, or depart into the unchangeable Eternity.

Here, let us ſtand a Moment, and humbly contemplate this great God, together with ourſelves, in a relative View.—If we reflect on the Works of *material* Nature, their Number incomprehenſible, and their Extent unmeaſurable: each of them apart, ſo admirably framed; the Connections of the Whole, ſo exquiſitely regulated; and all derived, from one and the ſame glorious Agent.—If we recollect the far more noble Accompliſhments of elegant Taſte, and diſcerning Judgment; of refined Affections, and exalted Sentiments; which are to be found, among the ſeveral Orders of *intelligent* Exiſtence: and all of them flowing, in rich Emanations, from the one ſole Fountain of intellectual Light—If we farther conſider this Author of material Beauty, and moral Excellency, as a *Guardian*, a *Governor*, and *Benefactor* to all his Creatures: ſupporting the whole Syſtem, and protecting each Individual, by an ever-watchful Providence; preſiding over the minuteſt Affairs, and cauſing all Events to terminate in the moſt extenſive Good; heaping, with unremitted Liberality, his Benefits upon every capable Object, and making the Circuit of the Univerſe a Seminary of Happineſs—Is it poſſible for the human Heart, under ſuch captivating Views, to be *indifferent* towards this moſt benign, moſt bountiful Original of Being and of Bliſs? Can any be ſo immerſed in Stupidity, as to ſay unto the Almighty—in the Language of an irreligious Temper, and licentious Life, to ſay? "Depart from Us; "we implore not thy Favour; nor deſire the Know-"ledge of thy Ways."—Wonder, O *Heavens!* be amazed, O *Earth!* and let the Inhabitants of *both* expreſs their Aſtoniſhment, at this unparalleled Complication of diſingenuous, ungrateful, deſtructive Perverſeneſs!

If we conſider our *fallen* and *imperfect* State; frail in our Bodies; enfeebled in our Minds; in every Part of our Conſtitution, and in all the Occurrences of Life, "like a tottering Wall, or a broken Hedge."—If we ſurvey our *indigent* and *infirm* State; without Holineſs; without ſpiritual Strength; our Poſſeſſion of preſent Conveniencies, intirely dependent on God's ſovereign Pleaſure; yea, forfeited, juſtly forfeited, with every future Hope, by a thouſand aggravated Iniquities.—If we add the various *Diſaſters* of our Condition; agitated as we are by tumultuous Paſſions; oppreſſed with diſpiriting Fears; held in Suſpenſe by a Variety of perplexing* Cares: liable to Pains, and expoſed to Troubles; Troubles from every Quarter; Troubles of every Kind—Can we, amidſt ſo many Wants, under ſuch deplorable Infirmities, and ſubject to ſuch diſaſtrous Accidents—can we be unconcerned, whether God's omnipotent, irreſiſtible, all-conducting Hand be *againſt* Us, or *for* Us? Imagination itſelf ſhudders at the Thought!—Can we reſt ſatisfied, without a well-grounded

* *Perplexing*—Thoſe who read the original Language of the New Teſtament, are ſufficiently apprized, that ſuch is the *Signification* of that benevolent Diſſuaſive, urged by our Lord, μη μεριμνατε, *Matt.* vi. 25.—I beg Leave, for the Sake of the *unlearned* Reader, to obſerve; That our Tranſlation, though for the moſt Part faithful and excellent, has here miſrepreſented our Divine Maſter's Meaning. *Take no Thought* for your Food, for your Raiment, for your bodily Welfare, is not only not the true Senſe, but the very Reverſe of the Scriptural Doctrine. We are required to take a *prudent* and *moderate* Thought, for the Neceſſaries of Life. The Sluggard, who neglects this decent Precaution, is ſeverely reprimanded; is ſent to one of the meaneſt Animals, to bluſh for his Folly, and learn Diſcretion from her Conduct, *Prov.* vi. 6. Our Saviour's Precept, and the exact Senſe of his Expreſſion, is, Take no *anxious* Thought; indulge no *perplexing* Care. No ſuch Care, as may argue an unreaſonable *Diſtruſt* of Providence; or may *rend* and *tear* your Minds with diſtreſſing, with pernicious Solicitude.

Perſuaſion, that we are *reconciled* to this ſupreme LORD, and the Objects of this unchangeable Goodneſs!—If there be an abandoned Wretch, whoſe Apprehenſions are ſo fatally blinded; who is ſo utterly loſt to all Senſe of his Duty, and of his Intereſt; let me bewail his *Miſery*, while I abhor his Impiety. Bewail his Miſery; though Popularity, with her choiceſt Laurels, adorn his Brow; though Affluence, with her richeſt Delicacies, load his Table; though half a Nation, or half a World, conſpire to call him *happy*.

MAY I, by a believing Application, ſolace myſelf in this everlaſting Source of Love, Perfection, and Joy! Grant me this Requeſt, and I aſk no more.—Only, that I may expect, not with a reluctant Anxiety, but with a ready Chearfulneſs, the Arrival of that important Hour; when this Veil of Fleſh ſhall drop, and the Shadows of Mortality flee away. When I ſhall no longer complain of *obſcure* Knowledge; *languid* Affections; and *imperfect* Fruition—but ſhall ſee the uncreated and immortal Majeſty. *See* Him, not in this diſtant and unaffecting Method, of reaſoning from his Works; but with the moſt clear and direct Intuition of the Mind.—When I ſhall *love* Him, not with a cold and contracted Spirit; but with the moſt lively and inlarged Emotions of Gratitude.—When I ſhall inceſſantly *enjoy* the Light of his Countenance; and be united, inſeparably united to his all-glorious GODHEAD.—Take, ye Ambitious, unenvied and unoppoſed, take to yourſelves the Toys of State. May I be enabled to *rejoice* in this bleſſed Hope; and to *triumph* in that amiable, that adorable, that delightful Name, the LORD MY GOD! And I ſhall ſcarce beſtow a Thought, on the ſplendid Pageantry of the World, unleſs it be to *deſpiſe* its empty Pomp, and to *pity* its deluded Admirers.

ALL

ALL theſe Bodies, though immenſe in their Size, and almoſt infinite in their Multitude, are *obedient* to the Divine Command. The GOD of Wiſdom "telleth their Numbers," and is intimately acquainted with their various Properties. The GOD of Power "calleth them all by their Names," and aſſigns them whatſoever Office He pleaſes.—He *marſhals* all the ſtarry Legions, with infinitely greater Eaſe, and nicer Order; than the moſt expert General, arranges his diſciplined Troops. He appoints their *Poſts*; he marks their *Route*; he fixes the Time for their *Return*. The Poſts, which he appoints, they occupy, without fail. In the Route, which he ſettles, they perſevere, without the leaſt Deviation. And to the Inſtants, which he fixes for their Return, they are preciſely punctual.—He has given them a *Law*, which, through a long Revolution of Ages, ſhall not be broken; unleſs his ſovereign Will interpoſes, for its *Repeal*. Then indeed, the Motion of the celeſtial Orbs is controuled; their Action remains ſuſpended; or their Influence receives a new Direction.—The *Sun*, at his Creation, iſſued forth with a Command, to travel perpetually through the Heavens. Since which, he has never neglected to perform the great Circuit; "rejoicing as a "Giant to run his Race." But, when it is requiſite to accompliſh the Purpoſes of Divine Love, the Orders are countermanded; the flaming Courier remits his Career; *ſtands ſtill in Gibeon* †; and, for the Con-

* "The Planets, and all the innumerable Hoſt of heavenly "Bodies, perform their Courſes and Revolutions, with ſo much "Certainty and Exactneſs, as never once to fail; but, for almoſt "6000 Years, come conſtantly about to the ſame Period, in the "hundredth Part of a Minute." STACKHOUSE's *Hiſt. Bible.*

† This is ſpoken in Conformity to the Scripture Language, and according to the common Notion. With reſpect to the Power which effected the Alteration; it is much the ſame Thing, and alike miraculous; whether the Sun, or the Earth, be ſuppoſed to move.

veniency of the choſen People, holds back the falling Day.—The *Moon* was diſpatched with a Charge, never to intermit her revolving Courſe, till Day and Night come to an End. But when the Children of Providence, are to be favoured with an uncommon Continuance of Light, ſhe halts in her March; makes a ſolemn Pauſe *in the Valley of Ajalon* *; and delays to bring on her attendant Train of Shadows.—When the Enemies of the LORD are to be diſcomfited, the *Stars* are levied into the Service; the Stars are armed, and take the Field; *the Stars, in their Courſes, fought againſt Siſera* †.

So dutiful is material Nature! So obſequious, in *all* her *Forms*, to her Creator's Pleaſure!—The bellow-

* *Joſh.* x. 12, 13.—The Prophet *Habakkuk*, according to his lofty Manner, celebrates this Event; and points out, in very poetical Diction, the Deſign of ſo ſurpriſing a Miracle.—*The Sun and Moon ſtood ſtill in their Habitation: In the Light*, the long-continued and miraculous Light, *thy Arrows*, edged with Deſtruction, *walked* on their awful Errand; *in the clear Shining* of the Day, protracted for this very Purpoſe, *thy glittering Spear*, launched by thy People, but guided by thy Hand, ſprung to its Prey. *Hab.* iii. 11.

† *Judg.* v. 20.——The ſcriptural Phraſe *fought againſt*, will, I hope, be a proper *Warrant* for every Expreſſion, I have uſed on this Occaſion.——The Paſſage is generally ſuppoſed to ſignify, that ſome very dreadful *Meteors* (which the Stars were thought to influence) ſuch as fierce Flaſhes of *Lightning*; impetuous Showers of *Rain*; and rapid Storms of *Hail*; were employed by the Almighty to terrify, annoy, and overthrow the Enemies of *Iſrael*. If ſo, there cannot be a more clear and lively Paraphraſe on the Text, than thoſe fine Lines of a *Jewiſh* Writer.—*His ſevere Wrath ſhall HE ſharpen for a Sword*; *and* the World *ſhall* fight *with him* againſt *the Ungodly*. *Then, ſhall the* right-aiming Thunderbolts *go abroad*; *and from the* Clouds, *as from a* well-drawn Bow, *ſhall they fly to the Mark*. *And* Hail-ſtones, *full of Wrath, ſhall be caſt out of a Stone Bow*; *and the* Water *of the Sea ſhall rage againſt them*; *and the* Floods (as was the Caſe of the River *Kiſhon*) *ſhall cruelly drown them*. *Yea, a mighty* Wind *ſhall ſtand up againſt them*; *and, like a* Storm, *ſhall blow them away*. Wiſd. v. 20, 21, 22, 23.

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ing Thunders, liſten to his Voice; and the vollied Lightnings, obſerve the Direction of his Eye. The flying Storm, and impetuous Whirwind, wear his Yoke. The raging Waves revere his Nod: they ſhake the Earth; they daſh the Skies; yet, never offer to paſs the Limits, which he has preſcribed.—Even the planetary Spheres; though vaſtly *larger*, than this wide-extended Earth; are, in his Hand, as *Clay* in the Hands of the Potter. Though, *ſwifter* than the Northern Blaſt, they ſweep the long Tracts of Æther; yet, are they guided by his Reins, and execute whatever He injoins.—All thoſe enormous Globes of *central* Fire, which beam through the boundleſs Azure; in compariſon of which, an Army of Planets, were like a Swarm of Summer Inſects; thoſe, even thoſe, are conformable to his Will, as the *melting Wax* to the impreſſed Seal.—Since *all*, ALL is obedient, throughout the whole Aſcent of Things, ſhall Man be the *only Rebel* againſt the Almighty Maker? Shall theſe unruly *Appetites*, reject his Government, and refuſe their Allegiance? Shall theſe headſtrong *Paſſions*, break looſe from Divine Reſtraint; and run wild, in exorbitant Sallies, after their own Imaginations?

O MY Soul, be ſtung with Remorſe, and overwhelmed with Confuſion, at the Thought! Is it not a righteous Thing, that the bleſſed GOD ſhould ſway the Sceptre, with the moſt abſolute Authority, over all the Creatures, which his Power has formed? Eſpecially over thoſe Creatures; whom his diſtinguiſhing Favour, has enduced with the noble Principle of Reaſon, and made capable of a bliſsful Immortality? Sure, if all the Ranks of inanimate Exiſtence, conform to their Maker's Decree, by the *Neceſſity* of their Nature; this more excellent Race of Beings, ſhould pay their equal Homage,

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by the *willing* Compliance of their Affections *.—Come then, all ye *Faculties* of my *Mind*; come, all ye *Powers* of my *Body*; give up yourſelves, without a Moment's Delay, without the leaſt Reſerve, to his Governance. Stand, like dutiful Servants, at his Footſtool; in an everlaſting Readineſs, to *do* whatſoever He requires; to *be* whatſoever He appoints. To further, with united Efforts, the Purpoſes of his Glory in this earthly Scene: or elſe to ſeparate, without Reluctance, at his Summons; the *one*, to ſleep in the ſilent Duſt; the *other*, to advance his Honour, in ſome remoter Colony of his Kingdom.—Thus, may I join with all the Works of the LORD, in all Places of his Dominion, to recognize his univerſal Supremacy; and proclaim Him Sovereign of Souls, as well as Ruler of Worlds.

AT my firſt coming abroad, all theſe Luminaries were *eclipſed*, by the overpowering Luſtre of the Sun.

* This Argument, I acknowledge, is not abſolutely concluſive. But it is popular and ſtriking. Nor can I think myſelf obliged, in ſuch a Work; where *Fancy* bears a conſiderable Sway, to proceed always with the Caution and Exactneſs, of a *Diſputer* in the *Schools*. If there be ſome Appearance of Analogy, between the Fact and the Inference, it ſeems ſufficient for my Purpoſe; though the Deduction ſhould not be neceſſary, nor the Proceſs ſtrictly ſyllogiſtical. —One of the *Apoſtolic Fathers*, has an affecting and ſublime Paragraph, which runs intirely in this Form: Ηλιος τε και σεληνη, αστερων τε χορος, περι την δεδομενην αυτοις ομονοιαν, δρομον ποιουνται, ουδεν παρεκκλινοντες απ' αλληλων κατα την επιταγην αυτου εν ειρηνη. *The Sun, the Moon, and the ſtarry Choir, without the leaſt Deviation, and with the utmoſt Harmony, perform the Revolutions appointed them by the ſupreme Decree.* From which Remark, and Abundance of other ſimilar Inſtances, obſervable in the Oeconomy of Nature; he exhorts Chriſtians, to a cordial *Unanimity* among themſelves, and a dutiful *Obedience* to GOD. Vid. *Clem. Roman.* 1 *Ep. ad Corinth. Sect.* 20.—See alſo a beautiful Ode in Dr. *Watts*'s Lyric Poems, intituled *The Compariſon and Complaint*, which turns upon this very Thought.

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They were all placed in the very ſame Stations; and played the ſame ſprightly Beams; yet, not one of them was ſeen. As the Daylight wore away, and the ſober Shades advanced; *Heſperus*, who leads the ſtarry Train, diſcloſed his radiant Forehead, and catched my Eye. While I ſtood gazing on his bright and beautiful Aſpect, ſeveral of his Attendants peeped through the blue Curtains. Scarce had I turned to obſerve theſe freſh Emanations of Splendor; but others drop the Veil; others ſtole into View. When lo! faſter and more numerous, Multitudes ſprung from Obſcurity; they poured, in ſhining Troops, and in ſweet Confuſion, over all the empyrean Plain. 'Till the Firmament ſeemed, like one vaſt Conſtellation; and "a Flood of "Glory burſt from all the Skies."

Is not ſuch the *Riſe*, and ſuch the *Progreſs* of a true *Converſion*, in the prejudiced Infidel, or inattentive Sinner? During the Period of his vainer Years, a Thouſand intereſting Truths, lay utterly undiſcovered; a Thouſand momentous Concerns, were intirely diſregarded. But, when divine Grace diſſipates the deluſive Glitter, which dazled his Underſtanding, and beguiled his Affections; then, He begins to diſcern, dimly to diſcern, the Things which belong unto his Peace. Some Admonition of Scripture, darts Conviction into his Soul; as the Glimmering of a Star, pierces the Gloom of Night.—Then, perhaps, another awful, or chearing Text, impreſſes Terror, or diffuſes Comfort. A *Threatening* alarms his Fears, or a *Promiſe* awakens his Hopes. This, poſſibly, is ſucceeded by ſome *afflictive* Diſpenſation of Providence; and improved by ſome edifying and *inſtructive* Converſation. All which is eſtabliſhed, as to its Continuance; and inlarged, as to its Influence; by a diligent Study of the ſacred Word.—By this Means, new Truths continually pour their Evidence. Scenes of refined and exalted,

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but hitherto unknown Delight, addreſs Him with their Attractives. New Deſires take Wing; new Purſuits are ſet on Foot. A new Turn of Mind forms his Temper; a new Habit of Converſation regulates his Life. In a Word; *old Things are paſſed away; and all Things become new.* He, who was ſometime Darkneſs, is now Light, and Life, and Joy in the LORD.

THE more attentively I view the cryſtal Concave, the more fully I diſcern the Richneſs of its Decorations. Abundance of minuter Lights, which lay concealed from a *ſuperficial* Notice, are viſible on a *cloſer* Examination. Eſpecially in thoſe Tracts of the Sky, which are called the *Galaxy*; and are diſtinguiſhable, by a ſort of milky Path. There, the Stars are crouded, rather than diſſeminated. The Region ſeems to be all on a Blaze, with their blended Rays.—Beſides this vaſt Profuſion, which in my preſent Situation the Eye diſcovers; was I to make my Survey, from any other Part of the Globe, lying nearer the Southern Pole; I ſhould behold a *new Choir* of ſtarry Bodies, which have never appeared within our Horizon.—Was I (which is ſtill more wonderful) either Here or There, to view the Firmament with the Virtuoſo's Glaſs; I ſhould find a prodigious Multitude of flaming Orbs, which, immerſed in Depths of Æther, eſcape the keeneſt unaſſiſted Sight *.—Yet, in theſe various Situations; even with the Aid of the Teleſcopic Tube; I ſhould not be able to deſcry the Half, perhaps not a *Thouſandth* Part,

Come forth, O Man, your azure Round ſurvey,
And view thoſe Lamps, which yield eternal Day.
Bring forth thy Glaſſes: Clear thy wond'ring Eyes:
Millions beyond the former Millions riſe:
Look farther:—Millions more blaze from remoter Skies.

* See an ingenious Poem, intitled The Univerſe.

of thoſe majeſtic Luminaries, which the vaſt expanſive Heavens contain *.—So, the more diligently I purſue my Search, into thoſe Oracles of eternal Truth, the *Scriptures*; I perceive a wider, a deeper, an ever increaſing Fund of ſpiritual Treaſures. I perceive the brighter Strokes of Wiſdom, and the richer Diſplays of Goodneſs; a more tranſcendent Excellency in the illuſtrious Meſſiah, and a more deplorable Vileneſs in fallen Man; a more immaculate Purity in GOD's Law; and more precious Privileges in his Goſpel. Yet, after a Courſe of Study, ever ſo aſſiduous; ever ſo prolonged; I ſhould have Reaſon to own myſelf, a mere *Babe* in heavenly Knowledge; or, at moſt, but a *puerile* Proficient, in the School of CHRIST.

AFTER all my moſt accurate Inſpection, thoſe ſtarry Orbs appear but as *glittering Points*. Even the Planets, though ſo much nearer our earthly Manſion, ſeem only like burning *Bullets*. If then, we have ſuch *imperfect Apprehenſions* of viſible and material Things; how much more ſcanty and inadequate, muſt be our Notions of inviſible and immortal Objects!—We behold the Stars. Though every one is incomparably bigger, than the Globe we inhabit; yet they dwindle, upon our Survey, into the moſt diminutive Forms. Thus, we ſee by Faith the Glories of the bleſſed JESUS; the atoning

* How noble, conſidered in this View, are the Celebrations of the Divine Majeſty, which frequently occur in the ſacred Writings! *It is the LORD that made the Heavens.* Pſal. xcvi. 5.—What a prodigious Dignity, does ſuch a Senſe of Things give to that devout Aſcription of Praiſe! *Thou, even Thou, art LORD alone; Thou haſt made Heaven, the Heaven of Heavens, with all their Hoſt.* Nehem. ix. 6.—Examined by this Rule, the beautiful Climax in our inſpired Hymn, is ſublime beyond Compare. *Praiſe HIM, Sun and Moon: Praiſe HIM, all ye Stars of Light: Praiſe HIM, ye Heavens of Heavens.* Pſal. cxlviii. 3, 4.

Efficacy

Efficacy of his Death; the juſtifying Merit of his Righteouſneſs; and the Joys, which are reſerved for his Followers. But alas! even our moſt *exalted* Ideas, are vaſtly *below* the Truth. As much below the Truth; as the Report, which our Eyes make of thoſe celeſtial Edifices, is inferior to their real Grandeur.—Should we take in all the *magnifying* Aſſiſtances, which Art has contrived; thoſe luminous Bodies, would elude our Skill, and appear as *ſmall* as ever. Should an Inhabitant of Earth, travel towards the Cope of Heaven; and be carried forwards, in his aërial Journey, more than a Hundred and ſixty Millions of Miles *; even in that advanced Situation, thoſe *Oceans* of *Flame*, would look no larger, than *radiant Specks*.—In like manner, conceive ever ſo magnificently, of the Redeemer's Honours; and of the Bliſs, which he has purchaſed for his People; yet you will fall ſhort. Raiſe your Imagination *higher*; ſtretch your Invention *wider*; give them *all* the Scope, which a ſoaring and excurſive Fancy can take; ſtill, your Conceptions will be extremely *diſproportionate*, to their genuine Perfections.—Vaſt are the Bodies, which roll in the Expanſe of Heaven: vaſter far are thoſe Fields of Æther, through which they run their endleſs Round: But the Excellency of JESUS, and the Happineſs laid up for his Servants, are greater then *either*; than *both*; than *all*. An inſpired Writer calls the former, "The unſearchable Riches of CHRIST;" and ſtiles the latter, "An exceeding great and eternal Weight of Glory."

* This, incredible as it may ſeem, is not a mere Suppoſition, but a real Fact. For, about the Twenty-firſt of *December*, we are above 160,000,000 of Miles nearer the Northern Parts of the Sky, than we were at the Twenty-firſt of *June*. And yet, with regard to the Stars ſituate in that Quarter, we perceive no *Change* in their *Aſpect*, nor any *Augmentation* of their *Magnitude*.

If thoſe Stars, are ſo many inexhauſtible Magazines of Fire, and immenſe *Reſervoirs* of Light; there is no Reaſon to doubt, but they have ſome very *grand Uſes*, ſuitable to the Magnificence of their Nature. To ſpecify, or explain, the particular Purpoſes they anſwer; is altogether impoſſible, in our preſent State of Diſtance and Ignorance. This, however, we may clearly diſcern; they are diſpoſed in that very Manner, which is moſt *pleaſing* and moſt *ſerviceable* to Mankind.—They are not placed at an *infinite Remove*, ſo as to lie beyond our Sight; neither are they brought *ſo near* our Abode, as to annoy us with their Beams. We ſee them ſhine on every Side. The deep Azure, which ſerves them as a Ground, heightens their Splendor. At the ſame Time, their Influence is gentle, and their Rays are deſtitute of Heat. So that we are ſurrounded with a Multitude of fiery Globes, which beautify and illuminate the Firmament, without any Riſque, either to the *Coolneſs* of our Night, or the *Quiet* of our Repoſe.—Who can ſufficiently admire that wondrous Benignity; which on our Account, ſtrews the *Earth* with Bleſſings of every Kind; and vouchſafes to make the very *Heavens*, ſubſervient to our Delight?

It is not ſolely to adorn the Roof of our Palace, with coſtly Gildings; that God commands the celeſtial Luminaries, to glitter through the Gloom. We alſo reap conſiderable Benefits, from their Miniſtry.—They *divide* our *Time*, and fix its ſolemn Periods. They ſettle the *Order* of our *Works*; and are, according to the Deſtination mentioned in ſacred Writ, "for Signs, "and for Seaſons; for Days, and for Years." The Returns of Heat and Cold alone, would have been too precarious a Rule. But theſe radiant Bodies; by the *Variation*, and alſo by the *Regularity*, of their Motions; afford a Method of calculating, abſolutely certain, and ſufficiently obvious. By this, the *Farmer* is inſtructed, when

when to commit his Grain to the Furrows, and how to conduct the Operations of Huſbandry. By this, the Sailor knows when to proceed on his Voyage, with leaſt Peril; and how to carry on the Buſineſs of Navigation, with moſt Succeſs.

WHY ſhould not the Chriſtian, the Probationer for Eternity, learn from the ſame Monitors, to *number*—for nobler Purpoſes, to number his *Days*; and duly to tranſact the grand, grand Affairs of his everlaſting Salvation? Since GOD has appointed ſo many bright Meaſurers of our Time, to determine its larger Periods, and to minute down its ordinary Stages; ſure, this moſt ſtrongly inculcates its *Value*, and ſhould powerfully prompt us to *improve* it.—Behold! the ſupreme Lord marks the Progreſs of our Life, in that moſt conſpicuous Kalendar above. Does not ſuch an Ordination tell us, and in the moſt emphatical Language; That our Life is given for *Uſe*, not for *Waſte?* That no Portion of it is delivered, but under a ſtrict Account; that all of it is entered, as it paſſes, in the Divine Regiſter; and, therefore, that the Stewards of ſuch a Talent, are to expect a future Reckoning?—Behold! the very Heavens are bid to be the *Accomptants*, of our Years, and Months, and Days. O! may this induce us to manage them, with a vigilant Frugality; to part with them, as Miſers with their *hoarded Treaſure*, warily and circumſpectly; and, if poſſible, as Merchants with their *rich Commodities*, not without an Equivalent, either in perſonal Improvement, or ſocial Uſefulneſs!

HOW *bright* the ſtarry Diamonds ſhine! The Ambition of Eaſtern Monarchs could imagine no Diſtinction, more noble and ſublime, than that of being likened to thoſe beaming Orbs *.—They form Night's *richeſt*

* Numb. xxiv. 17. Dan. viii. 10.

Dreſs;

When I consider thy Heavens, the Work of thy Fingers:
the Moon and the Stars which thou hast ordained.
Lord what is Man that thou art mindful of him, and
the Son of Man that thou visitest him. Psalm VIII. v. 3 & 4.

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Dreſs; and ſparkle upon her ſable Robe, like Jewels of the fineſt Luſtre. Like Jewels! I wrong their Character. The lucid Stone has no Brilliancy; quenched is the Flame even of the golden Topaz; compared with thoſe glowing Decorations of Heaven.—How widely are their radiant Honours *diffuſed!* No Nation ſo remote, but ſees their Beauty, and rejoices in their Uſefulneſs. They have been admired by all preceding Generations; and every riſing Age, will gaze on their Charms, with renewed Delight.—How *animating*, then, is that Promiſe, made to the faithful Miniſters of the Goſpel! "They that turn many to Righteouſneſs, "ſhall ſhine as the Stars for ever and ever *." Is not this a moſt winning Encouragement, "to ſpend and "be ſpent," in the Service of Souls? Methinks, the Stars beckon, as they twinkle. Methinks, they ſhew me their Splendors, on purpoſe to inſpire me with *Alacrity*, in the Race ſet before me; on purpoſe to enliven my *Activity*, in the Work that is given me to do.—Yes; ye majeſtic Monitors, I underſtand your Meaning. If Honour has any Charms; if true Glory, the Glory which cometh from GOD, is any Attractive; you diſplay the moſt powerful Incitements, to exerciſe all Aſſiduity in my holy Vocation. I will, henceforth, obſerve your Intimation; and, when Zeal becomes *languid*, have recourſe to your heavenly Lamps. If ſo be, I may *rekindle* its Ardor, at thoſe inextinguiſhable Fires.

OF the *Polar* Star, it is obſervable; that, while other Luminaries *alter* their Situation, this ſeems invariably *fixed* †. While other Luminaries, now, mount the

* Dan. xii. 3.

† I ſpeak in Conformity to the *Appearance* of the Object. For, though this remarkable Star revolves round the Pole, its Motion is ſo *ſlow*, and the Circle it deſcribes ſo *ſmall*; as render both the Revolution and Change of Situation, hardly perceivable.

Battlements of Heaven, and appear upon Duty; now, retire beneath the Horizon, and reſign to a freſh Set, the Watches of the Night; this never departs from its Station. This, in every Seaſon, maintains an uniform Poſition; and is always to be found, in the ſame Tract of the Northern Sky.—How often has this beamed bright Intelligence on the *Sailor*; and conducted the Keel, to its deſired Haven! In early Ages, thoſe who went down to the Sea in Ships, and occupied their Buſineſs in great Waters, had ſcarce any other ſure Guide for their wandering Veſſel. This therefore they viewed, with the moſt ſolicitous Attention. By this, they formed their Obſervations, and regulated their Voyage. When this was obſcured by Clouds, or inveloped in Miſts; the trembling Mariner was *bewildered*, on the watery Waſte. His Thoughts fluctuated, as much as the floating Surge; and he knew not, *where* he was advanced, or *whither* he ſhould ſteer. But, when this auſpicious Star broke through the Gloom; it diſſipated the Anxiety of his Mind, and cleared up his dubious Paſſage. He re-aſſumed, with Alacrity, the Management of the Helm; and was able to ſhape his Courſe, with ſome tolerable Degree of Satisfaction and Certainty.

SUCH, only much clearer in its Light, and much ſurer in its Direction, is the *Holy Word* of GOD, to thoſe Myriads of intellectual Beings, who are bound for the eternal Shores. Who, embarked in a Veſſel of feeble Fleſh, are to paſs the Waves of this tempeſtuous and perilous World. In all *Difficulties*, thoſe ſacred Pages ſhed an encouraging Ray; in all *Uncertainties*, they ſuggeſt the right Determination, and point out the proper Procedure. What is ſtill a more ineſtimable Advantage; they, like the Star which conducted the Eaſtern Sages, make plain the Way of Acceſs to a *Re-*

deemer. They diſplay his unſpeakable Merits: they diſcover the Method of being intereſted in his great Atonement; and lead the weary Soul, *toſſed* by Troubles, and *ſhattered* by Temptations, to that only Harbour of peaceful Repoſe.—Let us, therefore, attend to this *unerring* Directory, with the ſame Conſtancy of Regard, as the Sea-faring Man obſerves his Compaſs. Let us become as thoroughly acquainted with this ſacred Chart, as the Pilot is with every truſty Mark, that gives Notice of a lurking Rock; and with every open Road, that yields a ſafe Paſſage into the Port. Above all, let us commit ourſelves to this infallible Guidance, with the ſame implicit Reſignation; let us conform our Conduct to its exalted Precepts, with the ſame ſedulous Care; as the Children of *Iſrael*, when ſojourning in the trackleſs Deſert, followed the Pillar of Fire, and the Motions of the miraculous Cloud.—So, will it introduce us, not into an earthly *Canaan*, flowing with Milk and Honey; but into an *immortal* Paradiſe, where is the Fulneſs of Joy, and where are Pleaſures for evermore. It will introduce us into thoſe happy, happy Regions, where *our Sun ſhall no more go down, nor our Moon withdraw itſelf; for the* LORD *ſhall be our everlaſting Light, and the Days of our Mourning*, together with the Fatigues of our Pilgrimage, *ſhall be ended* *.

I PERCEIVE a great *Variety*, in the Size and Splendor of thoſe Gems of Heaven. Some, are of the firſt Magnitude; others, of an inferior Order. Some *glow*, with intenſe Flames; others *glimmer*, with fainter Beams. Yet, *all* are beautiful; all have their peculiar Luſtre, and diſtinct Uſe; all tend, in their different Degrees, to enamel the Cope of Heaven, and embroider

* Iſa. lx. 20.

the Robe of Night.—This Circumſtance is remarked by an Author, whoſe Sentiments are a Source of Wiſdom, and the very Standard of Truth. "One Star, "ſays the Apoſtle of the *Gentiles*, *differeth* from ano- "ther Star in Glory: *So* alſo is the Reſurrection of "the Dead."

In the World above, are various *Degrees* of Happineſs, various Seats of Honour. Some will riſe to more illuſtrious Diſtinctions, and richer Joys *. Some, like Veſſels of ample Capacity, will admit more copious Acceſſions of Light and Excellence. Yet, there will be no Want, no Deficiency, in any; but a Fulneſs both of Divine Satisfactions, and perſonal Perfections. *Each* will enjoy *all* the Good; and be adorned with *all* the Glory; that his Heart can wiſh, or his Condition receive.—None will know what it is to envy. Not the leaſt Malevolence, nor the leaſt Selfiſhneſs, but everlaſting Friendſhip prevails, and a mutual Complacency in each other's Delight. Love, cordial Love, will give every particular Saint, a Participation of all the Fruitions †; which are diffuſed through the whole Aſſembly of the Bleſſed.—No one *eclipſes*, but each *reflects Light* upon his Brother. A ſweet Interchange of Rays ſubſiſt; all enlightened by the great Fountain, and all enlightening one another. By which reciprocal Communication of Pleaſure and Amity, each will be continually *receiving from*, each inceſſantly *adding to*, the general Felicity.

* 1 *Cor.* xv. 41, 42. The great Mr. *Mede prefers* the Senſe here given; and the learned Dr. *Hammond adopts* it, into his Paraphraſe. Whoſe joint Authority, though far from excluding any *other*, yet is a ſufficient Warrant for *this* Application of the Words.

† *Tolle Invidiam, & tuum eſt quod habeo: Tolle Invidiam, & meum eſt quod habes.* AUGUSTINE.

HAPPY,

HAPPY, ſupremely happy they, who are admitted into the celeſtial Manſions. Better to be a Door-keeper in thoſe "Ivory Palaces *," than to fill the moſt gorgeous Throne on Earth. The very loweſt Place at GOD's Right-hand, is diſtinguiſhed Honour, and conſummate Bliſs.—O! that we may, in ſome meaſure, anticipate that beatific State, while we remain in our Baniſhment below! May we, *by rejoicing* in the ſuperior Proſperity of another, make it *our own!* And, provided the general Reſult is Harmony, be content, be pleaſed, with whatſoever Part is aſſigned to our Share, in the univerſal Choir of Affairs.

WHILE I am conſidering the heavenly Bodies, I muſt not intirely forget thoſe fundamental Laws of our modern Aſtronomy, *Projection* and *Attraction*. One of which is the all-combining Cement, the other is the ever-creative Spring, of the mighty Frame.—In the Beginning, the all-creating FIAT impreſſed a proper Degree of Motion, on each of thoſe whirling Orbs. Which, if not controuled, would have carried them on, in ſtrait Lines, and to endleſs Lengths; till they were even loſt, in the Abyſs of Space. But, the *gravitating* Property, being added to the *projectile* Force, determined their Courſes to a *circular* † Form; and obliged

* Pſal. xlv. 8.

† I am aware, the planetary Orbits are not ſtrictly circular, but rather *elliptical*. However, as they are but a ſmall Remove from, the perfectly round Figure; and partake of it incomparably more, than the Trajectories of the Comets; I chooſe to repreſent the Thing in this View. Eſpecially, becauſe the Notion of a Circle, is ſo much more intelligible to the Generality of Readers, than that of an Ellipſis; and becauſe I laid it down for a Rule, not to admit any ſuch *abſtruſe* Sentiment, or *difficult* Expreſſion, as ſhould demand a painful Attention, inſtead of raiſing an agreeable Idea. For which Reaſon, I have avoided *technical* Terms; have taken no

obliged the reluctant Rovers, to perform their deſtined Rounds.—Were either of thoſe Cauſes to ſuſpend their Action, all the harmoniouſly moving Spheres would be diſconcerted. Would degenerate into ſluggiſh inactive Maſſes; and falling into the central Fire, be *burnt* to Aſhes. Or elſe, would exorbitate into wild Confuſion; and each, by the Rapidity of its Whirl, be *diſſipated* into Atoms. But, the impulſive and attractive Energy, being moſt nicely attempered to each other; and, under the immediate Operation of the Almighty, exerting themſelves in perpetual Concert; the various Globes run their radiant Races, without the leaſt Interruption or the leaſt Deviation. So as to create the alternate Changes of *Day* and *Night*; and diſtribute the uſeful Viciſſitudes of *ſucceeding* Seaſons. So as to anſwer all the great Ends of a gracious Providence; and procure every comfortable Convenience, for univerſal Nature.

Does not this Conſtitution of the material, very naturally lead the Thoughts, to thoſe grand Principles of the moral and devotional World, *Faith* and *Love*?—Theſe are often celebrated by the inſpired Apoſtle, as a comprehenſive Summary of the Goſpel *. Theſe inſpirit the Breaſt, and regulate the Progreſs, of each private Chriſtian. Theſe unite the whole Congregation of the Faithful to God, and one another. To God, the great Centre, in the Bonds of Gratitude and Devotion; to one another, by a reciprocal Intercourſe of brotherly Affections, and friendly Offices.—If you aſk;

Notice of *Jupiter*'s Satellites, or *Saturn*'s Ring; have not ſo much as mentioned the Names of the Planets, nor attempted to wade into any Depths of the Science. Left to thoſe who have no Opportunity of uſing the Teleſcope, or of acquainting themſelves with a Syſtem of Aſtronomy, I ſhould propound Riddles, rather than diſplay *entertaining* and *edifying* Truths.

* Col. i. 4. Philem. ver. 5.

Why

Why is it impoſſible for the true Believer, to live at all Adventures? to *ſtagnate* in Sloth, or habitually to *deviate* from Duty?—We anſwer; It is owing to "his "Faith, working by Love *." He aſſuredly truſts, that CHRIST has ſuſtained the Infamy, and endured the Torment, due to his Sins. He firmly relies on that Divine Propitiation, for the Pardon of all his Guilt; and humbly expects everlaſting Salvation, as the Purchaſe of his Saviour's Merits. This produces ſuch a Spirit of Gratitude, as refines his Inclinations, and animates his whole Behaviour. He cannot, he cannot run to Exceſs of Riot; becauſe Love to his adorable Redeemer, like a ſtrong, but ſilken *Curb*, ſweetly reſtrains him. He cannot, he cannot lie lulled in a lethargic Indolence; becauſe Love to the ſame infinite Benefactor, like a pungent, but endearing *Spur*, pleaſingly excites him.—In a Word; Faith ſupplies the powerful Impulſe, while Love gives the determining Biaſs; and leads the willing Feet, through the whole Circle of GOD's Commandments. By the united Efficacy of theſe *heavenly Graces*, the Chriſtian Conduct is preſerved, in the Uniformity and Beauty of Holineſs; as by the blended Power of thoſe *Newtonian Principles*, the ſolar Syſtem revolves, in a ſteady and magnificent Regularity.

. How admirable, how extenſive, how diverſified, is the Force of this ſingle Principle, *Attraction* †!—This penetrates the very Eſſence of all Bodies, and diffuſes itſelf to the remoteſt Limits of the mundane Syſtem.—By this, the Worlds impreſſed with Motion, hang *ſelf-balanced* on their Centres ‡; and, though Orbs of im-

* Gal. v. 6.

† I mean the Attraction both of *Gravitation* and *Cohæſion*.

‡ *Ponderibus librata ſuis.*

menſe Magnitude, require nothing, but this amazing Property, for their Support.—To this we aſcribe a Phænomenon, of a very different Kind, the *Preſſure* of the Atmoſphere. Which, though a yielding and expanſive Fluid; yet conſtipated by an attractive Energy; ſurrounds the whole Globe, and incloſes every Creature, as it were with a tight Bandage. An Expedient this, abſolutely neceſſary to preſerve the Texture of our Bodies; and indeed, to maintain every Species of Animal Exiſtence.—Attraction! Urged by this wonderful Impetus, the *Rivers* circulate, copious and uninterrmitted, among all the Nations of the Earth: ſweeping with Rapidity down the Steeps, or ſoftly ebbing through the Plains. Impelled by the ſame myſterious Force, the *nutricious Juices* are detached from the Soil; and, aſcending the Trees, find their Way through Millions of the fineſt Meanders, in order to tranſfuſe vegetable Life into all the Branches. This confines the *Ocean*, within proper Bounds. Though the Waves thereof roar; though they toſs themſelves, with all the Madneſs of indignant Rage; yet, checked by this potent, this inevitable Curb, they are unable to paſs even the ſlight Barrier of Sand. To this the *Mountains* owe that unſhaken Firmneſs, which laughs at the Shock of warring Winds; and bids the Tempeſt, with all its mingled Horrors, impotently rave.—By virtue of this inviſible Mechaniſm; without the Aid of Crane or Pulley, or any Inſtrument of human Device; many Thouſand Tons of Water are *raiſed*, every Moment, into the Regions of the Firmament. By this, they continue *ſuſpended* in thin Air, without any capacious Ciſtern, to contain their Subſtance; or any maſſy Pillars, to ſuſtain their Weight. By this ſame variouſly acting Power, they return to the Place of their native Reſidence; *diſtilled* in gentle Falls of Dew, or *precipitated* in impetuous Showers of Rain. They *ſlide* into the

Fields

Fields in fleecy Flights of Snow, or are *darted* upon the Houſes in clattering Storms of Hail.—This occaſions the ſtrong *Coheſion* of ſolid Bodies. Without which, our large Machines could exert themſelves with no Vigour; and the nicer Utenſils of Life, would elude our Expectations of Service. This affords a Foundation, for all thoſe delicate or noble mechanic Arts; which furniſh Mankind with numberleſs Conveniencies, both of Ornament and Delight.—In ſhort; this is the prodigious *Ballaſt*, which compoſes the Equilibrium, and conſtitutes the Stability of Things: this, the great *Chain*, which forms the Connexions of univerſal Nature; and the mighty *Engine*, which prompts, facilitates, and, in good meaſure, accompliſhes all her Operations.—What *complicated* Effects, from a *ſingle* Cauſe*! What Profuſion, amidſt Frugality! An unknown Profuſion of Benefits, with the utmoſt Frugality of Expence!

And what *is* this Attraction? Is it a Quality, in its Exiſtence, inſeparable from Matter; and, in its Acting, independent on the DEITY!—Quite the reverſe. It is the very *Finger* of God: the conſtant Impreſſion of Divine Power: a Principle, neither innate in Matter, not intelligible by Mortals.—Does it, not, however, bear a conſiderable Analogy to the *Agency* of the HOLY GHOST, in the Chriſtian Œconomy? Are not the gracious Operations of the Bleſſed Spirit, thus *extenſive*, thus *admirable*, thus *various*?—That Almighty Being tranſmits his Gifts, through every Age: and communicates his Graces, to every Adherent on the Redeemer. All, either of illuſtrious Memory, or of beneficial Tendency; in a Word, "all "the Good that is done upon Earth, He doth it himſelf."

* See another remarkable Inſtance of this Kind, in the *Reflections on a Flower Garden*, pag. 126.—together with a fine Obſervation, quoted in the correſponding Note.

" ſelf." Strong in *his* Aid, and in the Power of *his* Might, the Saints of all Times, have trod Vice under their Feet; have triumphed over this abject World; and converſed in Heaven, while they dwelt on Earth. *Not I, but the Grace of GOD which was with me* *, is the unanimous Acknowledgment of them All.—By the ſame kindly Succours, the whole Church is ſtill enlightened, quickened, and governed. Through his benign Influences, the Scales of *Ignorance*, fall from the Underſtanding; the Leproſy of *evil* Concupiſcence, is purged from the Will; and the Fetters, the more than adamantine Fetters of *habitual* Iniquity, drop off from the Converſation. He breathes even upon dry Bones †, and they live: They are animated with Faith; they pant with ardent and heavenly Deſire; they exerciſe themſelves in all the Duties of Godlineſs.—His real, though ſecret, Inſpiration, diſſolves the Flint in the impenitent Breaſt; and binds up the Sorrows, of the broken Heart. Raiſes the Thoughts high, in the Elevations of holy Hope; yet lays them low, in the Humiliations of inward Abaſement. *Steels* the Soul with impenetrable Reſolution, and perſevering Fortitude; at the ſame time, *ſoftens* it into a Dove-like Meekneſs, and *melts* it in penitential Sorrow.

When I contemplate thoſe ample and magnificent Structures, erected over all the æthereal Plains:—When I look upon them as ſo many ſplendid Repoſitories of Light, or fruitful Abodes of Life:—When I remember, that there may be other Orbs, vaſtly more remote, than thoſe which appear to our unaided Sight; Orbs, whoſe Effulgence, though travelling ever ſince

* 1 Cor. xv. 10.

† See that beautiful Piece of ſacred and allegorical Imagery diſplayed, *Ezek.* xxxvii.

the

the Creation, is not yet arrived upon our Coaſts *:—When I ſtretched my Thoughts to the innumerable Orders of Being, which inhabit all thoſe ſpacious Syſtems; from the *loftieſt Seraph*, to the loweſt Reptile; from the Armies of Angels, which ſurround the Throne of JEHOVAH; to the *puny Nations*, which tinge with Blue the Surface of the Plum †, or mantle the ſtanding Pool with Green:—How various appear the Links, in this immenſe Chain! How vaſt the Gradations, in this univerſal Scale of Exiſtence! Yet all theſe, though ever ſo vaſt and various, are the *Work* of GOD's Hand, and are full of his *Preſence*.

* If this Conjecture (which has no leſs a Perſon than the celebrated Mr. *Huygens* for its Author) concerning *unfixed Stars*, be true—If, to this Obſervation, be added, what is affirmed by our ſkilful Aſtronomers; that the Motion of the Rays of Light is ſo *ſurprizingly ſwift*, as to paſs through ten Millions of Miles in a ſingle Minute—How vaſt; beyond Imagination vaſt and unmeaſurable, are the Spaces of the Univerſe! While the Mind is diſtended with the *grand Idea*; or rather, while ſhe is diſpatching her ableſt Powers of piercing Judgment, and excurſive Fancy; and finds them all *drop ſhort*; all baffled by the amazing Subject: Permit me to apply that ſpirited Exclamation, and noble Remark—

——Say, proud Arch,
Built with divine Ambition; in Diſdain
Of Limit built, built in the Taſte of Heav'n!
Vaſt Concave! Ample Dome! Waſt thou deſign'd
A *meet* Apartment for the DEITY?
Not ſo: That Thought alone thy State impairs:
Thy *Lofty* ſinks; and ſhallows thy *Profound*;
And ſtreightens thy *Diffuſive*——

Night-Thoughts, N° IX.

† Ev'n the *blue Down* the purple Plumb ſurrounds,
A *living World*, thy failing Sight confounds.
To HIM a peopled Habitation ſhews,
Where Millions taſte the Bounty GOD beſtows.
See a beautiful and inſtructive Poem, ſtiled—DEITY.

HE

He rounded in his Palm thoſe dreadfully large Globes, which are pendulous in the Vault of Heaven. He kindled thoſe aſtoniſhingly bright Fires, which fill the Firmament with a Flood of Glory. By Him they are ſuſpended in *fluid* Æther, and cannot be ſhaken: By Him they diſpenſe a *perpetual* Tide of Beams, and are never exhauſted.—He formed, with inexpreſſible Nicety, that delicately fine Collection of Tubes; that unknown Multiplicity of ſubtile Springs; which organize, and actuate, the Frame of the minuteſt Inſect. He bids the crimſon Current roll; the vital Movements play; and aſſociates a World of Wonders, even in an *animated Point**.—In all theſe, is a ſignal Exhibition of creating Power; to all theſe, are extended, the ſpecial Regards of preſerving Goodneſs. From hence, let me learn to rely on the Providence, and to revere the Preſence, of the Supreme Majeſty.

To *rely* on his *Providence*.——For, amidſt that inconceivable Number and Variety of Beings, which ſwarm through the Regions of Creation, not one is

* There are living Creatures, abundantly ſmaller than the Mite. Mr. *Bradley*, in his Treatiſe on Gardening mentions an Inſect, which, after accurate Examination, he found to be a Thouſand times *leſs* than the *leaſt* viſible Grain of Sand. Yet ſuch an Inſect, though quite imperceptible to the naked Eye, is an Elephant, is a Whale, compared with other Animalcules almoſt infinitely more minute, diſcovered by Mr. *Leuwenhoek*.—If we conſider the ſeveral Limbs, which compoſe ſuch an organized Particle: The different Muſcles, which actuate ſuch a Set of Limbs: The Flow of Spirits, incomparably more attenuated, which put thoſe Muſcles in Motion: The various Fluids, which circulate: The different Secretions, which are performed: Together with the peculiar Minuteneſs of the Solids, before they arrive at their full Growth: Not to mention other *more aſtoniſhing* Modes of Diminution:—Sure, we ſhall have the utmoſt Reaſon to acknowledge, that the adored Maker is—MAXIMUS IN MINIMIS; *greatly glorious* even in his *ſmalleſt* Works.

overlooked,

overlooked, not one is neglected, by the great omnipotent Cauſe of all. However inconſiderable in its Character, or diminutive in its Size, it is ſtill the Production of the univerſal Maker, and belongs to the Family of the Almighty Father.——What? though inthroned Archangels, enjoy the *Smiles* of his *Countenance!* Yet, the low Inhabitants of Earth, the moſt deſpicable Worms of the Ground, are not excluded from his *providential Care.* Though the Manifeſtation of his Perfections, is vouchſafed to holy and intellectual Eſſences; his Ear is open, to the Cries of the young Raven. His Eye is attentive, to the Wants, and to the Welfare of the very meaneſt Births of Nature.—How much leſs then, are his own People diſregarded? Thoſe, for whom he has delivered his beloved Son to Death, and for whom He has prepared Habitations of eternal Joy. *They* diſregarded! No. THEY are "kept as the Apple of an Eye." The very Hairs of their Head are all numbered. The fondeſt Mother may *forget* the Infant, that is "dandled upon her Knees," and ſucks at her Breaſt*; much ſooner than the

* *Iſa.* xlix. 15. *Can a Woman forget her ſucking Child, that ſhe ſhould not have compaſſion on the Son of her Womb? Yea, they may forget; yet will I not forget thee.*—How delicate and expreſſive are the Images, in this charming Scripture! How full of *Beauty*, if beheld in a critical, how rich with *Conſolation*, if conſidered in a believing, View!—Can a *Woman?* One of the ſofter Sex; whoſe Nature is moſt impreſſible, and whoſe Paſſions are remarkably tender—Can ſuch a one, not barely diſregard, but intirely *forget*; not ſuſpend her Care for a while, but utterly eraſe the very Memory—Of her *Child*; her own Child, not another's; a Child, that was formed in her *Womb*, and is a Part of herſelf?—Her *Son*; the more important, and therefore more deſirable Species; to whom it peculiarly belongs, to preſerve the Name, and build up the Family—Her *only* Son; for the Word is ſingular; and refers to a Caſe, where the Offspring, not being numerous, but centred in a ſingle Birth, muſt be productive of the fondeſt Endearment—

Can

the Father of everlaſting Compaſſions can *diſcontinue*, or *remit*, his watchful Tenderneſs to his People—his Children—his Heirs.

LET this teach me alſo a more lively Senſe of the *Divine Preſence*.—All the rolling Worlds above; all the living Atoms below; together with all the Beings that intervene, betwixt theſe wide Extremes: are Vouchers for an ever-preſent Deity. "GOD has not "left Himſelf without Witneſs." The Marks of his Footſteps are evident in every Place, and the Touches of his Finger diſtinguiſhable in every Creature. "*Thy* "*Name is ſo nigh*, O Thou all-ſupporting, all-inform- "ing LORD; *and that do thy wondrous Works declare**. "Thy Goodneſs warms in the Morning Sun, and re- "freſhes in the Evening Breeze. Thy Glory ſhines "in the Lamps of Midnight, and ſmiles in the Bloſſoms "of Spring. We ſee a *Trace* of thy incomprehen- "ſible Grandeur, in the *boundleſs* Extent of Things; "and a *Sketch* of thy exquiſite Skill, in thoſe almoſt

Can ſhe diveſt herſelf of all Concern for ſuch a Child; not when he is grown up to Maturity, or gone abroad from her Houſe; but, while he continues in an infantile State, and muſt owe his whole Safety to her kind Attendance; while he lies in her Boſom, reſts on her Arm, and even *ſucks* at her Breaſt?—Eſpecially, if the poor Innocent be racked with Pain, or ſeized by ſome ſevere Affliction; and ſo become an Object of *Compaſſion*, as well as of Love. Can ſhe hear its piercing Cries; can ſhe ſee it all reſtleſs, all helpleſs under its Miſery; and feel no Emotions of Parental Pity?—If *one* ſuch Monſter of Inhumanity might be found; could *all* (here the Prophet, to give his Compariſon the utmoſt Energy, changes the ſingular Number into the plural. It is not אם, or אם אחת, but אם אלה) could *all* Mothers be ſo degenerate? This, ſure, cannot be ſuſpected, need not be feared. Much leſs need the true Believer be apprehenſive of the Failure of my Kindneſs. An *univerſal* Extinction of thoſe *ſtrongeſt* Affections of Nature, is a more ſuppoſeable Caſe; than that I ſhould ever be unmindful of my People, or regardleſs of their Intereſts.

* Pſal. lxxv. 2.

"*evaneſcent*

" *evaneſcent* Sparks of Life, the Inſect Race."—How ſtupid is this Heart of mine, that amidſt ſuch a Multitude of Remembrancers, thronging on every Side, I ſhould forget Thee a ſingle Moment! Grant me, Thou great I AM; Thou Source, and Support, of univerſal Exiſtence—O! grant me an enlightened Eye, to *diſcern* Thee in every Object; and a devout Heart, to *adore* Thee on every Occaſion. Inſtead of living without GOD in the World; may I be ever with Him, and ſee all Things full of Him!

——*The glitt'ring Stars,*
By the deep Ear of Meditation heard,
Still in their Midnight Watches ſing of HIM.
He rods a Calm. The Tempeſt blows his Wrath.
The Thunder is his Voice; and the red Flaſh
His ſpeedy Sword of Juſtice. At his Touch
The Mountains flame. He ſhakes the ſolid Earth,
And rocks the Nations. Nor in theſe alone,
In ev'ry common Inſtance *GOD is ſeen.*

THOMSON's Spring.

IF the beautiful Spangles, with a clear Night pours on the Beholder's Eye: if thoſe other Fires, which beam in remoter Skies; and are diſcoverable only by, that Revelation to the Sight, the Teleſcope: if all thoſe *bright Millions*, are ſo many Fountains of Day; enriched with native and independent Luſtre; illuminating Planets, and enlivening Syſtems of their own *: What Pomp, how majeſtic and ſplendid, is diſcloſed

* Conſult with Reaſon, Reaſon will reply,
Each *lucid Point*, which glows in yonder Sky,
Informs a *Syſtem* in the boundleſs Space,
And fills, with Glory, its appointed Place:
With Beams unborrow'd, brightens other Skies;
And Worlds, to Thee unknown, with Heat and Life ſupplies.
The Univerſe.

in the Midnight Scene! What *Riches* are diſſeminated, through all thoſe numberleſs Provinces of the great JEHOVAH's Empire!—Grandeur beyond Expreſſion!—Yet, there is not the meaneſt Slave, but carries *greater* Wealth in his own Boſom, poſſeſſes *ſuperior* Dignity in his own Perſon. The *Soul*, that informs his Clay;—the Soul, that teaches him to think, and enables him to chooſe; that qualifies him to reliſh rational Pleaſure, and to breathe ſublime Deſire*;—the Soul, that is endowed with ſuch noble Faculties; and, above all, is diſtinguiſhed with the *dreadful*, the *glorious* Capacity, of being pained, or bleſſed, for ever—this Soul ſurpaſſes in Worth, whatever the Eye can ſee; whatever, of material, the Fancy can imagine. Before one ſuch intellectual Being, all the Treaſure, and all the Magnificence of unintelligent Creation, becomes poor and contemptible†. For this Soul, Omnipotence itſelf has waked, and worked, through every Age. To *convince* this Soul, the fundamental Laws of Nature have been controuled; and the moſt amazing Miracles, have alarmed all the Ends of the Earth. To *inſtruct* this Soul, the Wiſdom of Heaven has been tranſfuſed into the ſacred Page; and Miſſionaries have been ſent from the Great

* In *this* reſpect, as veſted with ſuch Capacities, the Soul even of fallen Men, has an unqueſtionable Greatneſs and Dignity; is *majeſtic, though in Ruin.*

† I beg leave to tranſcribe a pertinent Paſſage, from that celebrated Maſter of Reaſon, and univerſal Literature, Dr. *Bentley*; whom no one can be tempted to ſuſpect, either tinctured with Enthuſiaſm, or warped to Bigotry.—"If we conſider, ſays he, the Dignity of an intelligent Being, and put that in the Scale "againſt brute and inanimate Matter, we may affirm, without "over valuing human Nature, that the Soul of one virtuous and "religious Man is of greater Worth and Excellency, than the "Sun, and his Planets, and all the Stars in the World."

See his Sermons at *Boyle's* Lect. N°. 8.

King,

King, who reſides in Light unapproachable. To *ſanctify* this Soul, the Almighty Comforter takes the Wings of a Dove; and, with a ſweet transforming Influence, broods on the human Heart. And O! to *redeem* this Soul from Guilt; to reſcue it from Hell; the Heaven of Heavens was bowed, and GOD himſelf came down to dwell in Duſt.

LET me pauſe, a while, upon this important Subject.—What are the Schemes, which engage the Attention of eminent Stateſmen, and mighty Monarchs, compared with the grand Intereſts of an Immortal Soul? The Support of Commerce, and the Succeſs of Armies, though extremely weighty Affairs; yet if laid in the Balance againſt the Salvation of a Soul, are lighter than the downy Feather, poiſed againſt Talents of Gold. To ſave a Navy from *Shipwreck*, or a Kingdom from *Slavery*, are Deliverances of the moſt momentous Nature, which the Tranſactions of Mortality can admit. But O! how they ſhrink into an inconſiderable Trifle, if (their Aſpect upon Immortality forgot) they are ſet in Competition with the Delivery of a ſingle Soul, from the Anguiſh and Horrors of a *diſtreſſed Eternity**!

IS ſuch the Importance of the Soul! What Vigilance then can be *too much*; or rather what holy Solicitude can be *ſufficient*; for the Overſeers of the Saviour's Flock, and the Guardians of this great, this venerable, this invaluable Charge?—Since, ſuch is the Importance of the Soul; wilt thou not, O Man, be watchful for the Preſervation of thy own? Shall every caſual Incident, awaken thy Concern; every tranſitory Toy, command thy Regard? And ſhall the Welfare

* Not all yon Luminaries quench'd at once
Were half ſo ſad, as one benighted Mind,
Which gropes for Happineſs, and meets Deſpair.
Night Thoughts, N° IX.

of thy Soul, a Work of continual Occurrence; a Work of endleſs Conſequence; ſue in vain, for thy ſerious Care?—Thy Soul, thy Soul, is thy All. If this be *ſecured*, thou art greatly rich, and wilt be unſpeakably happy. If this be *loſt*, a whole World acquired, will leave thee in Poverty; and all its Delights enjoyed, will abandon thee to Miſery.

I HAVE often been charmed, and awed at the Sight of the nocturnal Heavens; even before I knew how to conſider them, in their proper Circumſtances of Majeſty and Beauty. *Something*, like *Magic*, has ſtruck my Mind, on a tranſient and unthinking Survey of the ætherial Vault; tinged throughout with the pureſt Azure, and decorated with innumerable ſtarry Lamps. I have felt, I know not what, powerful and aggrandizing Impulſe; which ſeemed to ſnatch me from the low Intanglements of Vanity, and prompted an ardent Sigh for *ſublimer Objects*. Methought, I heard, even from the ſilent Spheres, a commanding Call, to ſpurn the abject Earth, and pant after unſeen Delights.—Henceforward, I hope to imbibe more copiouſly, this *moral Emanation* of the Skies; when, in ſome ſuch Manner as the preceding, they are rationally ſeen, and the Sight is duly improved. The Stars, I truſt, will *teach* as well as *ſhine*; and help to diſpel, both Nature's Gloom, and my intellectual Darkneſs. To ſome People, they diſcharge no better a Service, than that of holding a Flambeau to their Feet, and ſoftening the Horrors of their Night. To me and my Friends, may they act as Miniſters of a ſuperior Order; as Counſellors of Wiſdom, and guides to Happineſs! Nor will they fail to execute this nobler Office, if they gently light our Way, into the Knowledge of their adored Maker; if they point out, with their ſilver Rays, our Path to his beatific Preſence.

I GAZE,

I GAZE, I ponder. I ponder, I gaze; and think ineffable Things.—I roll an Eye of Awe and Admiration. Again and again I repeat my raviſhed Views; and can never ſatiate either my Curioſity, or my Inquiry. I ſpring my Thoughts into this immenſe Field, till even Fancy tires upon her Wing. I find Wonders, *ever new*; Wonders, more and *more amazing*.—Yet, after all my preſent Inquiries, what a mere *Nothing* do I know; by all my future Searches, how *little* ſhall I be able to learn; of thoſe vaſtly diſtant Suns, and their circling Retinue of Worlds! Could I pry with *Newton*'s piercing Sagacity, or launch into his extenſive Surveys: even then, my Apprehenſions would be little better, than thoſe dim and ſcanty Images, which the *Mole*, juſt emerged from her Cavern, receives on her feeble Optic.—This, ſure, ſhould repreſs all impatient or immoderate Ardor to pry into the Secrets of the Starry Structures; and make me more particularly careful, to cultivate my Heart. To fathom the Depths of the Divine Eſſence; or to ſcan univerſal Nature, with a critical Exactneſs; is an Attempt, which ſets the *acuteſt Philoſopher*, very nearly on a Level with *the Idiot*. Since it is almoſt, if not altogether, as impracticable by the former, as by the latter.

BE it, then, my chief Study, not to purſue, what is abſolutely unattainable; but rather to ſeek, what is obvious to find; eaſy to be acquired; and of ineſtimable Advantage, when poſſeſſed. O! let me ſeek *that Charity*, which edifieth *; *that Faith*, which purifieth.

Love,

* 1 *Cor.* viii. 1. I need not inform my Reader, that in this Text; in that admirable Chapter, 1 *Cor.* xiii. and in various other Paſſages of Scripture; the Word *Charity*, ſhould by no means be confined to the peculiar Act of *Alms-giving*, or external Beneficence. It is of a much more exalted and extended Nature. It ſignifies that divinely precious Grace, which warms the Soul with

Love, humble Love, not conceited Science, keeps the Door of Heaven. Faith, a child-like Faith in JESUS; not the haughty ſelf-ſufficient Spirit, which ſcorns to be ignorant of any Thing; preſents a Key* to thoſe Abodes of Bliſs.—This preſent State, is the Scene deſtined to the *Exerciſe* of *Devotion*; the inviſible World, is the Place appointed for the *Enjoyment* of *Knowledge*. There, the Dawn of our infantile Minds, will be advanced to the Maturity of perfect Day; or rather, there our midnight Shades, will be brightened into all the Luſtre of Noon. There, the Souls which come from the School of Faith and bring with them the Principles of Love, will dwell in Light itſelf; will be obſcured with no Darkneſs at all; will know, even as they are known †.—Such an Acquaintance, therefore, do I deſire to form, and to carry on ſuch a Correſpondence, with the heavenly Bodies; as may ſhed a benign Influence on the Seeds of Grace, implanted in my Breaſt. Let the exalted Tracts of the Firmament, ſink my Soul into *deep Humiliation*. Let thoſe eternal Fires, kindle in my Heart an *adoring Gratitude*, to their Almighty Sovereign. Let yonder ponderous and enormous Globes, which reſt on his ſupporting Arm; teach me

* *ſupreme Love* to GOD, and enlarges it with *diſintereſted Affection* for Men. Which renders it the reigning Care of the Life, and chief Delight of the Heart, to promote the Happineſs of the One, and the Glory of the Other.—*This*, *this*, is that Charity of which ſo many excellent Things are every where ſpoken. Which can never be too highly extolled, or too earneſtly coveted, ſince it is the Image of GOD, and the very Spirit of Heaven.

* The Righteouſneſs of CHRIST. This is what MILTON beautifully ſtiles;

——— *The golden Key,*
That opes the Palace of Eternity.

† 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

an

an *unſhaken Aſſiance*, in their incarnate Maker. Then ſhall I be—if not wiſe as the Aſtronomical Adept, yet WISE UNTO SALVATION.

HAVING now walked and worſhipped, in this *univerſal Temple*, that is arched with Skies; emblazed with Stars; and extended even to Immenſity—Having caſt an Eye, like the inraptured Patriarch *; an Eye of *Reaſon* and *Devotion*, through the magnificent Scene. With the former, having diſcovered an Infinitude of Worlds; and with the latter, having met the Deity in every View—Having beheld, as *Moſes* in the flaming Buſh, a *Glimpſe* of JEHOVAH's Excellencies! reflected from the ſeveral Planets, and ſtreaming from Myriads of celeſtial Luminaries—Having read various Leſſons, in that ſtupendous *Book* of *Wiſdom* †, where unmeaſurable Sheets of Azure compoſe the Page; and Orbs of Radiance write, in everlaſting Characters, a *Comment* on our Creed—What remains, but that I cloſe the midnight Solemnity, as our LORD concluded his grand Sacramental Inſtitution with a *Song* of *Praiſe*?—And behold a Hymn, ſuited to the ſublime Occaſion; indited by ‡ Inſpiration itſelf; transferred into our Language, by § one of the happieſt Efforts of human Ingenuity.

The ſpacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue æthereal Sky,
And ſpangled Heav'ns, a ſhining Frame.
Their great Original proclaim:

* Gen. xv. 5.

† —— For Heaven
Is as *the Book of* GOD before thee ſet,
Wherein to read his wondrous Works.—MILTON.

‡ Pſal. xix. § ADDISON, *Spect.* Vol. VI. No. 465.

Th' unweary'd Sun from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r diſplay;
And publiſhes, to ev'ry Land,
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale;
And nightly, to the liſt'ning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
While all the Stars, that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

What though, in ſolemn Silence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial Ball?
What though, nor real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?
In Reaſon's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
The Hand that made Us, is divine.

WINTER-PIECE.

" *Storms and Tempeſts may* calm *the Soul—Snow and*
" *Ice be taught to* warm *the Heart, and praiſe the*
" *Creator.*"

Anonym. Lett. to the Author. See p. 410.

A

WINTER-PIECE.

'TIS true, in the delightful Seaſons, HIS Tenderneſs and HIS Love, are moſt eminently diſplayed.—In the *vernal* Months, all is Beauty to the Eye, and Muſic to the Ear. The Clouds drop Fatneſs; the Air ſoftens into Balm; and Flowers, in rich Abundance, ſpring where-ever we tread, bloom where-ever we look.—Amidſt the burning Heats of *Summer*, HE expands the Leaves, and thickens the Shades. He ſpreads the cooling Arbor, to receive Us; and awakes the gentle Breeze, to fan Us. The Moſs ſwells into a Couch, for the Repoſe of our Bodies; while the Rivulet ſoftly rolls, and ſweetly murmurs, to ſooth our Imagination.—In *Autumn*, HIS Bounty covers the Fields, with a Profuſion of nutrimental Treaſure; and bends the Boughs, with Loads of delicious Fruit. He furniſhes his hoſpitable Board with preſent Plenty, and prepares a copious Magazine for future Wants.—But, is it *only* in theſe ſmiling Periods of the Year, that GOD, the all-gracious

GOD

GOD is ſeen? Has *Winter*, ſtern Winter, no Tokens of his Preſence? Yes: All Things are eloquent of his Praiſe. "His Way is in the Whirlwind." Storms and Tempeſts fulfil his Word, and extol his Power. Even piercing Froſts bear Witneſs to his Goodneſs; while they bid the ſhivering Nations, tremble at his Wrath.—Be Winter, then, for a while, our Theme *. Perhaps, thoſe *barren* Scenes, may be *fruitful* of intellectual Improvement. Perhaps, that rigorous Cold, which binds the Earth in icy Chains; may ſerve to inlarge our Hearts, and warm them with holy Love.

SEE! how the *Day* is *ſhortened!*—The Sun, detained in fairer Climes, or engaged in more agreeable Services, riſes, like an unwilling Viſitant, with tardy and reluctant Steps. He walks, with a ſhy Indifference along the Edges of the Southern Sky; caſting an oblique Glance, he juſt looks upon our dejected World; and ſcarcely ſcatters Light, through the thick Air. Dim is his Appearance, languid are his Gleams, while he continues. Or, if He chance to wear a brighter Aſpect, and a cloudleſs Brow; yet, like the Young and Gay in the Houſe of Mourning, He ſeems uneaſy, till He is gone; is in Haſte to depart.—And let Him depart. Why ſhould we wiſh for his longer Stay; ſince

* A Sketch of this Nature, I muſt acknowledge, is quite different from the Subject of the Book; and, I cannot but declare, was as far diſtant from the Thoughts of the Author. But, the Deſire of *ſeveral* Acquaintance, together with an Intimation of its Uſefulneſs, by a very *polite Letter* from an *unknown* Hand (which has *undeſignedly* furniſhed me with the beſt Motto, I could recollect), prevailed with me to add a few deſcriptive Touches and improving Hints, on what is ſo often experienced in the Northern Regions. I hope, the Attempt I have made to oblige theſe Gentlemen, will obtain the *Approbation*, or at leaſt, the *Excuſe*, of my other Readers.

He

He can ſhew us nothing, but the Creation in Diſtreſs? The flowery Families lie dead, and the tuneful Tribes are ſtruck dumb. The Trees, ſtript of their Verdure, and laſhed by Storms, ſpread their naked Arms to the enraged and relentleſs Heavens. Fragrance no longer floats in the Air; but chilling Damps hover, or cutting Gales blow. Nature, diveſted of all her beautiful Robes, ſits, like a forlorn diſconſolate Widow, in her Weeds. While Winds, in doleful Accents, howl; and Rains, in repeated Showers, weep.

We regret not, therefore, the ſpeedy Departure of the Day. When the Room is hung with *funeral Black*, and diſmal Objects are all around; who would deſire to have the *glimmering Taper* kept alive? Which can only diſcover Spectacles of Sorrow; can only make the Horror viſible.—And, ſince this mortal Life is little better than a continual Conflict with Sin, or an unremitted Struggle with Miſery; is it not a *gracious* Ordination, which has reduced our Age to a *Span?* Fourſcore Years of Trial, for the Virtuous, are ſufficiently long; and more than ſuch a Term, allowed to the Wicked, would render them beyond all Meaſure, vile. Our Way to the Kingdom of Heaven, lies through Tribulations. Shall we then *accuſe*, ſhall we not rather *bleſs*, the Providence, which has made the Paſſage ſhort? Soon, ſoon, we croſs the Vale of Tears; and then arrive on the happy Hills, where Light for ever ſhines, where Joy for ever ſmiles.

Sometimes, the Day is rendered ſhorter ſtill; is almoſt blotted out from the Year *. The Vapours gather; they thicken into an impenetrable Gloom; and obſcure the Face of the Sky. At length, the *Rains* deſcend. The Sluices of the Firmament are opened;

* Involvere Diem Nimbi & *Nox humida* Cœlum
Abſtulit—— Virg.

and

and the low-hung Clouds pour their congregated Stores. Copious and unintermitted, ſtill they pour; and ſtill are unexhauſted. The Waters drop inceſſantly from the Eaves, and ruſh in rapid Streams from theſe Spouts. They roar along the channelled Pavements, and ſtand in foul Shallows amidſt the Village-Sotets. Now, if the inattentive Eye, or negligent Hand, has left the Roof but ſcantily covered; the inſinuating Element finds its Way into every Flaw, and oozing through the Cieling, at once upbraids and ſurpriſes the careleſs Inhabitant. The Ploughman, ſummoned to the [illegible] leaves his half-tilled Acre. The poor Poultry, dripping with Wet, crowd into Shelter. The Tenants of the Beugh fold up their Wings, afraid to launch into the ſtreaming Air. The Cattle, joyleſs and diſpirited, ruminate under their Sheds. The Roads ſwim, and the Brooks ſwell. —The *River*, amidſt all this watry Ferment, long contained itſelf within its appointed Bounds. But, ſwollen by innumerable Currents; and roufed, at laſt, into uncontroulable Rage; burſts over its Banks; ſhoots into the Plain; bears down all Oppoſition; ſpreads itſelf far and wide; and buries the Meadow under a brown, ſluggiſh, ſoaking *Deluge*.

How happy for Man, that this Inundation comes, when there are no flowery Crops in the Valley, to be overwhelmed; no Fields ſtanding thick with Corn, to be laid waſte! At *ſuch* a Juncture, it would have been *Ruin* to the Huſbandman and his Family: but, *thus* timed, it yields *Manure* for his Ground, and promiſes Him *Riches* in Reverſion.—How often, and how long, has the Divine Majeſty born with the moſt injurious Affronts from Sinners! His Goodneſs triumphed over their Perverſeneſs, and graciouſly refuſed to be exaſperated. But, O preſumptuous Creatures, multiply no longer your Provocations. Urge not, by repeated Iniquities, the Almighty Arm to ſtrike; leſt his Long-

ſuf-

ſuffering ceaſe, and his fierce Anger break forth; break forth, like a *Flood of Waters* *, and ſweep you away, into irrecoverable and everlaſting Perdition.

How mighty! how majeſtic! and O! how myſterious are thy Works, Thou GOD of Heaven, and LORD of Nature! When the Air is calm, where ſleep the *ſtormy Winds?* In what Chambers are they repoſed, or in what Dungeons confined! Till Thou art pleaſed to awaken their Rage, and throw open their Priſon-Doors. Then, with irreſiſtible Impetuoſity they fly forth, ſcattering Dread, and menacing Deſtruction.

THE Atmoſphere is hurled into the moſt tumultuous Confuſion. The aereal Torrent burſts its Way over Mountains, Seas, and Continents. All Things feel the dreadful Shock. All Things tremble before the furious Blaſt. The *Foreſt*, vexed and tore, groans under the Scourge. Her ſturdy Sons are ſtrained to the very Root, and almoſt ſweep the Soil, they were wont to ſhade. The ſtubborn Oak, that diſdains to bend, is daſhed headlong to the Ground; and, with ſhattered Arms, with proſtrate Trunk, blocks the Road. —While the flexile Reed, that ſprings up in the Marſh, yielding to the Guſt (as the meek and pliant Temper, to Injuries; or the reſigned and patient Spirit, to Misfortunes); eludes the Force of the Storm, and ſurvives amidſt the wide-ſpread Havock.

FOR a Moment, the turbulent and outrageous Sky, ſeems to be aſſuaged: but, it intermits its Wrath, only to increaſe its Strength. Soon, the ſounding Squadrons of the Air return to the Attack, and renew their Ravages with redoubled Fury. The ſtately Dome rocks, amidſt the wheeling Clouds. The impregnable Tower totters on its Baſis; and threatens to over-

* Hoſ. v. 10.

whelm,

whelm, whom it was intended to protect. The ragged Rock is rent in Pieces *; and even the Hills, the perpetual Hills, on their deep Foundations, are ſcarcely ſecure.—Where, now, is the Place of Safety? When the *City* reels, and Houſes become Heaps! Sleep affrighted flies. Diverſion is turned into Horror. All is Uproar in the Element; all is Conſternation among Mortals; and nothing, but one wide Scene of rueful Deſtation, through the Land.—Yet, this is only an *inferior* Miniſter of divine Diſpleaſure. The Executioner of *milder* Indignation. How then,—O! *how will the lofty Looks of Man be humbled, and the Haughtineſs of Man be bowed down* †; when the LORD GOD Omnipotent ſhall *meditate* Terror—when He ſhall ſet *all* his Terrors in Array—when He ariſes, to judge the Nations, and to *ſhake terribly* the Earth!

The *Ocean* ſwells with tremendous Commotions. The ponderous Waves are heaved from their capacious Bed, and almoſt lay bare the unfathomable Deep. Flung into the moſt rapid Agitation, they ſweep over the Rocks; they laſh the lofty Cliffs; and toſs themſelves into the Clouds. Navies are rent from their

* 1 Kings xix. 11.

† ——————*Mortalia Corda*
Per Gentes humilis ſtravit Pavor.—
One would almoſt imagine, that *Virgil* had read *Iſaiah*, and borrowed his Ideas from Chap. ii. Ver. 11. The *humilis* and *ſtravit* of the one, ſo exactly correſpond with the—*humbled*—*bowed down*—of the other. But, in one Circumſtance, the Prophet is very much ſuperior to the Poet. The Prophet, by giving a ſtriking *Contraſt* to his Sentiments, repreſents them with incomparably greater Energy. He ſays not, *Men* in the groſs, or the *Human Heart* in general: but Men of the moſt *elated* Looks; Hearts big with the moſt *arrogant* Imaginations. Even *theſe* ſhall ſtoop from their ſupercilious Heights; even *theſe* ſhall grovel in the Duſt of Abaſement, and ſhudder with all the Extremes of an abject Puſillanimity.

Anchors;

Anchors; and, with all their enormous Load, are whirled, ſwift as the Arrow, wild as the Winds, along the vaſt Abyſs.—Now, they climb the rolling Mountain; they plow the frightful Ridge; and ſeem to ſkim the Skies. Anon, they plunge into the opening Gulf; they loſe the Sight of Day; and are loſt themſelves to every Eye. How vain is the Pilot's Art! How impotent the Mariner's Strength! They reel to and fro, and ſtagger in the jarring Hold; or cling to the Cordage, while burſting Seas foam over the Deck. *Deſpair* is in every Face, and *Death* ſits threatening on every Surge.—But why, O ye aſtoniſhed Mariners, why ſhould you abandon yourſelves to Deſpair? Is the LORD's Hand *ſhortened*, becauſe the Waves of the Sea rage horribly? Is his Ear *deafened*, by the roaring Thunders, and the bellowing Tempeſt? Cry, Cry unto HIM, who "holdeth the Winds in his Fiſt, and "the Waters in the Hollow of his Hand." HE is all-gracious, to hear; and almighty, to ſave. If HE command, the Storm ſhall be huſhed to Silence: the Billows ſhall ſubſide into a Calm: the Lightnings ſhall lay their fiery Bolts aſide: and, inſtead of ſinking in a watry Grave, you ſhall find Yourſelves brought to the deſired Haven.

SOMETIMES, after a joyleſs Day, a more diſmal *Night* ſucceeds.—The lazy, louring Vapours had wove ſo thick a Veil, as the meridian Sun could ſcarcely penetrate. What Gloom then muſt overwhelm the nocturnal Hours! the Moon withdraws her Shining. Not a ſingle Star, is able to ſtruggle through the Deep Arrangement of Shades. All is *pitchy Darkneſs*, without one enlivening Ray. How ſolemn! How awful! 'Tis like the Shroud of Nature, or the Return of Chaos. I don't wonder, that it is the Parent of Terrors, and ſo apt to ingender Melancholy.—Lately, the

the Tempeſt marked its rapid Way with *Miſchief*; now, the Night dreſſes her ſilent Pavilion with *Horror*.

I HAVE *ſometimes* left the beaming Tapers, withdrawn from the ruddy Fire, and plunged into the thickeſt of theſe ſooty Shades; without regretting the Change, rather exulting in it as a welcome Deliverance. The very Gloom was pleaſing, was exhilarating, compared with the Converſation, I quitted. The Speech of my Companions (how does it grieve me, that I ſhould *even once* have occaſion to call them by *that* Name!) was the Language of Darkneſs: was Horror to the Soul, and Torture to the Ear.—*Their Teeth were Spears and Arrows, and their Tongue a ſharp Sword*, to ſtab and aſſaſſinate, their Neighbour's Character. *Their Throat was an open Sepulchre*, gaping to devour the Reputation of the Innocent, or tainting the Air with their virulent and polluted Breath.—Sometimes, their licentious and ungovernable Diſcourſe, ſhot Arrows of *Profaneneſs* againſt Heaven itſelf; and, in proud Defiance, challenged the Reſentment of Omnipotence.—Sometimes, as if it was the Glory of human Nature, to cheriſh the *groſſeſt* Appetites of the Brute; or the Mark of a Gentleman, to have ſerved an Apprenticeſhip in a Brothel; the filthieſt Jeſts of the Stews (if low *Obſcenity* can be a Jeſt) were nauſeouſly obtruded on the Company. All the *modeſt* Part were offended and grieved; while the other beſotted Creatures laughed aloud, though the Leproſy of Uncleanneſs appeared on their Lips.—Are not theſe Perſons *Priſoners* of *Darkneſs*; though blazing Sconces, pour artificial Day, through their Rooms? Are not their Souls immured in the moſt baleful Shades; though the Noon-tide Sun is brightened, by flaming on their gilded Chariots?—They diſcern not that great and adorable Being, who fills the Univerſe with his infinite and glorious Preſence:

ſence: who is *all Eye*, to obſerve their Actions; *all Ear*, to examine their Words. They know not the all-ſufficient Redeemer, nor the unſpeakable Bleſſedneſs of his heavenly Kingdom. They are groping for the Prize of Happineſs; but will certainly graſp the Thorn of Anxiety. They are wantonly ſporting on the Brink of a Precipice; and are every Moment in Danger of falling headlong, into *irretrievable* Ruin, and *endleſs* Deſpair.

THEY have forced me out, and are, perhaps, deriding me in my Abſence: are charging my Reverence for the ever-preſent GOD, and my Concern for the Dignity of our *rational* Nature, to the Account of Humour and Singularity; to Narrowneſs of Thought, or Sourneſs of Temper.—Be it ſo.—I will indulge no Indignation againſt them. If any Thing like it *ſhould* ariſe, I will convert it into Prayer—"Pity them, O "Thou Father of Mercies!—Shew them the Mad-"neſs of their Profaneneſs!—Shew them the Baſeneſs "of their vile Ribaldry!—Let their diſſolute Rant be "turned into ſilent Sorrow and Confuſion. Till they "open their Lips, to adore thine *inſulted* Majeſty, and "to implore thy gracious Pardon. Till they devote "to thy Service, thoſe ſocial Hours, and thoſe ſuperior "Faculties, which they are now abuſing—to the diſ-"honour of thy Name—to the Contamination of their "own Souls—and (unleſs timely Repentance inter-"vene) to their everlaſting Infamy and Perdition."

I RIDE home amidſt the gloomy Void. All darkling and ſolitary, I can ſcarce diſcern my Horſe's Head; and only gueſs out my blind Road. *No Companion*, but Danger; or, perhaps, "Deſtruction ready at my "Side *."—But, why do I fanſy myſelf *ſolitary*? Is

* Job xviii. 12.

not the Father of Lights; the GOD of my Life; the great and everlaſting Friend; always at my Right-hand? Becauſe the Day is excluded, is his Omnipreſence vacated? Though I have no earthly Acquaintance near, to aſſiſt in caſe of a Misfortune; or to beguile the Time, and divert uneaſy Suſpicions, by entertaining Conferences; may I not lay my Help upon the Almighty, and converſe with GOD by humble Supplication? For this Exerciſe, no Place is improper; no Hour unſeaſonable; and no Poſture incommodious. This is *Society*, the beſt of Society, even in Solitude. This is a Fund of Delights, eaſily portable, and quite inexhauſtible. A *Treaſure* this, of unknown Value; liable to no Hazard, from Wrong or Robbery; but perfectly ſecure, to the lonely Wanderer, in the moſt darkſome Paths.

AND why ſhould I diſtreſs myſelf with Apprehenſions of *Peril?* This Acceſs to GOD, is not only an indefeaſible Privilege, but a kind of *ambulatory Garriſon.* Thoſe, who make known their Requeſts unto GOD, and rely upon his protecting Care; He gives *his Angels* Charge over their Welfare. His Angels are commiſſioned, to eſcort them in their Travelling; and to hold up their Goings, that they daſh not their Foot againſt a Stone *. Nay, *He Himſelf* condeſcends to be their Guardian, and "keeps all their Bones, ſo "that not one of them is broken."—Between theſe Perſons, and the moſt miſchievous Objects, a Treaty of Peace is concluded. The Articles of this grand Alliance, are recorded in the Book of Revelation; and will, when it is for the real Benefit of Believers, aſſuredly be made good, in the Adminiſtrations of Providence. *In that Day*, ſaith the LORD, *will I make a Covenant for them with the Beaſts of the Field, and*

* Pſal. xci. 11, 12.

with

with the Fowls of Heaven, and with the creeping Things of the Ground; and they *ſhall be in League with the Stones of the Field* *. Though they fall headlong on the Flints; even the Flints, fitted to fracture the Skull, ſhall receive them as into the Arms of Friendſhip; and not offer to hurt, whom the LORD is pleaſed to preſerve.

MAY I then enjoy the Preſence of this gracious GOD, and Darkneſs and Light ſhall be both alike. Let HIM whiſper Peace to my Conſcience; and this dread Silence ſhall be more charming, than the Voice of Eloquence, or the Strains of Muſic. Let HIM reveal his raviſhing Perfections in my Soul; and I ſhall not want the ſaffron Beauties of the Morn, the golden Glories of Noon, or the impurpled Evening Sky. I ſhall ſigh only for thoſe moſt deſirable and diſtinguiſhed Realms; where, the Light of HIS Countenance *perpetually* ſhines, and conſequently—"there is † no Night "there."

How ſurpriſing are the Alterations of Nature! I left her, the preceding Evening, plain and unadorned. But, now, a *thick Rime* has ſhed its hoary Honours over all. It has ſhagged the Fleeces of the Sheep, and criſped the Traveller's Locks. The Hedges are richly fringed, and all the Ground is profuſely powdered. The downward Branches are taſſelled with Silver, and the upright are feathered with the plumy Wave.

THE *Fine*, are not always the *Valuable*. The Air, amidſt all theſe gaudy Decorations, is charged with chilling and *unwholeſome* Damps. The raw hazy Influence ſpreads wide; ſits deep; hangs heavy and oppreſſive on the Springs of Life. A liſtleſs Languor

* Job v. 23. Hoſ. ii. 18. † Rev. xxi. 25.

clogs the animal Functions; and the purple Stream glides but faintly through its Channels. In vain, the Ruler of the Day exerts his beaming Powers: In vain, He attempts to diſperſe this Inſurrection of Vapours. The ſullen, malignant Cloud refuſes to depart. It envelops the World, and *intercepts* the *Proſpect*. I look abroad for the neighbouring Village; I ſend my Eye in queſt of the riſing Turret; but am ſcarce able to diſcern the very Houſe. Where are the blue Arches of Heaven? Where is the radiant Countenance of the Sun? Where the boundleſs Scenes of Creation? Loſt, loſt are their Beauties; quenched their Glories. The thronged Theatre of the Univerſe, ſeems an empty Void; and all its elegant Figures, an undiſtinguiſhed Blank.—Thus would it have been with our intellectual Views, if the *Goſpel* had not come in to our Relief. We ſhould have known, neither our true Good, nor real Evil. We had been a Riddle to ourſelves; the preſent State all Confuſion, and the future impenetrable Darkneſs. But, the Sun of Righteouſneſs, ariſing with potent and triumphant Beams, has diſſipated the interpoſing Cloud. Has opened a Proſpect, more beautiful, than the Bloſſoms of Spring; more chearing, than the Treaſures of Autumn; and far more inlarged, than the Extent of the viſible Syſtem. Which, having led the Eye of the Mind, through Fields of Grace, over Rivers of Righteouſneſs, and Hills crowned with Knowledge; terminates, at length, in the Heavens; ſweetly loſing itſelf, in Regions of infinite Bliſs, and endleſs Glory.

As I walk along the Fog, it ſeems, at ſome little Diſtance, to be almoſt ſolid Gloom; ſuch as would ſhut out every Glimpſe of Light, and totally impriſon me in Obſcurity. But, when I approach, and enter it; I find myſelf agreeably miſtaken, and the Miſt

much *thinner*, than it *at firſt* ſeem'd.—Such is the Caſe, with regard to the *Sufferings* of the preſent Life; they are not, when experienced, ſo dreadful, as a timorous Imagination ſurmiſed. Such alſo is the Caſe, with reference to the *Gratifications* of *Senſe*; they prove not, when enjoyed, ſo ſubſtantial, as a ſanguine Expectation repreſented. In both Inſtances, we are graciouſly diſappointed. The keen Edge of the Calamity is blunted, that it may not wound us with mortable Anguiſh: the exquiſite Relish of the Property is pall'd, that it may not captivate our Affections, and enſlave them to inferior Delights.

SOMETIMES, the Face of Things wears a more pleaſing Form; the very Reverſe of the foregoing. The ſober Evening advances, to cloſe the ſhort-lived Day. The Firmament, clear and unſullied, puts on its bright Blue. The Stars, in thronging Multitudes, and with a peculiar Brilliancy, glitter thro' the fair Expanſe. While the *Vigil* pours its ſubtle and penetrating Influence, all around. Sharp and intenſely ſevere, all the long Night, the rigid Æther continues its Operations. When, late and ſlow, the Morning opens her pale Eye; in what a curious and amuſing Diſguiſe, is Nature dreſſed! The Icicles, jagged and uneven, are pendent on the Houſes. A whitiſh Film incruſts the windows, where mimic Landſcapes riſe, and fanſied Figures ſwell. The fruitful Fields are hardened to Iron; the moiſtened Meadows are congealed to Marble; and both reſound (an Effect unknown before) with the Peaſant's haſty Tread. The Stream is arreſted in its Career, and its everflowing Surface chained to the Banks. The fluid Paths become a ſolid Road; where the finny Shoals were wont to rove, the ſportive Youth ſlide, or the rattling Chariots roll.

roll *. And (what would ſeem, to an Inhabitant of the Southern World, as unaccountable as the deepeſt Myſteries of our Religion) that very ſame Breath of Heaven, which *cements* the Lakes into a cryſtal Pavement; *cleaves* the Oaks, as it were with inviſible Wedges: "*breaks* in Pieces the Northern Iron, and "the Steel;" even while it *builds* a Bridge of Icy Rock, over the Seas †.

THE Air is all Serenity. Refined by the nitrous Particles, it affords the moſt diſtinct Views, and extenſive Proſpects. The Seeds of *Infection* are killed; and the *Peſtilence* deſtroyed, even in Embryo. So, the Cold of *Affliction* tends to mortify our Corruptions, and ſubdue our vicious Habits.—The crouding Atmoſphere conſtringes our Bodies, and braces our Nerves. The Spirits are buoyant, and ſally briſkly on the Execution of their Office. In the Summer-Months, ſuch an unclouded Sky, and ſo bright a Sun, would have melted us with Heat, and ſoftened us into Supineneſs. We ſhould have been ready to throw our Limbs under the ſpreading Beach, and to lie at Eaſe by the murmuring Brook. But, now, none loiters in his Path; none is ſeen with folded Arms. All is in Motion; all is Activity. Choice, prompted by the Weather, ſupplies the Spur of Neceſſity. Thus, the *rugged* School of Misfortune, often trains up the Mind, to a vigorous Exertion of its Faculties. The *bleak* Climate of *Adverſity*, often inſpirits us with a manly Reſolution. When a

* *Undaque jam tergo ferratos ſuſtinet orbes,*
Puppibus illa prius patulis, nunc hoſpita plauſtris.
Æraque diffilunt vulgo. VIRG.

† *Job* xxxviii. 30. *The Waters are hid*, locked up from the Cattle's Lips, and ſecured from the Fiſher's Net, *as* Wells were wont to be cloſed *with a* ponderous and impenetrable *Stone*. *And* not only Lakes and Rivers, but *the Surface of the* great *Deep* with its reſtleſs and uncontroulable Surges, *is taken Captive* יתלכדו by the Froſt, and bound in ſhining Fetters.

faſt

ſoft and downy Affluence, perhaps, would have relaxed all the generous Springs of the Soul; and have left it enervated with Pleaſure, or diſſolved in Indolence.

"*COLD* cometh out of the North." The Winds, having ſwept thoſe Deſarts of Snow, arm themſelves with Millions of frozen Particles, and make a fierce Deſcent upon our Iſle. Under black and ſcowling Clouds, they drive, dreadfully whizzing, through the darkened Air. They growl around our Houſes; aſſault our Doors; and, eager for Entrance, faſten on our Windows. Walls can ſcarce reſtrain them; Bars are unable to exclude them; through every Cranny they force their Way. Ice is on their Wings; they ſcatter Agues through the Land; and Winter, *all* Winter, rages as they go. Their Breath is as a ſcaring* Iron to the little Verdure, left in the Plains. Vaſtly more pernicious to the tender Plants, than the ſharpeſt Knife; they kill their Branches, and wound the very Root. Let not the Corn venture to peep too freely from the Entrenchment of the Furrow; let not the fruit-bearing Bloſſoms dare to come abroad, from their Lodgment in the Bark; leſt theſe murderous Blaſts intercept and ſeize the unwary Strangers, and deſtroy the Hopes of the advancing Year.

O, 'tis ſeverely cold! Who is ſo hardy, as not to ſhrink at this *exceſſively pinching* Weather? See! Every Face is pale. Even the blooming Cheeks contract a gelid Hue; and the Teeth hardly forbear chattering.—Ye that ſit eaſy and joyous, amidſt your commodious

* This, I ſuppoſe, is the Meaning of that figurative Expreſſion, uſed by the Prophet *Habakkuk*; who, ſpeaking of the *Chaldæans* invading *Judæa*, ſays—*Their Faces*, or the Incurſions they make, *ſhall ſup up*, ſhall ſwallow greedily, ſhall devour utterly, the Inhabitants of the Country, and their valuable Effects; *as the* keen, corroding Blaſts, of the *Eaſt-Wind*, deſtroy every green Thing in the Field. *Hab.* i. 9.

Apartments, ſolacing yourſelves in the diffuſive Warmth of your Fire; be mindful of your Brethren, in the chearleſs Tenement of Poverty. *Their* ſhattered Panes are open to the piercing Winds; a tattered Garment, ſcarcely covers their ſhivering Fleſh; while a few faint and dying Embers on the ſqualid Hearth, rather mock their Wiſhes, than warm their Limbs.—While the generous Juices of *Oporto*, ſparkle in your Glaſſes; or the Streams, beautifully tinged and deliciouſly flavoured with the *Chineſe* Leaf, ſmoke in the elegant Porcelain: O remember, that many of your Fellow-Creatures, amidſt all the Rigour of theſe inclement Skies, are emaciated with Sickneſs; benumbed with Age; and pining with Hunger. Let "their "Loins bleſs you," for comfortable Cloathing. Reſtore them with Medicine; regale them with Food; and baffle the raging Year. So, may you never know any of their Diſtreſſes, but only by the Hearing of the Ear; the Seeing of the Eye; or the Feeling of a tender Commiſeration.—Meanwhile, the bitter bluſtering Winds plead for the poor Indigents. May they breathe Pity into *your* Breaſts; while they blow Barrenneſs into *their* Huts!—Obſerve thoſe blue Flames, and ruddy Coals, in your Chimney: quickened by the Cold, they look more lively, and glow more ſtrongly. Silent, but ſeaſonable Admonition to the gay Circle, that chat and ſmile around them! *Thus*, may your Hearts, at ſuch a Juncture of Need, kindle into a peculiar Benevolence! Detain not your ſuperfluous Piles of Wood. Let them haſten to the Relief of the ſtarving Family. Bid them expire in many a waſting Blaze, to mitigate the Severity of the Seaſon, and chear the bleak Abodes of Want. So ſhall they aſcend, mingled with Thankſgivings to God, and ardent Prayers for your Welfare—aſcend, more grateful to Heaven, than Columns of the moſt coſtly Incenſe.

Now

Now the Winds ceaſe. Having brought their Load, they are diſmiſſed from Service. They have waſted an immenſe cargo of Clouds, which empty themſelves in *Snow*. At firſt a few ſcattered Shreds come wandering down the ſaddened Sky. This ſlight Skirmiſh is ſucceeded by a general Onſet. The Flakes, large, and numerous, and thick-wavering, deſcend. They dim the Air, and haſten the Approach of Night. Through all the Night, in ſofteſt Silence, and with a continual Flow, this fleecy Shower falls. In the Morning, when we awake, what a ſurpriſing Change appears!—Is this the ſame World? Here is no Diverſity of Colour! I can hardly diſtinguiſh the Trees, from the Hills on which they grow. Which are the Meadows, and which the Plains? Where are the green Paſtures, and where the fallow Lands? All Things lie blended in bright Confuſion. So bright, that it heightens the Splendor of Day, and even dazzles the Organs of Sight.—The Lawn is not ſo fair, as this ſnowy Mantle, which inveſts the Fields; and even the Lilly, was the Lilly to appear, would look tarniſhed in its Preſence. I can think of but *one* Thing, which *excels* or equals the glittering Robe of Winter. Is any Perſon deſirous to know my Meaning? He may find it explained in that admirable Hymn*, compoſed by the Royal Penitent. Is any deſirous to poſſeſs this matchleſs Ornament? He will find it offered to his Acceptance, in every Page of the Goſpel.

See! (for the Eye cannot ſatisfy itſelf, without viewing again and again the curious, the delicate Scene) See! how the Hedges are habited, like ſpotleſs Veſtals! The Houſes are roofed with Uniformity and Luſtre. The Meadows are covered with a Carpet of the fineſt,

* Can any Thing be whiter than Snow? Yes, ſaith *David*; if God be pleaſed to waſh me from my Sins in the Blood of Christ, *I ſhall be even whiter than ſnow.* Pſal. li. 7. See Page 326.

Ermine.

Ermine*. The Groves bow, beneath the lovely Burden: and all, all below, is one wide, immenſe, ſhining Waſte of White.—By deep Snows, and heavy Rains, GOD *ſealeth up the Hand of every Man.* And for this Purpoſe, adds our ſacred Philoſopher, *that all Men may know his Work*†. He confines them within their Doors, and puts a Stop to their ſecular Buſineſs; that they may conſider the Things, which belong to their ſpiritual Welfare. That, having a Vacation from their ordinary Employ, they may obſerve the Works of his Power, and become acquainted with the Myſteries of his Grace.

AND worthy, worthy of all Obſervation, are the Works of the great Creator. They are prodigiouſly various, and perfectly amazing. How pliant and ductile is Nature, under his forming Hand! At his Command, the ſelf-ſame Subſtance aſſumes the moſt different Shapes; and is transformed into an endleſs Multiplicity of Figures. If HE ordains, the Water is *moulded* into Hail, and diſcharged upon the Earth like a Volley of Shot; or, it is *conſolidated* into Ice, and defends the Rivers, "as it were with a Breaſt-plate." At the bare Intimation of his Will, the very ſame Element is ſcattered in Hoar-Froſt, like a Sprinkling of the moſt *attenuated* Aſhes; or, is ſpread over the Surface of the Ground, in theſe Couches of ſwelling and *flaky* Down.

THE Snow, however it may carry the Appearance of Cold, affords a *warm* Garment for the Corn; ſcreens it from nipping Froſts, and cheriſhes its infant

* This Animal is Milk-white. As for thoſe *black Spots*, which We generally ſee, in Linings of Ermine, they are added by the Furrier. In order to diverſify the Appearance, or heighten the Beauty, of the native Colour.

† Job xxxvii. 7.

Growth.

Growth. It will abide for a while, to exert a protecting Care, and exerciſe a foſtering Influence. Then, touched by the Sun, or thawed by a ſoftening Gale; the furry Veſture, melts into genial Moiſture; ſinks deep into the Soil, and ſaturates its Pores with the diſſolving Nitre; repleniſhing the Glebe with thoſe Principles of vegetative Life, which will open into the Bloom of Spring, and ripen into the Fruits of Autumn.—Beautiful Emblem this, and comfortable Repreſentation of the Divine *Word*; both in the ſucceſsful, and advantageous Iſſue of its Operation! *As the Rain cometh down, and the Snow from Heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the Earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give Seed to the Sower, and Bread to the Eater: So ſhall my Word be, that goeth forth out of my Mouth: it ſhall not return unto me void, but ſhall accompliſh that which I pleaſe, and it ſhall proſper in the Thing whereunto I ſent it* *.

NATURE, at length, puts off her lucid Veil. She drops it, in a trickling *Thaw*. The looſened Snow, rolls in Sheets from the Houſes. Various Openings ſpot the Hills; which, even while we look, become larger, and more numerous. The Trees rid themſelves, by Degrees, of the hoary Incumbrance. Shook from the ſpringing Boughs, Part falls heavy to the Ground, Part flies abroad in ſhining Atoms. Our Fields and Gardens, lately buried beneath the drifted Heaps, riſe plain and diſtinct to View.—Since we ſee Nature once again, has ſhe no verdant Traces, no beautiful Features, left? They are, like real Friends, very rare; and therefore the more particularly to be regarded, the more highly to be valued.—Here and there, the *Holly* hangs out her glowing Berries; the

* Iſa. lv. 10, 11.

Lau-

Laurustinus spreads her graceful Tufts: and both, under a Covert of unfading Foliage.—The plain, but hardy *Ivy* cloaths the decrepit crazy Wall; nor shrinks from the friendly Office, tho' the Skies frown, and the Storm roars.—The *Laurel*, firm, erect, and bold, expands its Leaf of vivid Green. In spite of the united, the repeated Attacks of Wind, and Rain, and Frost, it preserves an undiminished lively Look; and in vindicating

thy, by vanquishing the arrogant Power of Winter, worthy to adorn the Triumphs of the Conqueror of Time.—Nor must I forget the *Furze*, a modest Native of the Heath, a mean Pensioner, on every Traveller's Bounty for Shade; or, with a gentle Obsequiousness, to vary its Verdure, in Conformity to the changing Scene. By such Indications of benign Wisdom, and staunch Resolution, reading a Lecture to the Poet's Genius; while it wears the Wreath for his Temple.—These, and a few other Plants, of similar Virtue, retain their comely Aspect, in the bleakest Climes, and in the coldest Months.

Such, and so dauntless, are the Accomplishments of a *refined* Understanding, and an *amiable* Temper. The tawdry Ornaments of Dress, which catch the unthinking Vulgar, soon become insipid and despicable. The rubied Lip, and the rosy Cheek fade. Even the sparkling Wit*, as well as the sparkling Eye, please but

* "How little does GOD esteem the Things that Men count "great; the Endowments of *Wit* and Eloquence, that *Men* admire "in some! Alas! how poor are they to HIM! He respecteth not "any who are wise in Heart: they are nothing, and less than no-"thing, in his Eyes. Even *wise* Men admire, how little it is that "Men know; how small a Matter lies under the Sound of these "popular Wonders, a learned Man, a great Scholar, a great States-"man. How much more doth the all-wise GOD meanly account

"of

but for a Moment. But the virtuous Mind has Charms, which ſurvive the Decay of every interior Embelliſhment. Charms, which add to the Fragrancy of the Flower, the *Permanency* of the *Ever-green*.

Such, likewiſe, is the Happineſs of the ſincerely Religious; like a Tree, ſays the inſpired Moraliſt, "whoſe Leaf ſhall not fall." He borrows not his Peace from external Circumſtances; but has a Fund within, and is "ſatisfied from himſelf *." Even though impoveriſhed by calamitous Accidents; He is rich in the *Poſſeſſion* of *Grace*, and richer in the *Hope* of *Glory*. His Joys are ſublimely ſuperior to, as well as nobly independent on, the tranſitory Glow of ſenſual Delight, or the capricious Favours of, what the World calls, Fortune.

If the *Snow* compoſes the light-armed Troops of the Sky; methinks, the *Hail* conſtitutes its heavy Artillery †. When driven by a vehement Wind, with what dread-

"of Theſe? He often diſcovers, even to the Wiſe, their Meanneſs. He *hides* them. So Virtue, or Inſtruction, or worldly Greatneſs, theſe He gives, and gives as Charms. He makes no great Reckoning of, to ſuch as ſhall never be His Care: but calls to the Inheritance of Glory poor delpiſed Creatures, that are looked on as the *Off-Scourings*, and *Dregs* of the World."

—*THUS* ſays an excellent Author; who writes with the moſt amiable Spirit of Benevolence; with the moſt unaffected Air of Humility; and like the ſacred Originals, moſt which he copies, with a majeſtic Simplicity of Stile.—Whoſe *ſele! Works* I may venture to recommend, not only as a Treaſure, but as a Mine of genuine, ſterling, evangelical Piety.—See Page 300 of Archbiſhop LEIGHTON's *ſelect Works*, the *Edinburgh* Edition, Octavo. Which it is neceſſary to ſpecify, becauſe the *London* Edition does not contain that Part of his Writings, which has ſupplied me with the preceding *Quotation*.

* Prov. xiv. 14.

† *He caſteth forth his Ice like Morſels.* Pſal cxlvii. 17. Which, in modern Language, might be thus expreſſed: *He caſteth his Hail like*

dreadful Impetuoſity, does that ſtony Shower fall! How it rebounds from the frozen Ground, and rattles on the reſounding Dome! It attenuates the Rivers into Smoke, or ſcourges them into Foam. It cruſhes the infant Flowers; cuts in Pieces the Gardener's early Plants; and batters the feeble Fortification of his Glaſſes into Shivers. It darts into the Traveller's Face: He turns, with Haſte, from the Stroke; or feels, on his Cheek, for the guſhing Blood. If he would retreat into the Houſe, it follows him even thither; and, like a determined Enemy, that puſhes the Purſuit, daſhes through the crackling Panes.—But, the fierce Attack is quickly over. The Clouds have ſoon ſpent their Shafts; ſoon unſtrung their Bow. Happy for the Inhabitants of the Earth, that a Sally ſo dreadfully *furious*, ſhould be ſo remarkably *ſhort!* What elſe could endure the Shock, or eſcape Deſtruction?

But, behold a *Bow*, of no hoſtile Intention! A Bow, painted in variegated Colours, on the diſburdened Cloud. How vaſt is the Extent, how delicate the Texture, of that *ſhowery Arch!* It compaſſeth the Heavens with a glorious Circle; and teaches us to forget the Horrors of the Storm. Elegant its Form, and rich its Tincture; but more delightful its ſacred Significancy. While the Violet and the Roſe, bluſh in its beautiful Aſpect; the Olive-branch ſmiles in its gracious Import. It writes, in radiant Dyes, what the Angels ſung in harmonious Strains; "Peace on Earth, and "Good-will towards Men." It is the Stamp of *Inſurance*, for the Continuance of Seed-Time, and Har-

like a Volley of Shot. The Word פרים, inadequately tranſlated *Morſels*, alludes I think, to thoſe *Fragments* of the Rock, or thoſe *ſmooth Stones* from the Brook, which, in the Day of Battle, the Warriors hurled from their Slings.

veſt; for the Preſervation and Security of the viſible World *. It is the comfortable *Token* †, of a better State, and a happier Kingdom—a Kingdom, where Sin ſhall ceaſe, and Miſery be aboliſhed; where Storms ſhall beat, and Winter pierce no more; but Holineſs, Happineſs, and Joy, like one unbounded *Spring*, for ever, ever bloom.

* Gen. ix. 12—16. † Rev. iv. 3.

A TABLE OF THE TEXTS,

More or *leſs* illuſtrated in this WORK.

N. B. *As Dr.* SHAW, *in the Supplement to his* Excellent *Book of Travels, and ſeveral other Authors of the* greateſt *Eminence, have given an Index of Scriptures, occaſionally explained in their Writings; I doubt not, but I ſhall oblige* many *of my Readers, by what I* here *ſubjoin; thoſe eſpecially, whoſe Taſte is happily formed to reliſh the Beauties of the ſacred Records.*

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FINIS.